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FEBRUARY 1979 $2.00

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THE MARKETING OF GARY GILMORE

WOMEN WHO WRITE DIRTY

A FURSHLUGGINER INTERVIEW WITH MAD's WILLIAM GAINES

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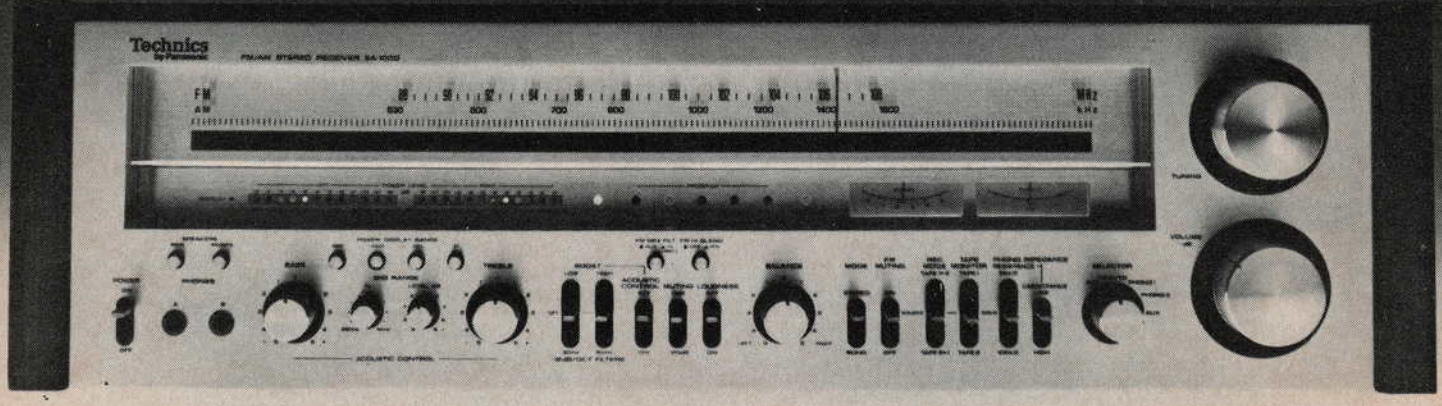

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VOLUME 8 NUMBER 2

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FEBRUARY 1979

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COVER: Our February sweetheart is 25-year-old fashion model Linda Horn. The 5'8" beauty knows exactly what she wants in a man: "I love short men. They make me feel lean and sexy." Here's looking *up* at you, kid.

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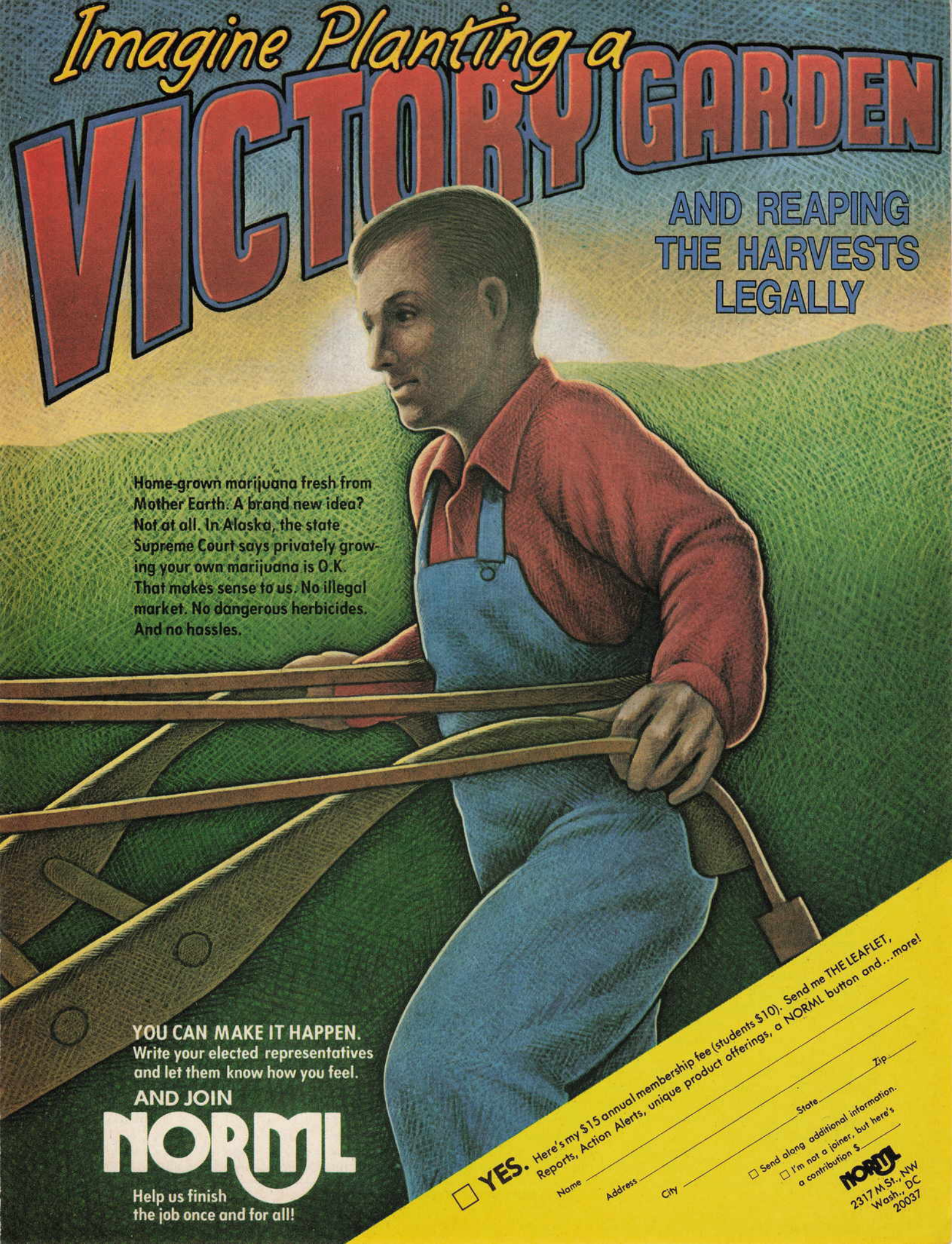

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HAMILL HUFF

If getting pissed off was your October theme, it sure worked wonders for me. I thought the New York newspaper strike had freed me from seeing Pete Hamill's bullcrap in print, but by printing your interview with him (*A Conversation with Pete Hamill*), it's obvious that you guys in California couldn't understand what a relief that was. Three times a week, Pete Hamill writes 500 words for the New York *Daily News*, alternating appearances with Jimmy Breslin. Those two sons of Hibernia are pitted against each other in a life-and-death struggle to out-crass one another.

Hamill has seen *The Front Page* too many times. His ersatz regular-guyism is so transparent, the *News* should use it for comic relief in the murder-and-rape section. Laboratory rats that were fed Hamill's column about growing up in the old neighborhood have complained about the high saccharin content and have begged to be put back on their rations of diet Fresca.

Your skilled interviewer describes Hamill's columns as "filled with street smarts and barflap." If the streets are Central Park West and 5th Avenue, and the bar is the 21 Club, OK. Otherwise, Hamill doesn't know what he's talking about.

Depending on the reader, Hamill's thrice-weekly spewing of proletarian pap is either the ultimate in patrician-in-plebe's-clothing, annoying anti-Manhattan tirades or something to be skipped over completely.

RAFAEL SUAREZ, JR.
Brooklyn, New York

NANCY GETS 'EM HOT

Anger. I'll tell you about anger . . . turning the last page of your center girl, *Nancy* (October), and discovering there were no more pictures of her. I don't believe my feeling could be called a violent anger, just one that gets you where it hurts.

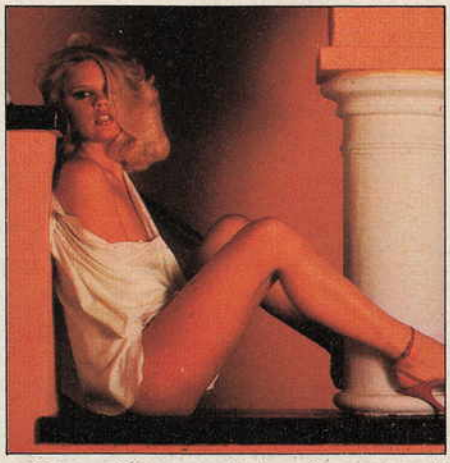
S. WARNER
Valdosta, Georgia

If Pulitzer prizes are given for erotic photography, I nominate Jeff Dunas for his stunning pictorial of Nancy. The cover knocks your eyes out, but the spread knocks your brains out.

KEITH SMITH
Miami, Florida

I want to congratulate Jeff Dunas on an excellent job. Jeff, you really outdid yourself. I believe I'm in love with Nancy. I can't get over the way her eyes were highlighted, not to mention her body. I'm looking forward to seeing more of her. How about it, guys? Can you arrange it?

NICK SHAW
New Orleans, Louisiana



We would hate to think we're getting all our loyal readers pist, so here you go, fellas. One hot shot of Nancy. Satisfied?

As a cabdriver in Los Angeles, I had the extreme pleasure of driving your cover model, Nancy Suiter, home. I must say that, even in person, she is one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen—certainly the most beautiful who ever graced the backseat of *my* cab!

J.R.
Los Angeles, California

KING OF ROCK RAGES

Jan Golab's profile of Ted Nugent (October) was entertaining, and I enjoyed the description of Nugent's safari—until I realized there must be at least one helicopter around for emergency use!

Nevertheless, Teddy has made his own with the kids. We think he sucks. Wait . . . we *know* he sucks!

A friend took me to see Nugent at Selland Arena in Fresno, California. We sat through Be-Bop Deluxe, were aroused by Rush and totally destroyed by the "Man of Amplified Madness" . . . Nugent. He closed his set by cranking on the decibel dial, placing his Gibson on its stand in front of an amp, and leaving, never to be seen again that night. Meanwhile, that bloody last lick of his reverberated through everything within a square mile.

If you've ever seen Nugent live, you *know* you've heard him. Ted, don't get me wrong. I'd book your act 'cause I like to see profits, but we'd both have to answer to the Child Development majors!

MALCOLM HUDGEON
KCR-FM
San Diego State University
San Diego, California

If your article about Ted Nugent was the truth, tell Nugent to *go fuck himself*!

E.J.A.
Linwood Heights, Michigan

Please let me express my congratulations on your Ted Nugent profile. I feel that the article was OUI's best to date. It was well written and made interesting reading . . . in fact, it was the most intriguing article I've ever read. You showed the explosive side of Ted, the side I imagine Ted really is, onstage and off.

JOEL HENNING
Charleston, Illinois

Your profile of Ted Nugent was just fucking great. I think Nugent is the best guitarist the world has ever seen. He's number one! I'd love to see Ted and Ace Frehley of KISS in a guitar war. Of course, Nugent would win, but I've heard Frehley can make his guitar smoke.

I have most of Ted's albums and especially like the line on his *Double Live Gonzo* album that says, "Anybody who wants to get mellow, you can turn around and get the fuck outta here!" That's Ted to a tee.

KEN BARAGER
Fort Francis, Ontario, Canada

I know that Nugent isn't very popular and, after reading your profile on him, I can see why. But that doesn't matter. I still think Nugent's fantastic. It's exactly his outrageous arrogance that I admire.

JAMES BABB
Atlanta, Georgia

I was disgusted after reading the Ted Nugent story. It was the most outrageous

ILLUSTRATION BY EVERETT PECK

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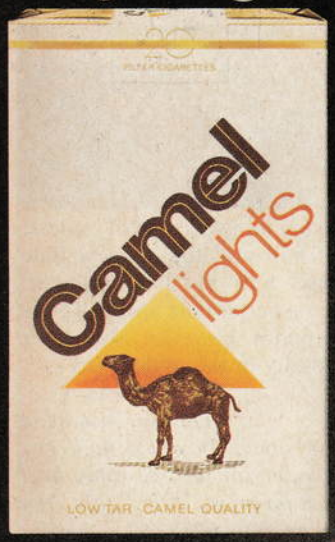

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

pack of lies ever published and flaunted in the faces of a million *real* musicians! Angry or not, Nugent is still an egotistical little brat whose only claim to fame is that he can play some fast-fingered lead solos (which are a dime a dozen). His attitude stinks like something that's been dead a week. After listening to some real music, you'd think that article was something to wipe your ass with.

H. Morse and Friends
Boston, Massachusetts

I can't stand Ted Nugent but I read the article because of Jan Golab's wonderful description of Ted as a "flesh-eating, guitar-gouging wolfman with the musical urge to kill." That line sucked me right in and I read the profile to its end.

Tom Watson
Seattle, Washington

A BLUE SPIED

The ladies of your *Photoplay* pictorial (August) were wonderful, but what intrigued me even more was that marvelous illustration in the background on pages 102 and 103. Can you give me some information on that, please?

Bill Brooks
Atlantic City, New Jersey

That sexy bit of madness is a painting by the popular artist, Robert Blue. You can get more information on his work from the David Stewart Galleries in Los Angeles.

BOSTON ACCENT

As one of the characters you described in your article *Boston: City of Hate* (October), I'd like to make one more point. Boston, as a city, is polarized on many issues. Conflicts are rampant. But as a place for one person to live and work, it's a much more favorable environment than, say, New York.

Boston is *alive*, working out its conflicts and hatred, and sometimes shocking itself with the results. We learn from experience, and Boston is getting an intensive-study course.

Warren Senders
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Everything your article stated about Boston is true. I can't even ride a bus across town without being hassled. My own community isn't so bad since it's made up of mostly college kids from out of town, but you can believe I'm leaving this place as soon as I possibly can.

I came here believing all that stuff about Boston being the cultural haven of the country. My question is, if the people here are as culturally and intellectually attuned as they purport to be, how can they ignore the blatant racism and segregation that's so predominant here? Apathy breeds destruction, not creativity.

K. Loy
Boston, Massachusetts

PIST LIST

Ralph Harris' humor article (*62 Other Major Causes of Anger*, October) was a real chuckle. How could anyone stay angry after reading that? In fact, his list of things to get angry at inspired me to come up with a few of my own:

1. People who make you keep your feet off the furniture. If their chairs can handle my ass, their tables can handle my feet.
2. The price of a gallon of gas. Not because it's so high, but because it always ends in 9/10ths of a cent. I usually end up squandering my remaining 1/10th.
3. Sex experts who claim that size isn't important. If that's true, how come you don't see ads for penis shrinkers?
4. Liberated women who like to be tied up in bed.
5. Guys who lease Mercedeses and live in $100-a-month dumps.
6. If you lose a foot, you still have to pay for both shoes when you buy them.

John Farrell
Houston, Texas

WHITE TRASH

Concerning Ed Naha's article "Little White Lies" (*Music*, September), I breathe a great sigh of relief and offer my heartfelt thanks. Now I don't have to write the article myself. Being a fellow disco despiser and basic snob regarding the quality of white versus black music these days, I was genuinely thrilled to read such descriptions as "homogenized sound" and "vanilla versions." How reassuring to know that someone else out there sees this musical ripoff for exactly what it is! Mr. Naha is right. The plundering of black music for fun and profit has been going on for a long time—innocently or not.

Jeanne Gattuso
Fullerton, California

JACKIE-LATIONS

Your pictorial on *Jacqueline* (October) was superb! That cold, quiet fury sizzling behind her eyes sure got to this man. Boy, I wish my old lady looked that gorgeous when she gets mad. Instead of fuming silently, her mouth never stops. In fact, when my wife's angry, she starts looking like the Wicked Witch of the West.

Name Withheld by Request
Reno, Nevada

Jacqueline sure looks like a real lioness! That mane of hair and those steely blue eyes . . . whew! Sets my heart aflutter. Looking at her is better than speed! I only have one complaint, however: You never show Jackie totally in the nude. Why?

James Bray
Detroit, Michigan

Well, Jackie says, "If you give a guy everything he wants all at one time, he'll never come back for more." She's right. You came back, didn't you, Jim?

ON TARGET

I've just finished reading Gavin de Becker's article, *Protecting the Target* (October), and it reminded me of an incident I once heard from my old college roommate.

Ex-President Nixon, during a 1970 off-year election, decided at the last minute to swing over to Ohio State University for a look-see. Soon after the Presidential motorcade descended upon the campus oval, the place was swarming with students, my roommate among them. He started asking one of Nixon's bodyguards questions as the President moved to get back into his car. The Secret Service agent followed. Suddenly, Nixon put his foot on the running board, jumped up on top of the car and walked up and down the hood to shake more hands. The agent turned to my roommate and said: "That son of a

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bitch—we never know what he's going to do!"

JOHN ROBERTSON
Brookline, Massachusetts

Clever of OUI to have discovered that sex is only part of life and that there are many other fascinating things to read about. I especially liked Gavin de Becker's bodyguards article on how to prevent the cutthroats of the 20th Century from going about their oily business.

One can only feel sorry for the great and famous, living like animals in cages at the mercy of their keepers. At least they are one up on the animals; for presumably Presidents, et al., *want* to slip into their cages and perform all their private and public functions surrounded by an adoring captive audience from the Secret Service . . . "A round of applause for every act, Sir!"

But seriously, it is more than interesting to note that we are about to go back to the protective services of the food-and-wine tasters of medieval times. Ah, Man, to what have we advanced? Or do I mean retreated?

Thank you, Gavin de Becker and OUI.

PAMELA MASON
Beverly Hills, California

HANDY LADY

I was looking at your October issue and I noticed that the blonde in the *Cockpit* pictorial has three hands. Where did the other hand come from? I mean, what's the deal? I sure would like to find me a woman like that.

MARTIN BOYD
Yukon, Oklahoma

Hey, OUI, kindly explain the extra hand reaching for the cup in the *Cockpit* shooting. I'm very curious.

ANTHONY RUSSO
Valley Stream, New York

Aw, come on. Didn't you guys know it takes three hands to hold a whopper?

STRUGGLING SEX SAGA

What gets me mad about most women is the way their talk does not match their actions. Kathy Lowry, author of *Why Men Make Me Mad* (October), goes on for pages about what various men have done to her. She refers to most of them, either directly or by implication, as lovers; so apparently she established fairly good relationships with them.

At the very end, she mentions a man she does approve of. And what kind of relationship did she have with him? He was, and remained, a total stranger.

OK, Kathy, message received!

M.J. NAGLE
Los Angeles, California

Having me comment on Norman Spinrad's article in the October issue (*Why Women Make Me Mad*) is like having Cain nark on Abel. Spinrad and I are close buddies, with many years and many miles mutually trucked.

There has never been a lack of candid comment between us, so I do not think he will cast me into outer darkness if I say that only about half of what he lays down in that article seems rational to me. The whole thing about the ETA of orgasms in men and women cannot be denied, but then I think it's all part of the gruesome truth only recently revealed by liberated womanhood—that never in the entire his-

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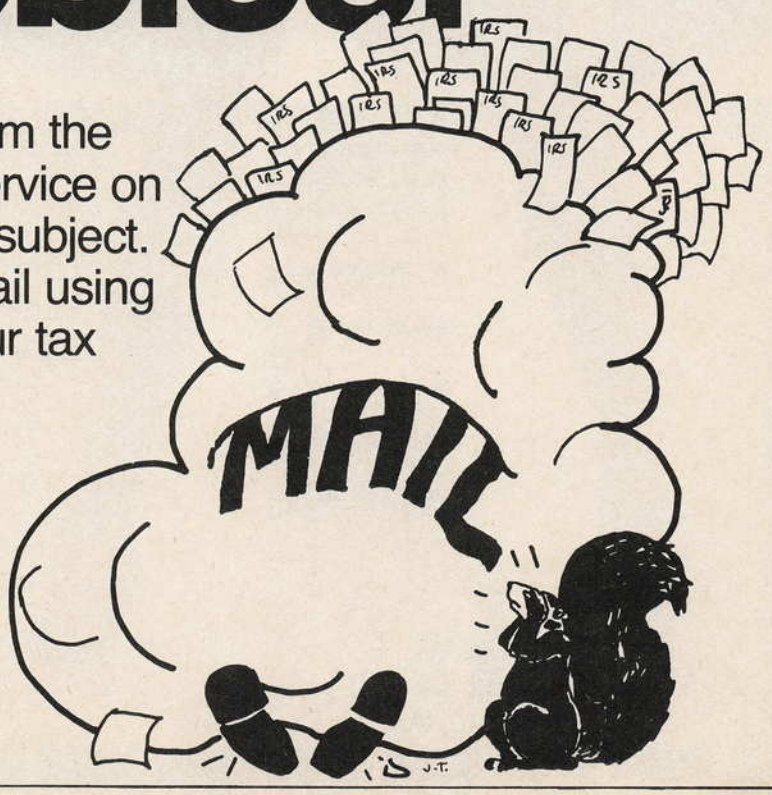

Prepared as a public service by the Internal Revenue Service.

tory of the human race has a woman had an orgasm, that they've *all* been faking it, every single time. Just shakes the hell out of a guy's self-esteem.

It seems to me Norman's beef against women is a partial understanding of the truth that to get through this life with your brain and parts intact one cannot be a misogynist . . . one must be a misanthrope and realize that male and female alike are loathsome.

HARLAN ELLISON
Sherman Oaks, California

How dare Norman Spinrad use feminism as the scapegoat for men's problems! One of the least concerns of today's feminists is that of drawing up blueprints for the "ideal images of manhood." Women are trying desperately to crawl out of the primeval slime they've found themselves in and get their own shit together. Just because some woman yelled, "*Crawl*, creep!" and some dope crawled, is no reason to nail the feminists with the ego-bust of that spineless wonder.

Any person who makes another responsible for his or her very own orgasm is not liberated in any way. They are confused. Look . . . if it works, then the two of you enjoy it to the fullest. If it works for one and not the other, then the one for whom it is not working is responsible for bringing the problem to light, so the two of you can find a mutual solution. If this proves impossible, or if it just isn't working for either, then you simply pull out. . . . (No pun intended.)

Spinrad! Lay off telling women how they can and do feel, particularly if you don't want to hear the same from them! Women can—and often *do*—feel like lousy lays. Many women feel uninteresting, inexperienced and simply uninformed in bed. I know. I've heard them say so too many times.

LINDA STEELE
N. Hollywood, California

First I read Kathy Lowry's article, *Why Men Make Me Mad.* Then I read Norman Spinrad's article, *Why Women Make Me Mad.* Sorry, Norman, but in this small battle of the sexes, Kathy won, hands down.

JOHN BARNETT
Cincinnati, Ohio

I always wonder why these authors don't stop their griping and deal with their own histories of apparent bad taste in the opposite sex. Perhaps money, martyrdom and masochism are more appealing than a satisfying relationship.

PATRICK COSGROVE
Van Nuys, California

ANGER CAUSES AN EFFECT

Like Howard Rheingold (*What Causes Anger?*, October), I find dog shit to be one of my greatest pet peeves. Now, thanks to his article, I realize that instead of trying to verbally communicate with dinosaur-brain dog owners as they make their nightly treks across my lawn, I've got to get tough for the safety of my own mental and physical health. Next time, I won't hesitate to let the toe of my boot connect with the tip of Mr. Pet Owner's nose to shatter the bone into sharp daggers that drive through the gray garbage walls of his brain.

Of course, it all depends on which way the wind is blowing.

PATRICIA PRIMROSE
Los Angeles, California

Howard Rheingold's article was a psychophysiological treasure. I had a particularly satisfying limbic reaction to his discussion of Wilhelm Reich's theory on the connection between sex and anger.

Although I don't want to induce an unhealthy adrenaline-glucose reaction in Mr. Rheingold, I must, nevertheless, call attention to a small error in his article.

As aggravating as they may be, morality and human reason are not the evolutionary origins of psychosomatic ills, as Rheingold suggests. Symptoms of anxiety are more primitive than the human neocortex, and animals may suffer from these symptoms without the "benefit" of reason. For example, ulcers and hypertension are found in unfortunate laboratory rats who have been subjected to mild but unpredictable electric shock. Thus, even for the irrational rodent, a raw deal can lead to an acid stomach. Which goes to show that taking charge of one's sources of pain and pleasure is a responsibility that is also grounded in our biological past.

Academic quibbling aside, OUI deserves praise for publishing articles of this caliber and sophistication.

DAVID LICHTENSTEIN
Social Psychologist
Stonybrook, New York

GENO-FLECTION

I've just finished reading your September issue and I enjoyed it completely, as always—in particular the piece on the Hell's Angel, Geno Gentile ("Chopper Laureate," *Who*). However, you omitted giving an address where we might write to order his book, *Today's Barbarian.* There is unfortunately too much truth in what Gentile says, so I'm sure many of your readers would like to obtain a copy.

STEVEN CALDWELL
Terre Haute, Indiana

Thanks for pointing this out to us, Steve. Just write to Vantage Press, 36 West 34th Street, New York, N.Y., and we're sure they'll take care of your barbarian instincts.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
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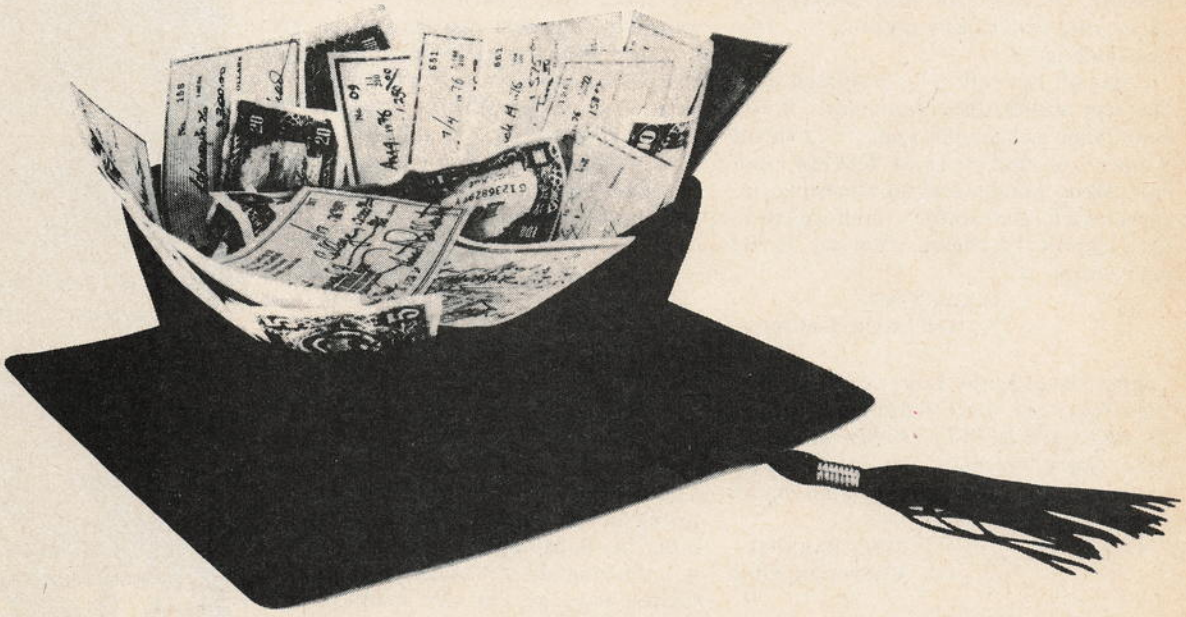

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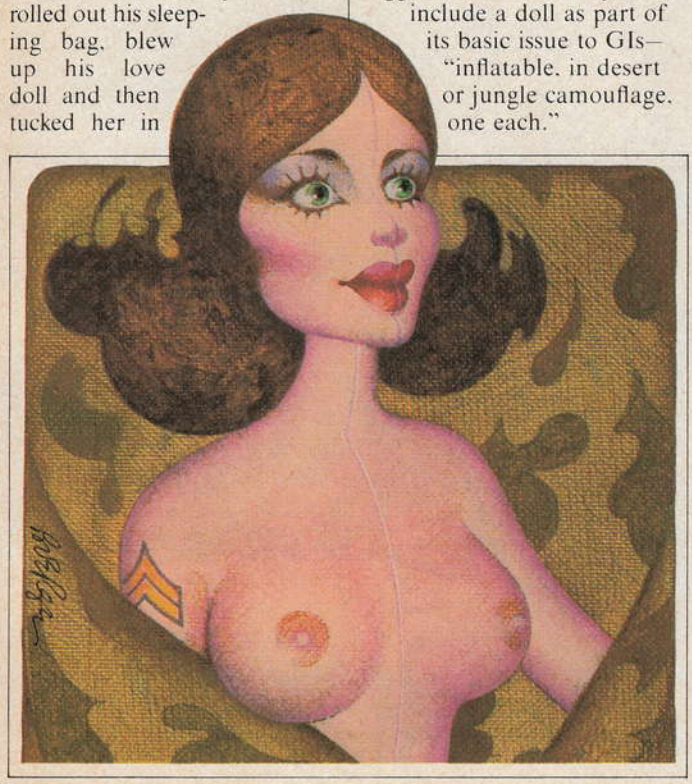
OPENERS

NIGHT MANEUVERS

American GIs stationed in Darmstadt, West Germany, are still talking about the sergeant who was determined he would not return from field maneuvers horny. Before his unit left for a two-week exercise, the soldier bought a blow-up sex doll complete with artificial vagina, breasts with nipples and "sewn by hand" pubic hair.

Once the soldier's unit got to the field, the trooper rolled out his sleeping bag, blew up his love doll and then tucked her in bed to await his arrival later that night. The morning after the soldier's first go-around with his doll, fellow soldiers asked if they could get in on the action. Yes, said the sergeant. For a price.

And so it was that the sergeant satisfied many members of his company and made a good deal of extra cash during field maneuvers, pimping his doll. Now, word has it that the enterprising soldier has suggested that the army include a doll as part of its basic issue to GIs—"inflatable, in desert or jungle camouflage, one each."



TAKE THIS DRUG AND SHOVE IT...

A recent discovery suggests that the expression "stick it up your ass" may not be an insult so much as an invitation to get high. A painted vase from a private collection in New York shows Maya Indians of Guatemala using ritual enemas of hallucinogenic or intoxicating drugs as a

What's wrong with this picture?

IT'S ALL DOWNHILL FROM HERE

Everybody talks about the energy crisis, but San Francisco artists are doing something about it. The Second Artists' Soap Box Derby, true to its title, featured some surprising alternatives to the combustion engine.

Tooling in for the show were a carrot on wheels, a mobile toilet, a slug that left a trail, a sardine can—even a bed. One imaginative entry, a popsicle, split in two on the track to become two drivers with two sets of wheels. Exhibitionism also surfaced in the event, with a Lady Godiva on a horseless carriage; and a mock Model T carried two strongmen, a python and a fat lady—all streaking.

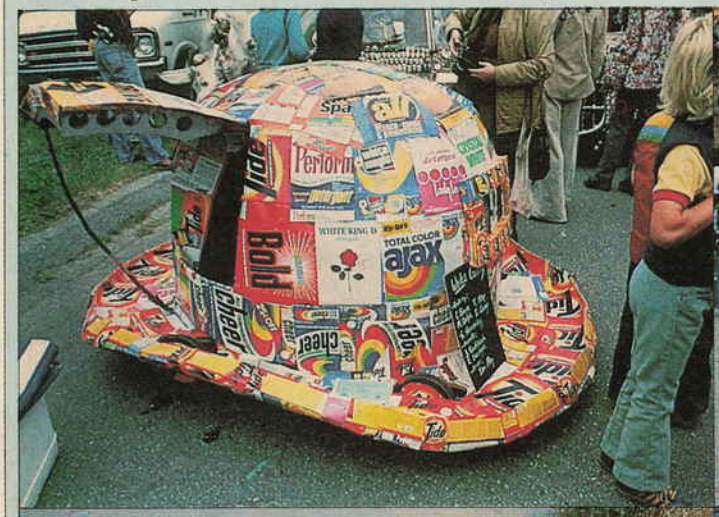
A few witty contributors kept the puns rolling as well. There was a derby hat, made out of soap boxes, a "Polaroid Land Rover" that dropped pictures of the race along the route, and an oversized lemon (with a LE MONS license plate) that refused to start.

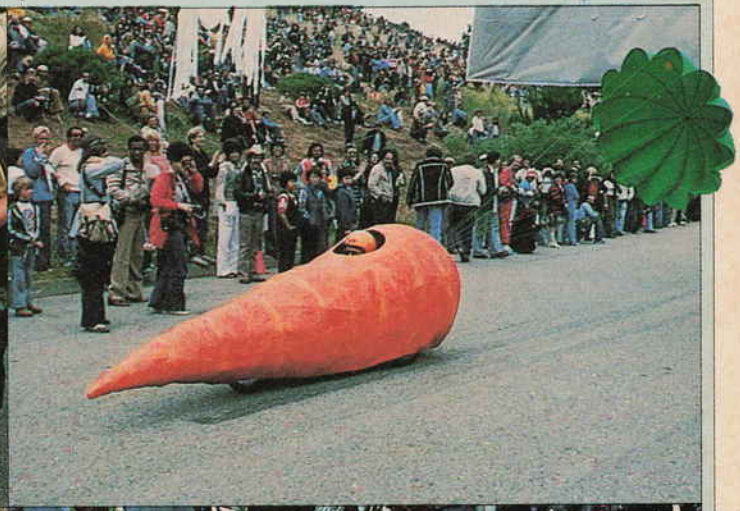
By and large, the race was a triumph of styling over technology—just like the Fifties, except that streamlining was out and bric-a-brac was in. Cars glued with plastic madonnas, bowling trophies and even a bull's head completed the course.

Everyone—90 entries in all—won a prize, and contestants and crowd went home happy. However, the Museum of Modern Art, which promoted the event, has announced—over the protests of artists, sponsors and fans alike—that this will be the last Soap Box Derby. The museum maintains the whole affair has become too big and too dangerous to handle.

So much for progress.

—KEN DOLLAR





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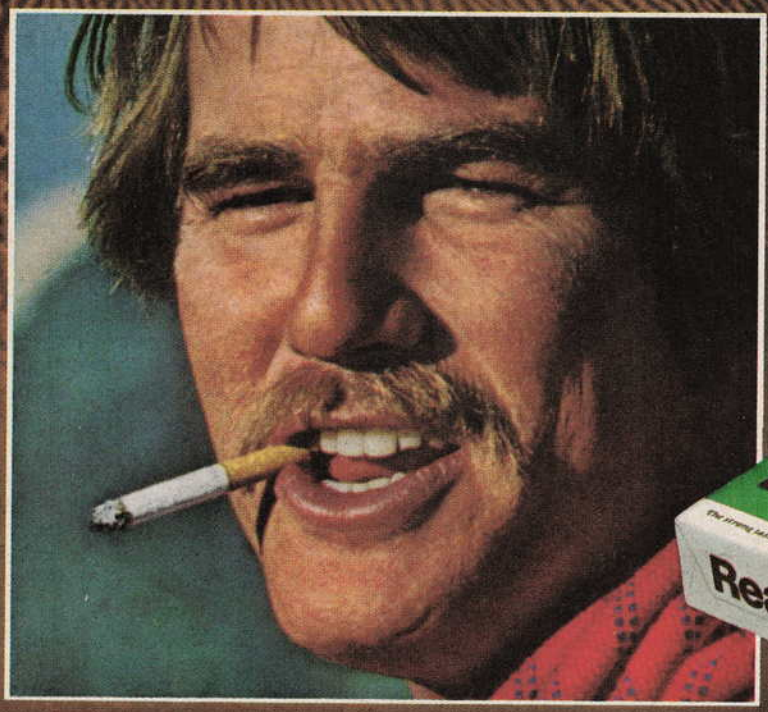

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primitive form of mainlining.

The vase depicts seven couples in various combinations of what amounts to a psychedelic enema orgy. The enemees on the vase each have a similar vase containing an effervescent potion that was probably *balche*, a trendy cocktail popular during the heyday of Mayan culture, A.D. 200–700. Injected rectally by means of a syringe probably made of a fish bladder and bird bones, the drug is immediately absorbed into the bloodstream and rushed straight to the brain.

The Mayas, who soberly abstained from the excessive use of sex, drugs and war, had been considered Joe Straights among native Americans. Discovery of the culture's public enemas alters that image and clears up a few mysteries. The clay figurines of blissed-out Mayan men sprawled with their tails in the air do not represent human sacrifices, but offer substantiation of something parents, cops and Art Linkletter have been telling you for years: Drugs are for assholes.

WELCOME TO L.A.

When Los Angeles RTD officials opened a suitcase left on one of their buses, they found 40 jars of Vicks Vaporub, six packs of rubbers and a shovel with a broken handle.

FISH STORY

"Wanna see the pictures of my honeymoon?" The voice smirked over the phone. "I landed some real beauties." Sure, we told him, send 'em over. Needless to say, we were underwhelmed when we received a series of "lurid close-ups" of the Whale Car Wash in Niagara Falls. "You shoulda seen the one that got away," said the attached note.

OPENERS' INVESTIGATIVE REPORT: CUSTOMIZED SNATCH UNCOVERED

The world-famous Crazy Horse Club of Paris, known for its classy but titillating nude extravaganzas, has been accused of conducting one of the slinkiest and most fraudulent cover-ups ever perpetrated on the paying public. Devlin Damaskin, an investigative American nightclubber, claims to have stumbled onto one of the best-kept secrets on the Continent. "The girls of the Crazy Horse have got phony pussies," he charges. "During the last show I attended, after those gorgeous showgirls removed their G-strings, I realized the entire row was identical. Each girl had exactly the same snatch, enormously thick, dark-brown fur, cut in the shape of a triangle. There were absolutely no pink or flesh tones peeking through." Our detective, a pussy lover from way back, says he wasn't fooled for an instant. "You know, pussies are like fingerprints—no two are exactly alike."

Determined to get down to the nitty-gritty on this one, OUI sent ace Paris correspondent Halya Hrynchuk out to probe into the matter. Halya's report:

While the shape, size and skin texture of each Crazy Horse dancer vary, once they are onstage, everything must be uniform. The height of the chorus line, for example, is 1.85 meters (six feet, three-quarters inch). If you look at the heels of the boots, you'll notice that is where the height is added for the shorter girls. And while hair color may change with each choreographed scheme, the style and length is always the same. This year, it is as straight as French bread.

As with their height and hairstyles, the Crazy Horse pussies are stylized. "They must be. It is more aesthetic that way," insists proprietor Alain Bernadin. Bernadin dictates that the pubic-hair length be no longer than five centimeters, and that it be combed with downward strokes, "the way nature has the hair moving."

For the taller girls, the triangular shape measures 12 centimeters on each side; for the shorter girls, ten centimeters on each side. Before each show, the pubic hair is dyed brown with a special hair-dye rinse for sensitive skin. It washes away in the shower after the show. Each girl uses a body makeup (Max Factor pancake body makeup, numbers 25, 26 or 27), but for the pubes, a darker shade is applied. Negro I or Black. Besides making all the girls uniform, this also ensures that their vaginas will not show during a performance. While I was questioning Mr. Bernadin at the Crazy Horse on this subject, an adorable Russian girl was auditioning for the chorus line. She had recently shaved her pubic hair, and it had only grown back about one centimeter. She asked him if he didn't think it was cute. "Cute? Of course it's cute," he responded. "But not for the Crazy Horse! It's just not decent to see a girl's physiology. My show is meant to be artistic, not gynecological.

"This is not a fetish to me," Bernadin further explained. "It is simply prettier this way. The important thing is that each of my girls looks like she came out of a Modigliani painting. If it isn't that way, it's indecent."

Case dismissed.

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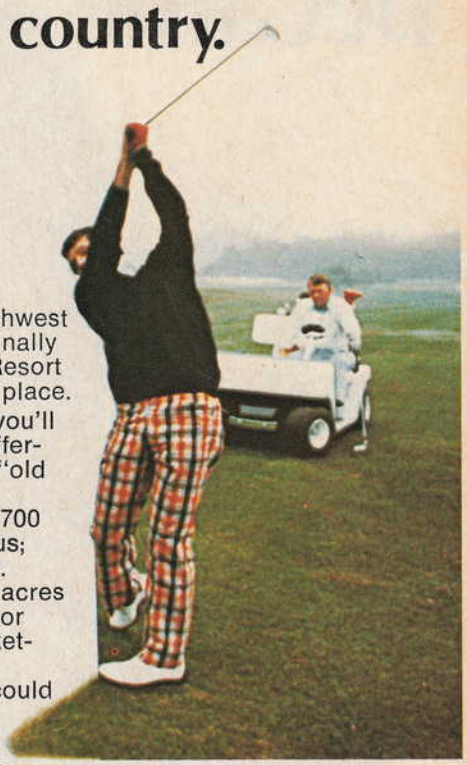

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IN DEFENSE OF THE MISSIONARY POSITION

With contemporary life changing so rapidly, many old but worthy concepts are being whisked aside in the rush of new, imaginative fads. Even that great international institution, the missionary position, is in danger and sorely in need of a champion. Recognizing the need for an open forum on this problem, OUI assembled a group of distinguished experts in the field to get their opinions.

The Panel

1. Father Augustine Perrier, formerly a Jesuit priest and missionary to French Equatorial Africa. After a long and distinguished career of service to his church, Father Perrier left his post under sudden and unexplained circumstances.

2. Mogamba Perrier, Former Father Perrier's Pygmy wife.

3. Duke Kulahulahockey-puck, the last native ruler of Noware Atoll, a Pacific isle. A former full-time pagan, the Duke is now upright and religious and owns a Bun & Run burger stand in Fargo, North Dakota.

4. Padre Hector Junipero Tony Gomez-Schwartz, missionary and historian of the small and obscure Sacred Order of Our Lady of Faucet Majors. Padre Gomez-Schwartz has served faithfully in the jungles of Brazil and the South Bronx.

5. Moe Sam Beeck, cannibal. Born Monsignor Felipe de Frogue (confirmed at the age of two, ordained at three, just missed becoming a saint by two votes at the age of four), he served as a missionary until converting to cannibalism in 1966. Moe Sam is married to a lovely Jewish girl and they reside with their two children in Canoga Park, California.

OUI: Panelists, before we delve into the problem at hand, perhaps we should first establish . . . What *is* the missionary position?

PERRIER: Position? On what?

MOGAMBA: Kneeling.

DUKE: They gave us religion; we gave them the land.

PADRE SCHWARTZ: Kneeling? Jesus, lady.

MOE SAM: I prefer them standing up in the pot with not too high a fire so that they don't overcook. Toughens 'em, you know.

OUI: I think the panel has missed the point of the question. Let me give it to you another way . . .

PERRIER: Then it wouldn't be the missionary position.

MOGAMBA: I'd love to get it another way. I'm so tired of going up on him.

DUKE: They got the land; we got the religion. A fucking is a fucking.

OUI: How was the missionary position presented?

PERRIER: In a straight and upright fashion. A good missionary goes in and meets his challenge face-to-face and toe-to-toe.

MOGAMBA: He's fulla shit. When we are face-to-face I can stand on his cock. When we are toe-to-toe I can play him like a clarinet. When he's in there, I got nobody to talk to.

DUKE: It was explained as a fair exchange, religion for land . . . but oh, I wanted some beads.

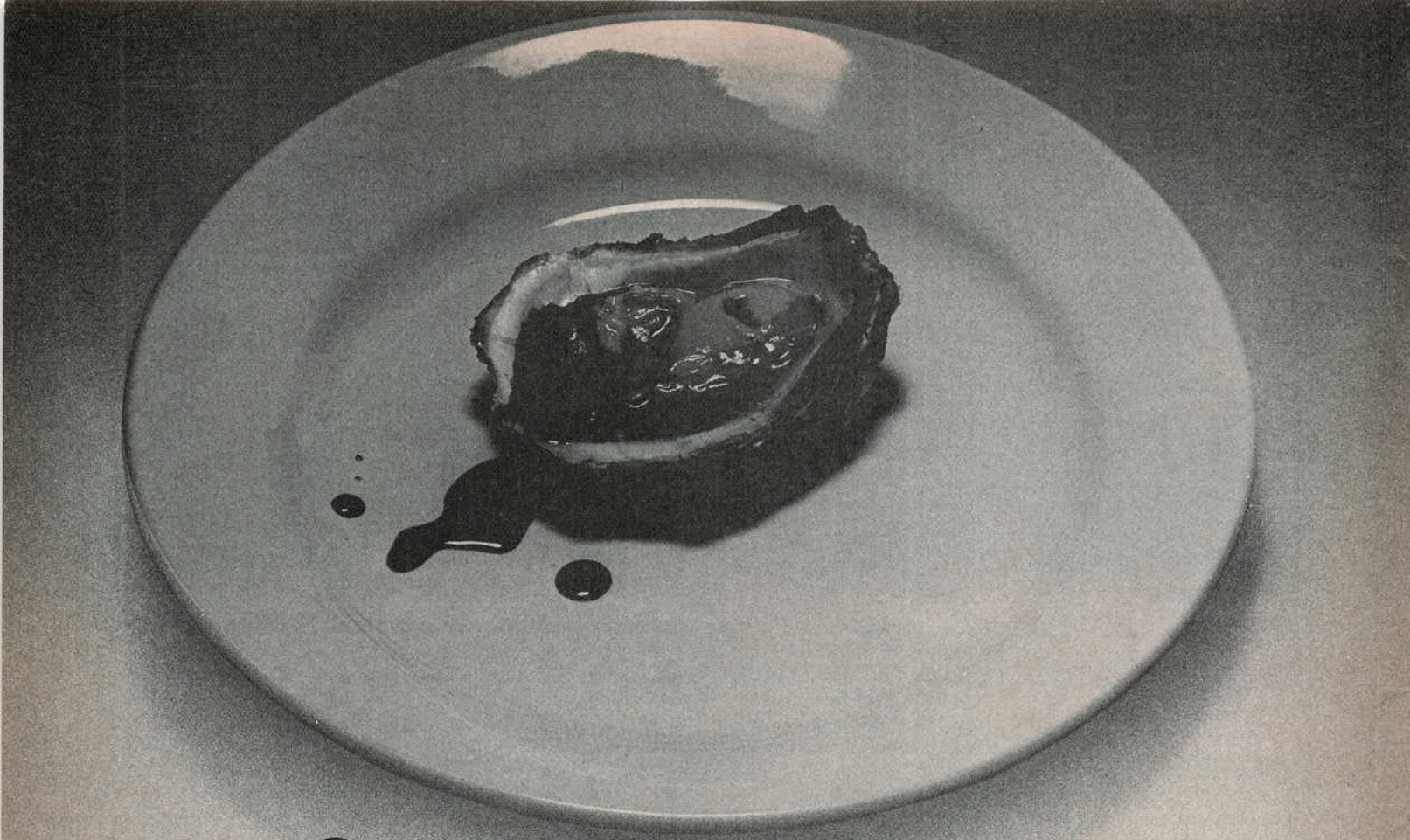
MOE SAM: I've found that the missionary position was half-baked at best. After I converted, most of the missionaries I met didn't have a leg to stand on.

OUI: Do you feel that the missionary position enjoys the same acceptance today as in the past?

PERRIER: That's a terrific

WILDLIFE OF THE MONTH

Great American sportsman Steve Peratt took this rare photo of this not-so-endangered species a few miles outside his camp in the wilds of Nebraska. Steve subdued the critter with a single shot from his tranquilizing gun, then packed her off to safety in the backwoods. Openers *commends this quick-thinking environmentalist for doing his bit to preserve the delicate balance of nature.*



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• 1976 wasn't bad either: Two more tanker wrecks added several thousand more tons.

• But 1978 was sensational: The recipe was finally perfected. The Amoco Cadiz broke wide open, pouring 50 million gallons of crude oil onto France's most productive coast.

• The fishing industry was destroyed,

• The tourist season ruined,

• 90 miles of beach were polluted,

• Millions of sea animals died.

Oil on the halfshell may soon be an American specialty: oil leases are likely to be granted above Georges Bank, this country's richest fishing grounds, as well as off the crowded beaches of New Jersey and Long Island.

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Oil on the halfshell, anyone?

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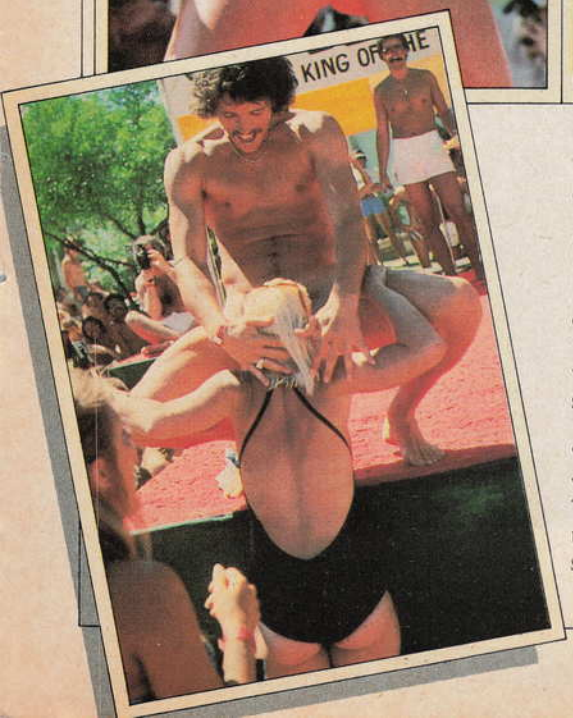
PHOTO: KEN HAAK

THE TENTH ANNUAL PALM SPRINGS OPEN CLASSIC



Palm Springs, California, the papal center of the world religion known as golf, is generally viewed as a quiet and tranquil retreat for the "newly wed and the nearly dead." The folks who live up on Frank Sinatra Drive and Bob Hope Drive all retire early so they can be on the first tee at the crack of dawn. Last summer, however, on Fourth of July weekend, while most locals closed up shop and left town to escape the daily 100°-plus temperatures, more than 3000 "singles who like to mingle" converged on the Riviera Hotel for "The Tenth Annual Palm Springs Special," transforming the town into a sun-scorched version of Plato's Retreat.

The courtyard pool, packed to the diving boards with sunbathers on air mattresses, looked like a scene from a *National Lampoon* remake of an Elvis Presley/Annette Funicello movie. Disco music, blazing as relentlessly as the sun, numbed inhibitions into Silly Putty. It became difficult to differentiate between the daily bikini and wet T-shirt contestants, as no one seemed concerned about wearing T-shirts or bikinis. The "Best-Ass Contest," wherein male contestants did a bare-assed boogie onstage, brought squeals from the ladies (and a nod of appreciation from at least one overwhelmed miss—see photo left). Exhibitionists of both sexes scored very well. And nobody played golf. —KEITH BRANDON EDWARDS

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question. For me, the missionary position is still very popular today, only less often.
MOGAMBA: Once a month, if I'm lucky.
DUKE: I think the character of a nation can be judged by the way its people fuck each other. And there are many more fancy ways of fucking each other here in America than back on Noware Atoll.
OUI: Do you ever deviate from the missionary position?
PERRIER: No, never!
MOGAMBA: And that, schmuck, is why I want a divorce.
DUKE: Once I learned the true value of the land and of the religion, I began to use the missionary position whenever I could. As a result of this continual upward thrust, I am now the owner of the largest Bun & Run burger stand in Fargo.
MOE SAM: I never deviated while I was a man of the cloth. However, once I became a man of the napkin, I often took the position of a true gourmet.
OUI: Duke, before the missionaries came to your land, what did you call the missionary position?
DUKE: We had two native names for it. Sometimes we referred to it as digging-for-clams-in-the-sand-with-your-stick. Other times we called it fucking.
MOGAMBA: I like Duke's names for the missionary position. In Africa we have some nice names, too, like swimming-the-side-stroke-with-your-ear-to-the-ground-to-detect-approaching-rhinoceros.
OUI: Quaint. Former Father Perrier, do you feel that there is a future for the missionary position?
PERRIER: It is God's will that after all the automobile backseats, reclining bucket seats, rocking chairs, armchairs, stools, stall showers, hot tubs, table tops, hammocks, rolling barrels and all the fancy gadgets have come and gone, man will still have his knees and elbows, and woman will still have her back.

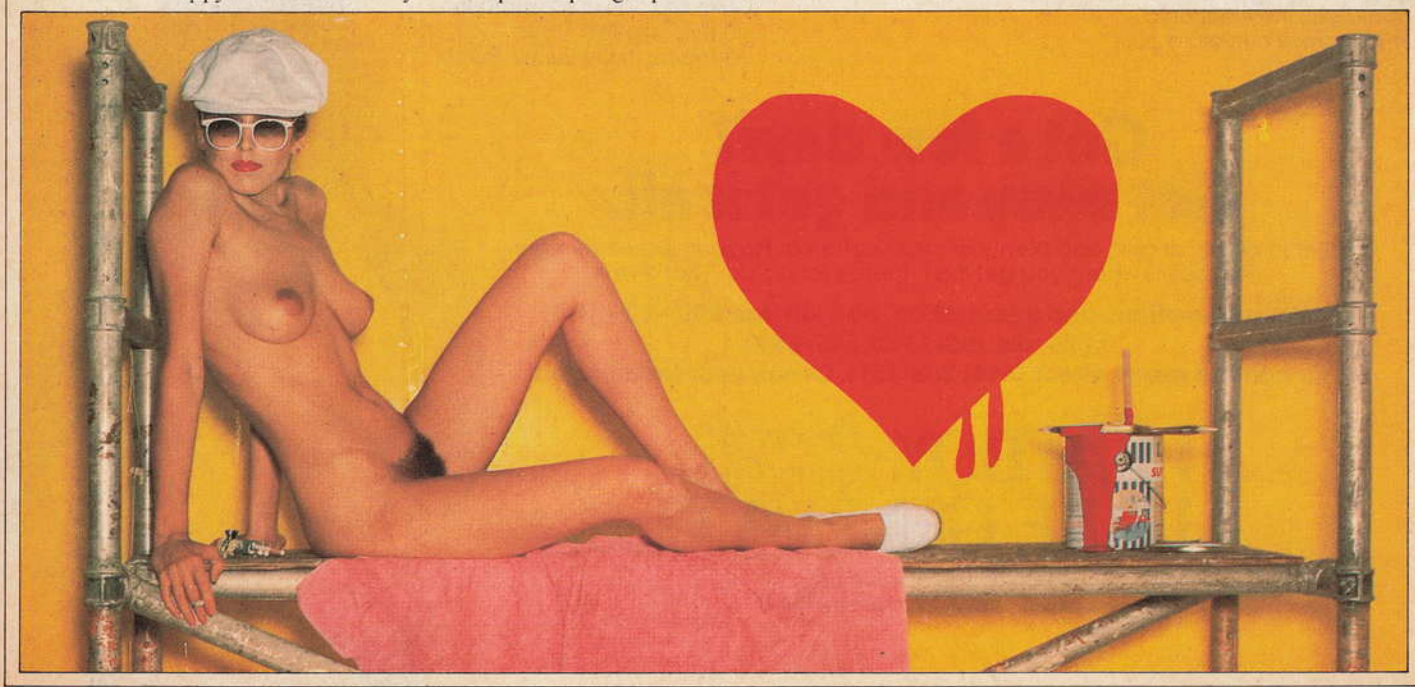
—HARVEY BRENNER

OPENERS DISCOVERS SEX AFTER DEATH

"I know, finally, there is sex after death," writes Romanian parapsychotherapist Elric Zavonstein. While recently at a haunted manse in Bath, England, Elric says he "made contact" with a rambunctious wraith who introduced him to the joys of phantasmorgasmic sex, proving that a necrophiliac will sometimes make a specter of himself.

MERCI

Well, there's nothing we appreciate more than a lady who finds inventive ways to wish her friends a happy Valentine's Day. We bet she's even got a big smooch for all our contributors. Editorial: night maneuvers, Gale Wiley; take this drug and shove it, Terry Fischer; artists' soap box derby, Ken Dollar; crazy horse snatch, Devlin Damaskin and Halya Hrynchuk; palm springs special open, Keith Brandon Edwards, Courtney Edwards; missionary position, Harvey Brenner. Art: night maneuvers, Bill Buerge; missionary position, Fred Nelson. Photo: two women, David McEnery; artists' soap box derby, Travis T. Amos and Ken Dollar; whale wash, Dana Atchley; crazy horse girls, courtesy of The Crazy Horse; palm springs special, dancing girls by Ajay Berry, nondancing girl with friend, Bill Howlett; beaver crossing, Steve Peratt; ghost girl, Koppelman for Phototrends; openers and merci, Grant Edwards.



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SEX TAPES

ANAL SEX

Anal sex is not exactly a polite topic for cocktail-party conversation. There's just something about the subject that makes strong men blush and feminists wince. What most people don't realize is that, as with oral sex, anybody who fools around with an orifice not of the vaginal persuasion risks a jail sentence in several states, even in 1979. The risk of prosecution is less if you're heterosexual, since most sodomy laws are aimed at intimidating gays, but you never know when a local prosecutor might decide to make a reputation at your expense.

Few of our respondents seemed to be concerned about the legal aspects of anal sex, however. Men mostly worried about convincing their wives that they weren't really perverts just because they wanted to experiment; women worried about pain and the need to protect their reputations: "You mean you let Bozo stick it in your ass? Out of my house, slut!" Such scenes do occur. The consensus among our respondents was that successful anal sex is definitely a learned skill, an activity to be indulged in with patience, gentleness and a thick glob of cold cream. Readers contemplating anal sex for the first time (and there's a first time for all of us, folks) would do well to remember that anal sex should not be followed immediately by vaginal sex, as bacterial infections can be the result—unless you're fooling around in the shower. In its favor, it should be mentioned that anal sex has one great advantage over so-called straight sex: The girl can't get pregnant. Hemorrhoids, maybe, but no babies. So—nothing's perfect.

Lily F., 22, stockbroker's assistant: I know this sounds unbelievable, but anal sex is the only way I can get off. Because so few people like to fuck that way, I feel terribly frustrated a lot of the time. Anytime I bring it up with a new boyfriend, I risk being taken for some kind of pervert. There have only been two men in my life who enjoyed ass-fucking the way I do, and they were both bisexual guys who eventually ended up with other men.

I have tried masturbating and straight fucking with a lot of really wonderful guys, but it never gets me off. The only exception is when a finger is slipped into my asshole at the right time, but I never know in advance when I'm about to come—the feeling just sweeps over me.

Lately, I have been seeing a lot of gay men in hopes of finding one who will understand my needs and get off on being with a woman. I haven't had much luck. But I'll keep looking. I know there has to be someone out there who will understand.

Eddy G., 32, bar owner: I'll tell you all there is to know about ass-fucking. It's dirty, dangerous and painful—just the thing for fags who think a wet pussy is second cousin to a drowned cat. I don't know of a single woman who has ever really enjoyed anal sex, or even tried it unless it was suggested by some asshole freak she was with. It's just unnatural. Not knowing your ass from your elbow is one thing, but not knowing an asshole from a cunt is just stupid.

Lori T., 27, children's book illustrator: I'm sure that anal sex has been around since caveman days—certainly since Plato—but I recently experienced a variation that brings the whole business into the Seventies.

I have to tell you right here that ass-fucking is next to last on my list of sexual activities—right before getting it on with a horse, to be exact. So, OK, I've experimented with anal sex a couple of times, enough to know it's no big thrill. Besides, it hurts like the devil, even that time I did it in the shower with Billy and we used a lot of soap to grease up.

But last week I ran into Harvey, a man I haven't seen in years, and we got to talking about old times and ended up in bed. At which point Harvey pulled out half a gram of coke and a glass straw. The next thing I knew he was rubbing a little of that magic powder on my asshole and the whole area became anesthetized. I got extremely excited; this was not the Harvey I remembered from Long Island, believe me. I didn't know exactly what he was going to do, but it was definitely intriguing.

After fooling around some more, Harvey took the glass straw, inserted the tip of it into my anus and blew some coke right into those delicate membranes. I got high, sure, but that was nothing next to the sensa-

tion I had when he wiggled his cock into my ass. The painful feelings were deadened by the coke, but somehow a new set of wonderfully erotic sensations took their place. I was amazed, truly amazed. What flashed through my head was that gays must have known about this stuff for years, laughing behind their hands, keeping their secret from straight people. I've since learned that's not true—gays are as unhip as anyone else—but at the time I thought I'd come upon an enormous revelation.

The next day Harvey disappeared again and I went back to my pot-smoking—and suddenly boring—friends. But you never know what might happen next week.

Paul B., 28, jazz musician: I'm going to be really honest about this. The best way a woman can show her man she really loves him is to let him give it to her up the old back road. My old lady and I have an understanding: She may fool around a little, especially when I'm on the road, but she can't let anybody touch her ass but me. I know she doesn't even like anal sex that much, and I guess that's one of the reasons I like to do it: I like to feel her resist and then give in. It would be different if she really got off on it. I suppose if that were so then I'd get just as bored as I am now with straight sex.

Donna S., 25, textile broker: My boyfriend and I discovered anal sex when we were just 16. We had been told never to fuck, but no one mentioned anal sex. I guess they couldn't even talk about it. We thought we invented it.

Donny and I had not seen each other for two weeks, so we were both terribly hot. We went to a drive-in movie in his father's old delivery van, and immediately crawled into the back. We wanted to make love in the worst way but, every time we got close, Donny would just wilt or I would start to cry. Our parents were very strict, religious people, and the stories we'd heard had terrified us.

This particular night we were totally lost to the world. Donny had pulled my heavy wool skirt up to my waist and was rubbing my pussy through my underpants. I had his cock out and was squeezing it so hard that he kept yelping with pain, but he didn't stop me. We used to come like this—me humping his hand until my pants were drenched with juice and him shooting off into my hand.

I was trying, with my free hand, to undo my bra. He offered to help and I rolled over on my belly. As he fumbled under my sweater with the snap, he lay down on me and began rubbing against me. Then he yanked my panties off and began rubbing his cock back and forth in the crack of my ass. I was moaning and grinding my clit against the rough carpet. Suddenly I was terrified; I knew if we kept going that we would actually "do it."

I pushed myself up on my hands and knees in an attempt to break it up. As I came up, he stayed glued to me, and then I felt his cock slide into my asshole. We were so damp with sweat and my pussy had been so wet that my asshole was dripping with juice. We both froze. Neither of us had ever thought of doing *that*, so we were absolutely amazed. Donny had a small cock but it felt huge in me. He began sliding in and out. It seemed as if every nerve in my body were connected to that spot.

Donny began moving faster and faster until we had the truck shaking and squeaking. The noise and motion just made everything more intense. I was so weak that I couldn't stay on my hands and knees and I slid back down on the floor. Donny stayed right with me, his weight pinning me to the scratchy carpet.

When I started coming, I felt all shaky and strong at the same time. Then he came and I felt every spurt and contraction, and I came again, screaming and crying. He pulled out of me suddenly, thinking he'd hurt me—and I guess he had, just a little bit. We spent the rest of the movie just lying there, holding each other and not knowing what to say.

We fucked like that every time we got together. It went on until Donny went into the army to get away from his parents. We never saw each other again, and I've never had anal sex with

I was amazed, truly amazed. What flashed through my head was that gays must have known about this stuff for years, laughing behind their hands.

anybody else. That experience was ours alone. But I still think about it every time I make love with a new man. Funny how those first erotic experiences follow us around forever.

Tammy G., 27, teacher: I'm convinced that guys who like to fuck women in the ass are closet rapists—into a power number, you know? Most of these men still basically think of women in terms of good girls and bad girls. It's like it used to be with oral sex before the practice became socially acceptable. A nice girl wouldn't think of going down on a guy—only the high school slut would do *that*. Likewise, when it comes to anal sex, a nice girl should only submit. God forbid she should actually like it, because then she'll be branded a slut forever. It's a no-win situation, if you ask me.

Harvey B., 30, writer: I had a friend who was a proctologist, and after our tennis games he always had some terrible story to tell about his patients' problems. So, when my wife began suggesting we try anal sex, I was scared. She insisted, and I resisted some more.

Finally, I told my doctor friend, and although he kept advising me against the practice, he did bring me a set of plastic gloves and some anesthetic creams he used on people during examinations. It all seemed clinical as hell at first, but the turn-on it gave my wife was amazing.

For about three weeks, every time Anne was climaxing, I would insert a creamed, gloved finger in her ass and she'd go crazy. I eventually worked my way up to two fingers, and she got so used to it that she could totally relax. She could even control the contractions she had during orgasm from a fluttery sort of spasm to slow, hard gripping and releasing.

One evening I came home late from work and found her in the bedroom, candles burning and a bottle of brandy on the bedside table. As I walked in, she rolled over, pulled down her cotton panties and slowly thrust her beautiful ass in the air, moving it back and forth. My cock almost broke in half, the erection was so violent. I quickly stripped and began to put on the glove.

"No glove," she said. "Just a little cream and your cock. I want it in me—all of it, now." I was so excited that the cautions and misgivings I had had earlier completely evaporated.

I put a little cream on her ass and some more on the tip of my cock. As I took her ass in my hands and placed my cock at the creamy rim of her hole, she relaxed and I slid in nearly halfway. Then she tightened and moved back against me, literally pulling my cock inside her.

The creams made it easy to move without any pain, and she began to rock back and forth, milking my cock. For the first time in our years of lovemaking, Anne was moaning and making the most incredible sounds. Her noises, her sliding back and forth, and the tight, silky feeling of her ass contracting around my cock had me on the verge of coming almost immediately. When she felt me starting to come, she moved more violently. The sensations were so strong that I screamed when I came—for the first time in my life.

Afterwards, she produced a washcloth and bathed my cock in soap and warm water. Then we fucked like the rest of the world until she came some more. Since then we have been very selective, using our newfound thrill only a few times a month. It is always a great feeling, and even though my proctologist friend keeps warning me that it might be dangerous, he does sound envious as hell.

Susan R., 23, actress: Every time a man has tried to fuck me that way, I have tightened up and rolled over. I hate the thought of it. It seems so completely dirty. □

SEX TAPES QUESTIONNAIRE

Mail to: OUI Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069

Your answers to these questions will be described and analyzed on the *Sex Tapes Letters* page in a future issue. Individual identities will be kept strictly confidential, so please indicate your initials only. We don't want to know who you are; we just want to know what you think about anal sex. And if you haven't thought about anal sex, now's your chance.

1. I am ____male ____female.
2. My age is ____under 18 ____18 to 25 ____26 to 35 ____over 35.
3. Anal sex is...
   a. disgusting. Anita is right.
   b. an acquired taste, like olives.
   c. fun once in a while, but not as a steady thing.
   d. better than straight fucking.
4. My first experience with anal sex...
   a. was an accident. We thought we were just fucking, but we slipped into the other hole.
   b. has yet to happen.
   c. was very painful.
   d. was incredibly erotic.
5. (For women) I like anal sex because...
   a. I like feeling dominated.
   b. it pleases my partner so much.
   c. I like the idea of doing something forbidden.
   d. Other_____.
6. (For men) I get off on anal sex because...
   a. it's tighter in there.
   b. I like to feel totally in control.
   c. it's the only way I can come.
   d. Other_____.
7. My most incredible anal-sex experience was as follows (use separate page to explain):

LETTERS

Sex Tapes

JOGGING JOLLIES

I liked reading OUI when I was a civilian. Now that I have been in the navy for six months, it is like an old friend. I keep several copies in my locker that are my favorites from the past couple of years. I always wanted to write to your *Sex Tapes Letters* column, but until now I didn't really have anything that exciting to tell you. I took up jogging lately and everything has changed.

I jog late at night, about 11:30, and my first night out on a new base took me through the officers' housing "suburb." I noticed a good-looking female ass about 50 yards ahead of me, so I put on a burst of speed and caught up with her. She looked even better at close quarters. I found out later that she was 20 years older than I, but that night, with her body all shiny with sweat, she looked a lot younger.

We exchanged names while we were running, and slowed down to talk some more. We ended up in a tree-filled area near her house. She suggested we rest awhile, so we sat down on the grass under the dark trees. Before my butt hit the ground, she had my gym trunks pulled down to my ankles and her salty lips on my cock. I had hoped something like this might happen, but I sure didn't expect it so fast!

She turned herself so I could get her trunks off, and we lay there eating each other like two starving castaways. I thought she was coming, but she was bucking and groaning all the time, so I couldn't really tell.

After we had fucked, she told me that her husband, a captain, had gone on leave and that she had been horny for weeks. She wanted to meet and jog with me as often as possible. I was in heaven! Then I found out through a friend that her husband hadn't been on leave at all! He's right inside that house, near the trees, where she and I have been fucking almost every night. I'm not sure I can keep meeting her now. It might turn out that my jogging habits are going to have a terrible effect on my health.

DAVID A.
San Diego, California

I thought she was coming, but she was bucking and groaning all the time, so I couldn't really tell.

MOVING VIOLATION

I hope I see this letter published in your magazine. Some of my friends tell me that the *Sex Tapes Letters* are made up, but I can't believe it. So I'm sending you this great story to test the whole thing. My friends say it will just end up in a trash bin someplace. Prove 'em wrong.

My girlfriend is one of those chicks who loves to fuck and play around in "dangerous" situations. You know, up against a wall in the rare-book section of the library, or anywhere someone might find us. She has incredibly intense orgasms whenever I get the nerve up to play her games. Last night we had one that topped them all.

We were driving back from a rock concert and Linda suddenly decided to go down on me. We were both pretty stoned, and just as I was about to come in her mouth, I heard a siren and saw the red light in my rearview mirror. I tried to get her to stop, but she just grabbed my cock and started sucking harder. I was in a panic. I was right on the verge of coming and here was the fucking fuzz pulling me over. I had nearly floored the gas on the old Dodge and must have been going 80 mph. Linda not only wouldn't let up; she stuck her free hand in her pants and started masturbating like crazy.

I was in a cold sweat. I knew she wouldn't stop until I came, and I was having a hard time concentrating on anything. I slowed down and looked for a place to pull off. There was a side road, so I turned and just kept going slower and slower, trying to give myself time. I stopped. I could see the cop in the mirror, starting to make the standard radio call-in. Just as he got out of his car, I shot in Linda's mouth and she swallowed it all, making throaty sounds. Then she quickly stuffed my cock into my pants, curled up next to me and pulled her coat over her shoulders. She looked like she'd been asleep for hours!

Almost at that exact second, the cop got to the car and I rolled down the window. I listened to the lecture in a haze, doing my best to be polite as hell. When he saw Linda lying there, I told him she had gotten sick and I was taking her home.

I took the ticket gladly, happy that he hadn't strolled up to the car and found this lady with my tool trapped in her mouth. I don't know what the fine is for that—and I don't want to find out.

CHARLES M.
Arcata, California

PSYCHEDELIC SEX

In your recent *Sex Tapes* on drugs there was mention that the use of psychedelics is on the wane. Maybe so in some parts of the country, but here in Florida the illustrious "magic mushroom" is still an entrenched part of the culture. It has been since the earliest days of recorded Seminole Indian history.

Although psilocybin mushrooms are not great for sex once your soul is rushing through your eyes, you can experience an incredible fuck if you time it right. I found that, taken in exact

(Continued on page 132)

Wild Should Wild Remain.

"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."

ALDO LEOPOLD

"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."

ROBINSON JEFFERS

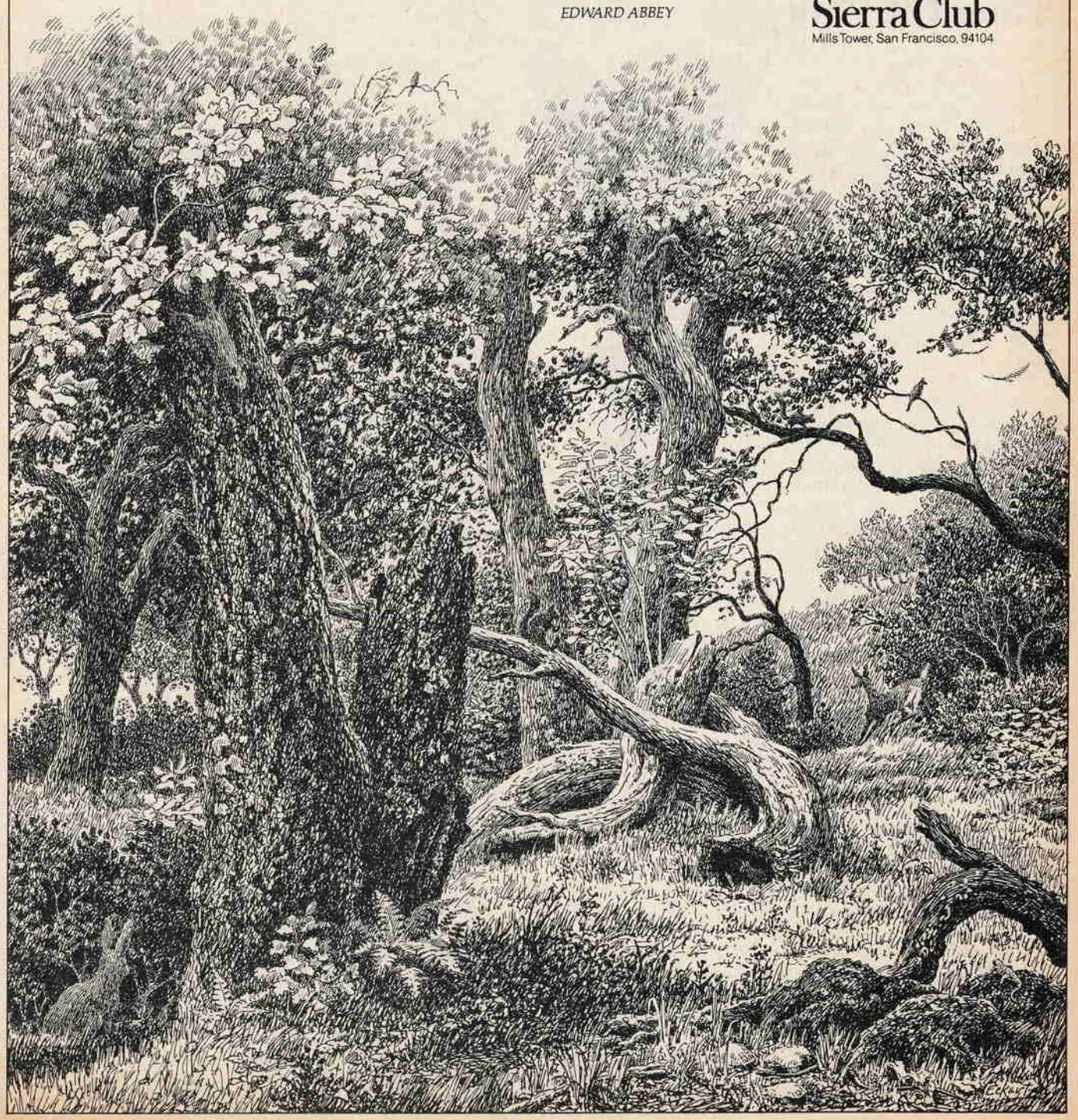
"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."

EDWARD ABBEY

"We need wilderness preserved—as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there—important, that is, simply as an idea."

WALLACE STEGNER

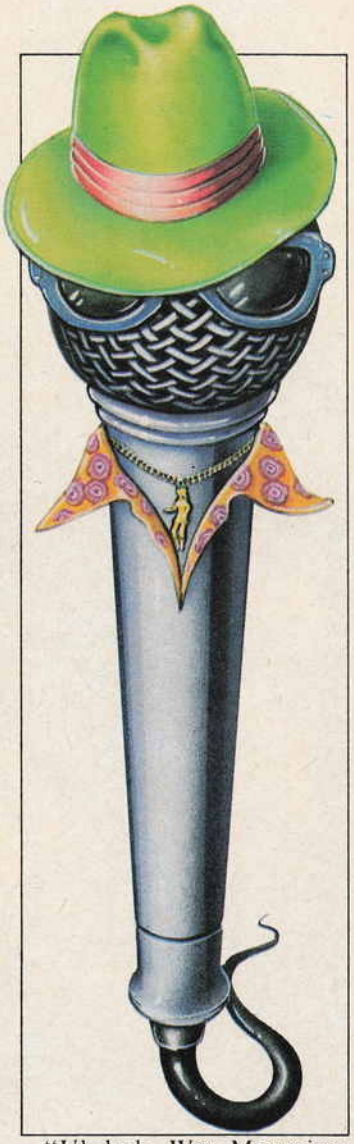
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



MAN IN THE STREET

BY D. KEITH MANO

Prostitution: The View From The Curb



It's raining hoooers all over me.

They tumble-flop in, barefoot for speed's sake. Fallen women, falling, windless: white, black, brown, hi-yeller—even one out-of-shape girl who looks hi-green. Place: a certain coffee shop at 32nd and Fifth, notorious wildlife sanctuary for hookers. Hip-hop, back into a stiletto heel. The pavement-rasped feet: They must buy more Dr. Scholl's than Trojans in a week. And outside, the nasty NYPD swine car has cruised past.

But the pimps don't even look up. You can spot a pimp from here to Mahwah—which is the point, after all. They sport hats with brims wider than Hepburn wore in *African Queen*. Clothes: custom-styled by the last zoot-suit tailor this side of Greenwood Cemetery. Also: a tarpaulin-size, expensive overcoat. Mind now, Mr. Pimp will never put his arms *into* it—the overcoat sort of drop-cloths him, capewise. Implying sawed-off shotgun, ten pounds of cocaine, bodyguards, *something* terrible underneath. Maybe another pimp.

For three weeks I've been trying to angle a pimp interview. No touch. Blanko. I'd've got more out of Jimmy Hoffa with a Ouija board. Now, one day from deadline, I winch my *cojones* up in the Golden Corner Coffee Shop.

"Ah, excuse me, sir. I'm from OUI Magazine and I'd like to chat with you about, oh, the day-to-day problems of . . . of . . . [*pimping* is such an unfortunate word] of your, uh, profession."

"Uh-huh. Wee Magazine. You use a typewriter?"

"Just two fingers."

"Ever try it with just one finger?"

"Oh, no. It's hard enough. What with the shift key. You have a way with words, sir. May I go now?"

Worse, the girls don't trust me no-how at all. "Shit, man, you got a briefcase an' sneakers. All cops got a briefcase an' sneakers. They's nothin' in there. I know. Bang, you drop it, then you chase me with them big rubber feet." And who said talk is cheap? To catch an air-ball interview it'll cost 12 bucks for the hotel room and 20 for the snow job. I gas with maybe 11 girls. Four will admit to being pimped off. One black—kind of Helen Gurley Brown color—insists that there is no difference between pimp-whore and husband-wife. Yassuh. If every wife worked full time, kicked in 30 grand per annum (and you could have three, four of them at once), marriage would be as sacramental as, uh, bingo, at least.

Accept it: The pimp-whore connection is a tigerish and special thing. I give you some semihard data, well paid for. Yes, most pimps are black or Latin. Yes, most working girls have had a pimp at one time or another. (Understand: We're talking about street women, not the flat-percentage girl who'll hustle in a massage parlor or in one of those Mob-run houses that keep Al Goldstein overweight with their advertising. These are often independent women; they've sliced into the pimps' sucker pool since 1970 or so.) For 50 down, Carol—an exquisite blonde Georgian—let me in as to why she'd had three black pimps in seven years. Could be it irked my white-bread honkyness.

"Why? I screw ten white johns a night. Blacks are exciting, different. Blacks don't buy sex; it's a macho thing with them. Anyway, most of them can't afford it. And a black man really throws himself into sex. He's got a great stake in making a woman come. Most pimps start off dirt poor. They carry you away with their drive. I could never get it off with a white guy."

And the inevitable violence. For 35, a bargain, Sharon told me, "I've been beaten by pimps more times than I can count. I've seen a girl thrown out of a sixth-story window. I've seen three pimps kill two other pimps over a girl. Once, I ran away. My pimp kidnapped me off the street and threw me into an alley with six other girls. They stripped me and kicked my face in and broke three ribs. I walked butt-naked right into this coffee shop. Now it's not so bad. Used to be, if you just looked at a pimp—any pimp—he'd knock you down and take your money. That was called 'charging it.' Charging you for looking at him."

I still don't home in on it. Why should a woman put up with brutality? "Put up?" She laughs. "We *ask* for it. If your man's got three other girls, you do something to get him mad. It's better t'have your ass black and blue than to get no attention at all." Shrug. "And, if you're lucky, he'll make up afterward."

"OK," I say. "But the heat's on now. You're running barefoot from plainclothesmen and squad cars from eight at night to six A.M. Then you give all your hard-on earned cash to him. And maybe, if he's in a good mood, he'll step on your tit. Why?"

"I want him to have nice things. Clothes. A big car."

"Why?"

"Well . . ."

She can't verbalize. But it drifts toward me on the down-current. How many men have I seen with decked-out broads—diamond ring, emerald necklace, mink. If your chick is a showcase, well then, people know you're really turning it over. And if her pimp is Mr. Superflash, then she's the number-one trick.

Hum. And double hum. Sounds like the sort of work I could go for. □

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM WILSON

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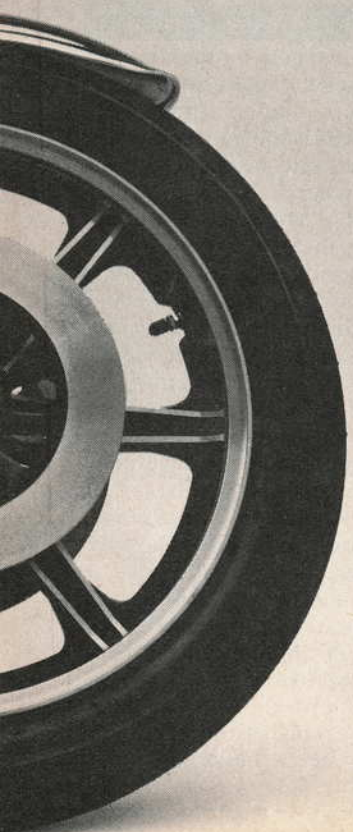

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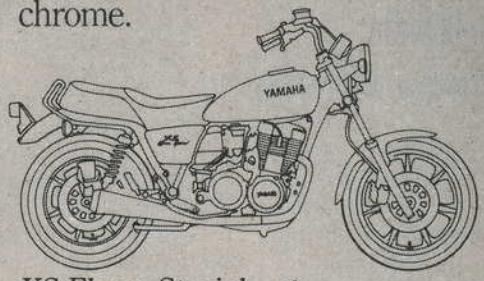

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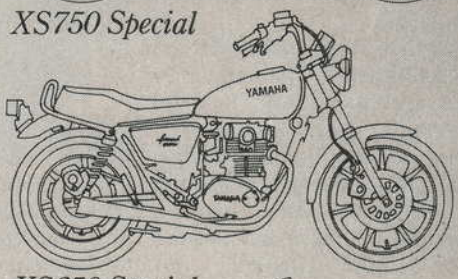

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SEX

BY SANDRA LEE KATZMAN

New Scientific Study Into Ecstasy

Lately, there's been a lot written about the moans and groans, sobs and verbal ejaculations of lovemaking.

But the wonder is that researchers haven't studied sex sounds before. Although it's a universal and obvious feature of the act of congress, copulatory vocalization is not to be found in the indexes of Masters and Johnson or *The Hite Report*, or even in the book by Donald Hastings, *A Doctor Speaks on Sexual Expression in Marriage*.

Old Dr. Kinsey, however, devoted an entire paragraph to the subject of involuntary vocalization, referring to it as "a matter of common knowledge. An individual may verbalize, moan, groan or scream in much the same way as a person who is suffering the extremes of torture. . . . Some persons whose reponses are mild can control [them] if there is some social advantage to reacting without attracting attention."

But attention seems to be the whole point of copulatory vocalizations, particularly the voluntary variety. They can draw attention to one's orgasm or the lack of it. Or they can implement the faking of it. But exactly what they are and why they happen is open to a variety of sometimes vicious vocalization among scientists.

One California ecologist, Dr. William J. Hamilton III, did the first specific study on sounds during sex, and he concluded, flatly, that females are more vocal than males. Hamilton, who studied and compared the copulatory vocalizations of gibbons, baboons and humans, says he's regarded as something of an outcast by his colleagues at the University of California at Davis.

But it appears that Hamilton is doomed to be an outcast of other disciplines as well. San Francisco sexologist Michael Phillips, an associate of the nonprofit National Sex Forum, says that the idea that women make more sounds than men not only contradicts his own experiences but, as he told us in a moment of high irritation, "Biologists like Hamilton who generalize from primate behavior rank at the bottom of the scientific totem pole of intelligence."

The primates Hamilton studied in the field were a troop of 72 chacma baboons living along the Boro River in the Okavango swamp in Botswana. He reported in a recent issue of *Science*, "With every mating with vaginal penetration by a male . . . the female vocalized. These chacma female calls are loud and structurally complex, showing a high degree of note variation." (He also noticed the same sounds during defecation.) The female baboons were the loudest, but the females of all three species out-vocalized the males. Not only did they start moaning and groaning before their male partners did, but from the hairy couples in Okavango swamp to the laboratory-monitored American *Homo sapiens*, females emitted calls that Dr. Hamilton described as "more structurally complex" than the males'.

Dr. Hamilton thinks there may be a good biological reason for a woman to tell a man "when." During orgasm, her vaginal walls and cervix change shape. Basically, the whole works tighten up. If the man comes at the same time, not so much sperm seeps out onto sheets, trees or whatever he happens to be next to. So, when a woman screams, according to this motivational hypothesis, it's just Mother Nature trying to improve the chances of conception. And conception, according to Dr. Hamilton, is what sex is for. Ah, the sweet simplicity of the monkey house.

If Hamilton is out on a limb with these theories, maybe he's just the quiet type. As Michael Phillips sagely warns, research on sex conforms to what people already believe or want to believe. And Phillips disputes Hamilton's beliefs, replacing them with his own. "The whole idea of male/female biologically created sex roles is ridiculous," Phillips explodes. "For an illustration, consider transsexual surgery. Five thousand men become women and virtually disappear into the population. You can't tell the difference." The sex-change operations, Phillips suggests, wouldn't have worked if Hamilton's primate theories are right: The men would have had to have love-language lessons along with the surgery.

One of the most candidly vocal women in the country, Margo St. James, advocate of hookers' rights, when asked who makes the most noise, first pointed out the reduced hearing in her right ear, but then added, "My voice is an applause meter."

The only other source I could find on this subject is Dr. Alex Comfort, who writes in *The Joy of Sex* of "the striking consistency" in what women of different cultures say during sex. They cry out about "dying, mother and religion, even if they're atheists."

Men, the comforting doctor goes on, can be just as noisy as women, but they are not "so continuously vocal." They tend to cry out in monosyllables, often of the four-letter variety, or growl like bears.

His advice: "Make as much noise as you like during sex, but never, never, never refer to it later." □

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM DEESING

Playmate Lee Ann Michelle is waiting to meet you in the centerfold of this month's PLAYBOY. Reason enough to rush out to your closest newsstand right now. But there's more. The February PLAYBOY also features a fabulous pictorial spread on *The Girls of Las Vegas*, and each one's a winner. And what goes better with beautiful women than fine wine? This month you'll be introduced to the finest, as the personal house guest of Philippe de Rothschild. After all that, you'll be ready for some healthy outdoor exercise. And February provides it, with features on cross-country skiing and the joys of jogging. There's also a review of *The Year in Sex*, an interview with Neil Simon, plus a lot more. All in February PLAYBOY.

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MUSIC

BY ED NAHA

Sex In Rock: The Beating Goes On

Guess what? Rock 'n' roll is dirty. According to the Reverend Jesse Jackson and a ruly mob of community leaders across the country, a lot of today's popular music is nothing more than perversion with a back beat.

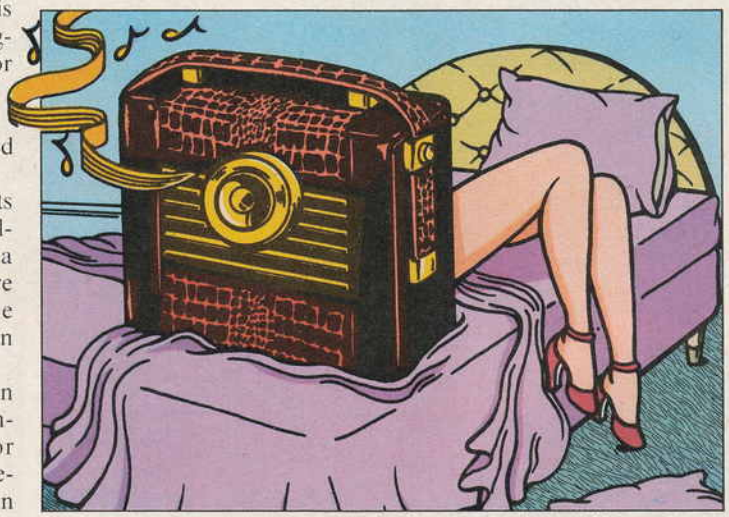
Jackson's latest target in his antirock campaign is Mick Jagger, the man responsible for some of the raunchier lyrics on last year's Stones LP, *Some Girls*. Jackson called it "vulgar and obscene."

So what else is new? Since its inception, rock music has always used sexual innuendo as a selling point—and the more conservative element of the populace has always been howling about it.

During the Fifties, when most of the country's reactionaries were busy looking for Commies in the closet, a select cadre of visionaries began spreading the word that rock was (gasp) nasty. Hell, all you had to do was check out Floyd Dixon's *Too Much Jelly Roll* or the Clovers' *Love Potion No. 9* (or even the dirty lyrics to the Kingsmen's *Louie, Louie*) to confirm the connection between rock and fuck.

Despite the furor, the Big Beat persevered, and in the Sixties the sex-rock connection flourished. The Who nearly had a hit with *Pictures of Lily* in 1967, until someone noticed it was about masturbation and pinup queens. Jimi Hendrix wooed his *Foxy Lady* but was yanked off a national tour with the Monkees by stunned promoters. And the Doors' vision of incest (or whatever the hell they were talking about) in *The End* sent some radio programmers back to the womb.

During the Seventies, the sounds of disco advanced the cause of rock 'n' sex greatly, much to the dismay of moral watchdogs. When Johnnie Taylor penned his ode to the *Disco Lady* a few years back, it was the same Rev. Jackson who blanched at the catchy "move it in/move it out" refrain. Andrea True's *More, More, More* led thousands of radio fans into premature puberty, and Donna Summer's *Love to Love You Baby* added fuel to the fire. But it's been only recently that the poetry has hit the fan. It was the veteran Rolling Stones who started the war of words in the midst of the Supreme Court's thumbs-down decision on George Carlin's "Seven Dirty Words" on radio.



The Stones' *Some Girls* tune featured the infamous "And black girls just want to get fucked all night" line, which was played intact over the airwaves until radio-station managements pasteurized it by substituting the word *humped* for *fucked*. It still offended Jackson, who last fall called for Atlantic Records to stop selling the album and for Mick Jagger to meet with him personally to discuss Mick's "moral responsibility" to his fans.

What such critics fail to realize about this "obscenity" is that, in rock, wanton sex is as commonplace as cocaine. And the artists who sing about it aren't dyed-in-the-wool perverts.

Take the Florida band, Foxy, who recently shot to the top ten with their single *Get Off*, culled from the LP of the same name. The tune, as its title implies, is about "getting off." And, according to singer/writer Ish Ledesma, the song "isn't suggestive at all. It doesn't *suggest* anything. It *says* everything up front."

Ish, together with Richie Puente, Charlie Murciano, Arnold Paseiro and Joe Galdo are fairly well known for their earthy approach. Two years ago, they hit it big with the disco dirge, *Get Off Your Aahh and Dance*.

According to Ish, they just write about "what we think about. We wrote *Get Off* because we were bored playing in this club where the owner hated us. He said we sounded like birds. We wrote it and played it onstage, and he told us if we played it one more time, he'd kill us. He just couldn't take it. Now he must be eating it."

Ish is fairly nonchalant when discussing one of the biggest-selling sex-rock tunes ever. "If you listen to it, it tells you what we were doing every night on the road. There are lines like 'peeking under the sheet with two lovelies' and 'sensuality excites my mind.' It's about sex." Although Ish takes the song in stride, he's stunned at its success. "I don't know how it got on the radio. I don't think the radio programmers caught on to what we were implying with the words *get off* until it was too late. It's kind of hard to hear the words at first. I know that one guy on the air in New York finally heard what we were saying and yanked out the line about peeking under the sheets."

To Ish, sex and rock go hand-in-panties. Out of necessity. A solid club band, Foxy often fights the blahs by inviting all the girls in the audience to come onstage and take the band's place for a set. "They can't play but they come up and take our instruments and do our moves. They create this noise for half an hour. They just wiggle around onstage. It's ridiculous but the audience eats it up. It's hot to watch."

With two hits and a European tour under their belts, and a U. S. tour planned to coincide with the release of its third LP, Foxy now ponders a fate as sex rockers on the rise. "Success won't spoil us," Ish reassures. "And if anyone doesn't like what we're playing . . . they don't have to listen. I guess I can safely say that after *Get Off*'s success, we will never play a small club again. Not because we don't want to," he muses. "I just don't think they'll let us." □

ILLUSTRATION BY RON LIEBERMAN

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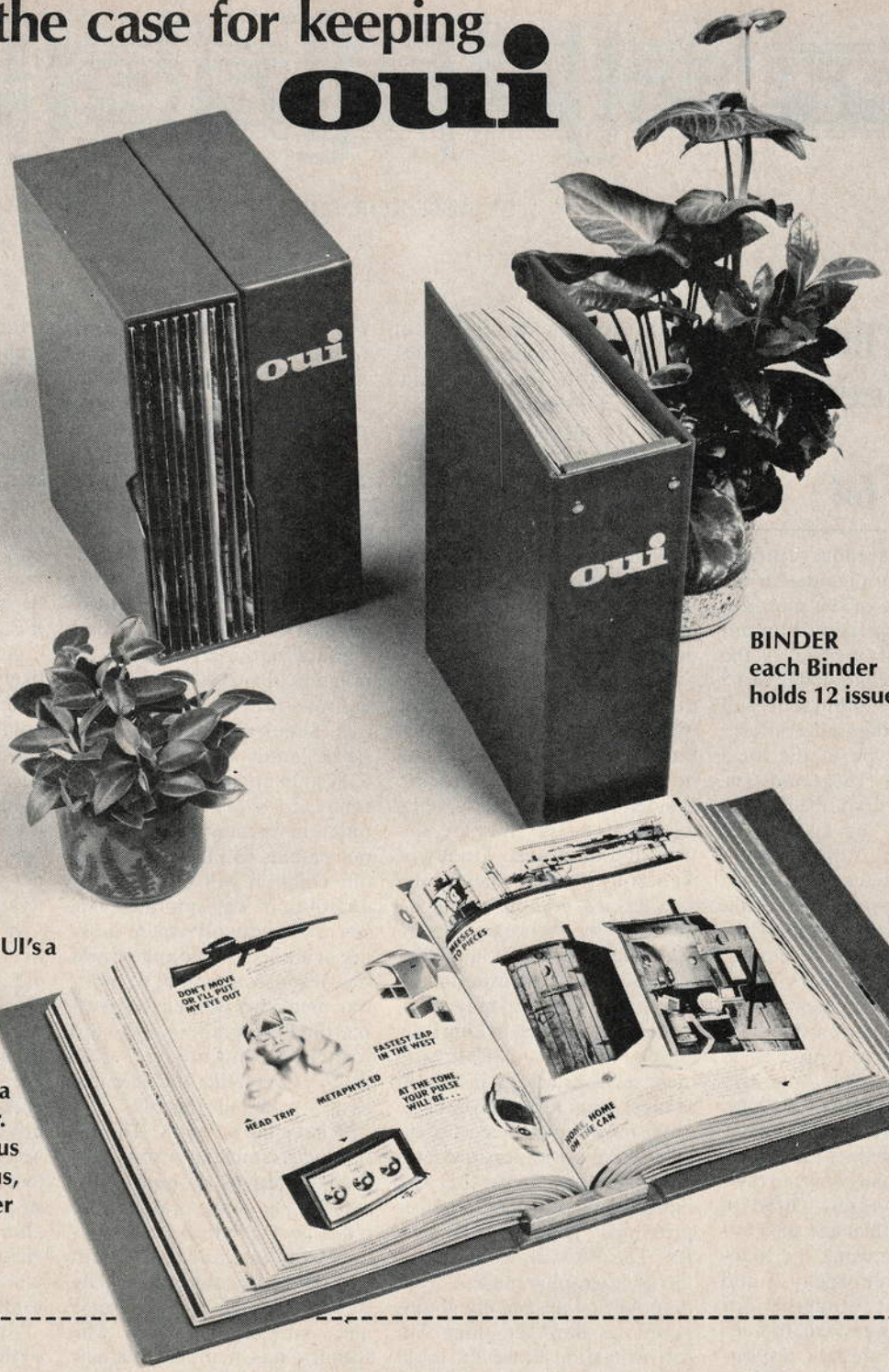

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???FUTURE???

BY JESSE KORNBLUTH

Why They'll Still Need You When You're 64

Of all the Seventies artifacts that will look ridiculous in the year 2000, one of the most absurd will be our attitude toward the old. Twenty percent of the American population will be 65 when the millennium tolls, and it is not likely they will conform to the stereotype of the ideal senior citizen. These oldsters, on the contrary, will be the first generation of the aged to be physically fit, highly sexual, politically active and, just possibly, at peace with the inevitability of death. Sounds like people you know? It should: We of the postwar baby boom are going to be the new old.

Already the notion that "old is beautiful" is rooting itself in American life. The American Association of Retired Persons, which had three million members in 1971, boasts 12 million this year. Thanks in part to their lobbying, Congress voted in 1978 to strengthen age-discrimination laws, raising the mandatory retirement age to 70 and eliminating it altogether for Federal employees. Death-and-dying courses are now respectable in colleges, and more people are becoming aware that the elderly need not die in impersonal hospital rooms with only electronic monitors for support.

But it's the way the elderly are beginning to live that shatters the tired myths about old age: The aged are *not* particularly illness-prone, although pill-happy doctors, who currently write 70 percent of their prescriptions for the elderly, are inclined to sedate them till doomsday.

Nor are the elderly, as a population, unable to care for themselves: Only 4 percent of those over 65 live in nursing homes. And contrary to the slander about the elderly being dangerous drivers, they are, statistically, the safest. Finally, if we want to believe the old are asexual, it's because we're too horrified by their sexuality to ask. The erection of an older man may point earthward like a divining rod and he may reach orgasm only once in three attempts, but a 70-year-old who exercises regularly is just as fit as most men 30 years younger.

We have begun to see that the elderly are misunderstood only because they lack the two things Americans are taught to prize most: good jobs and good PR. The PR will change when the demographic mavens sense that their targets are *not* getting poorer as they get older. The job situation, however, looks darker and darker. In 1950, almost half the men over the age of 65 were employed; last year, thanks to increased mechanization and advances by other minority groups, less than 20 percent of the elderly male population had jobs.

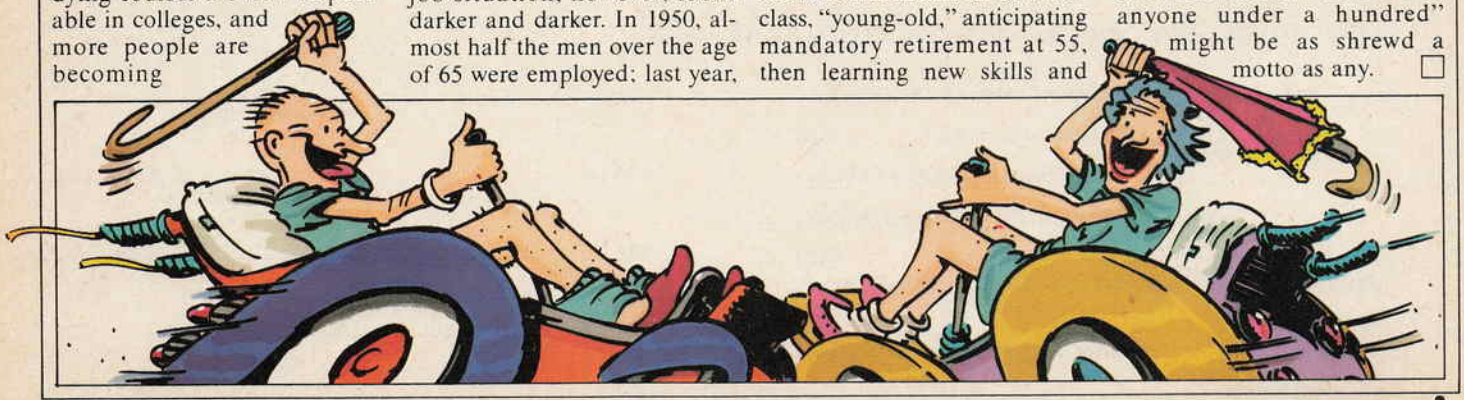
The economic picture will be even worse for those of us who reach "maturity" in the early years of the new century. The big increase in payroll deductions these last few years won't provide us with Social Security benefits that adequately compensate for our economy's wild inflation: By 2050, at the present rate of attrition, yearly Social Security benefits for a single family would have to be $382,000 just to provide for food and shelter. Add to the inflation specter the fact that our parents will live longer and our children will be attending school until well into their late 20s, and suddenly you're looking at a phenomenon the world has never seen before: 65-year-old men and women supporting three generations. It's hard to believe that anyone—even folks as versatile and talented as we —can pull this off.

What's the solution? The futurologists, most of whom earn their livings by consulting for institutions, tend to argue that old-timers will revive these failing institutions and they in turn will save the old-timers. The buzzwords are *serial careers* and *continuing education.* The scenario has members of a new class, "young-old," anticipating mandatory retirement at 55, then learning new skills and returning to the ranks of the employed with all the steadiness of purpose and willingness to work that the elderly bring to any company willing to take them on. Older people will band together to buy larger homes when the nuclear family completely disintegrates. The only depressing factor is that many of these young-old will be somewhat deaf from all the rock music they're hearing now.

A sci-fi scenario seems just as likely, though, with the young and middle-aged taking the "old is beautiful" theme a step further—to "death is groovy." Legalized suicide or even euthanasia for those whose children won't take them in are just two ways to rid overtaxed younger workers of the responsibility of providing for their elders.

In this scenario, it will be up to the aged to be as canny as the old horse trader of the John Ford Westerns. Government-subsidized Jacuzzis so communal bathing can replace bingo, "death rehearsals" with LSD cocktails, discos at the community centers—if the very things we once joked about were given to us, we would do well to be suspicious. The younger generation will no doubt be led by vicious and ungrateful politicos, and no doubt they will be using senior citizens as fronts.

In the too-cushy-to-be-believed future, "don't trust anyone under a hundred" might be as shrewd a motto as any. □



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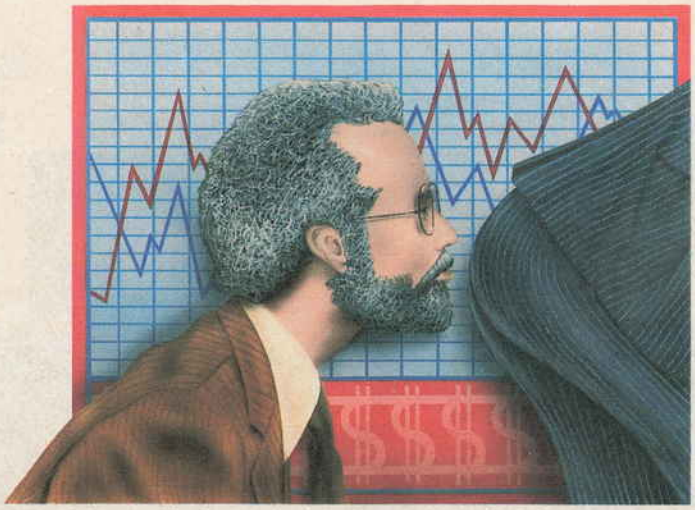
MONEY

BY CHRIS BARNETT

The Smart Way To Play Office Politics



Welcome to the toughest game you'll ever play—live corporate combat—where the wrong step can stall your career or get you fired. And where the smooth move can get you a raise, a promotion, possibly even the presidency.

It's called Office Politics—the game people claim doesn't exist. Work hard, the boss says, and ye shall be rewarded. Your future here, he adds, is based solely on your performance. Anyone who's ever held down a job knows that's about 90 percent bullshit. Certain people do get ahead, and while they're usually smart and aggressive, they are also canny corporate politicians.

Most of us, though, don't know even the ground rules of this crucial "game." We don't know when to kick ass or kiss ass or speak up or bite our tongues—mainly because no one has ever taken the time to teach us the finer points of business-world survival. Colleges and universities steep us in organizational-management theory but offer precious little practical advice, such as what to do when you catch your boss porking that sexy new saleswoman in your department.

Or how to plug yourself into the company grapevine. Or the surest way to torpedo that fast-talking business-school hotdog who was hired a month ago and is already gunning for your job.

Not every school has short-changed us. Northwestern University, near Chicago, offered a cram course in office politics (titled "Where Are You, Machiavelli, When We Need You Most?") taught by a professional career planner, Marilyn Moats Kennedy, who heads a three-year-old Evanston, Illinois, firm called Career Strategies. Kennedy sees office politics as more than just a strategy to hang on: You gotta play the game to win.

Make up a clout chart. Kennedy claims that 75 percent of those who fail on the job—get fired or go nowhere—fail for political reasons, not for any lack of skills. "They failed to see who had the power in their organization, who was really in charge." They might, for instance, piss off a supervisor who's in tight with the boss and who'll find a way to get revenge.

Tap into the grapevine. The best way to chart clout is to be wired into the gossip grapevine, which Kennedy claims is 80 percent fact and 20 percent rumor. Listen, observe quietly and ask questions discreetly. Become an information broker, but be subtle.

Never spend all of your lunch hours, coffee breaks or after-work saloon time with the same people. You'll just be rehashing the same "intelligence," and you'll be pegged as part of a clique—which can be dangerous, particularly in a large company where petty jealousies flare up in a flash. Move around. Says Kennedy: "Establish informational links with members of different departments by capitalizing on their need to be 'nice to everyone.' "

Yet don't pick their brains. Interrogate them and you'll come off like a spy and a fink. Guard your department's top secrets and share information that may have leaked out but isn't widely known—fresh enough to titillate but not so sensitive that you'll blow a confidence and have it traced back to you.

And don't just tap the grapevine. Feed it. Use memos, "communicative" secretaries, company podiums, house organs and departmental bulletins to spread the word when you've scored a corporate coup—finished a major cost-saving project, landed an important client, devised a solution to a nagging company problem. It's called internal public relations and it requires very delicate drumbeating; you have to be an adroit practitioner.

Don't take things personally. The smart office politician isn't a paranoiac or a raw, exposed nerve. "Put some distance between your professional and your private lives," says Kennedy. "That way, if your boss somehow belittles your performance, you're not instantly crushed. You can say to yourself, 'He doesn't know me well enough to dislike me personally. He's just criticizing my professional self and that can be changed.' It's great for self-confidence."

Don't panic if you notice a new employee is spending lots of time with your boss at the office or after work. "Don't immediately think they're plotting against you," she says. "They may just be compatible—a personality match. Everybody finds somebody new attractive for a little while." Join them after work for a toot occasionally, but be casual and unconcerned—and for God's sake, after you've tossed down a few belts don't blow your cool and accuse them of a conspiracy.

If three months go by and it's obvious you're being aced out, Kennedy thinks you should explore your options. Sounds like psychobabble, but try to match your values, philosophies and lifestyle with a prospective new employer. Look around, but remember this: If you're a conservative person and work for a progressive, creative, avant-garde boss, says our career strategist, he'll always see you as stodgy and you'll never measure up to his expectations. Stick around and you'll be pigeonholed as a plodder. And vice versa: Come on too strong to a traditionalist and he'll see you as a disruptive force.

Consult with your mentors. Every office politician needs some trusted counselors, an advisory board, contends Kennedy. A secretary is a good

(Continued on page 130)

Enlisted Times

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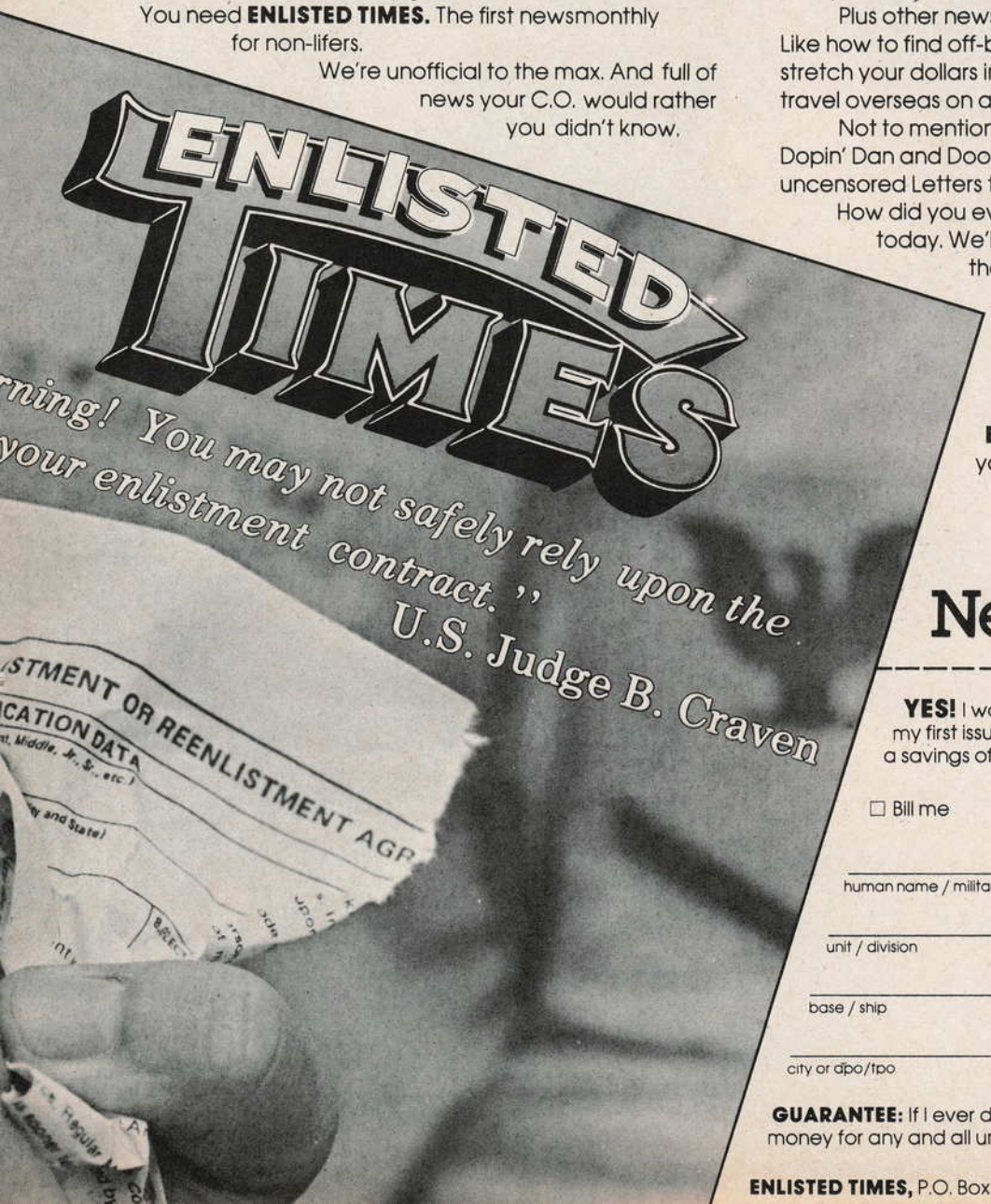
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BEA

GREECE IS STILL THE WORD

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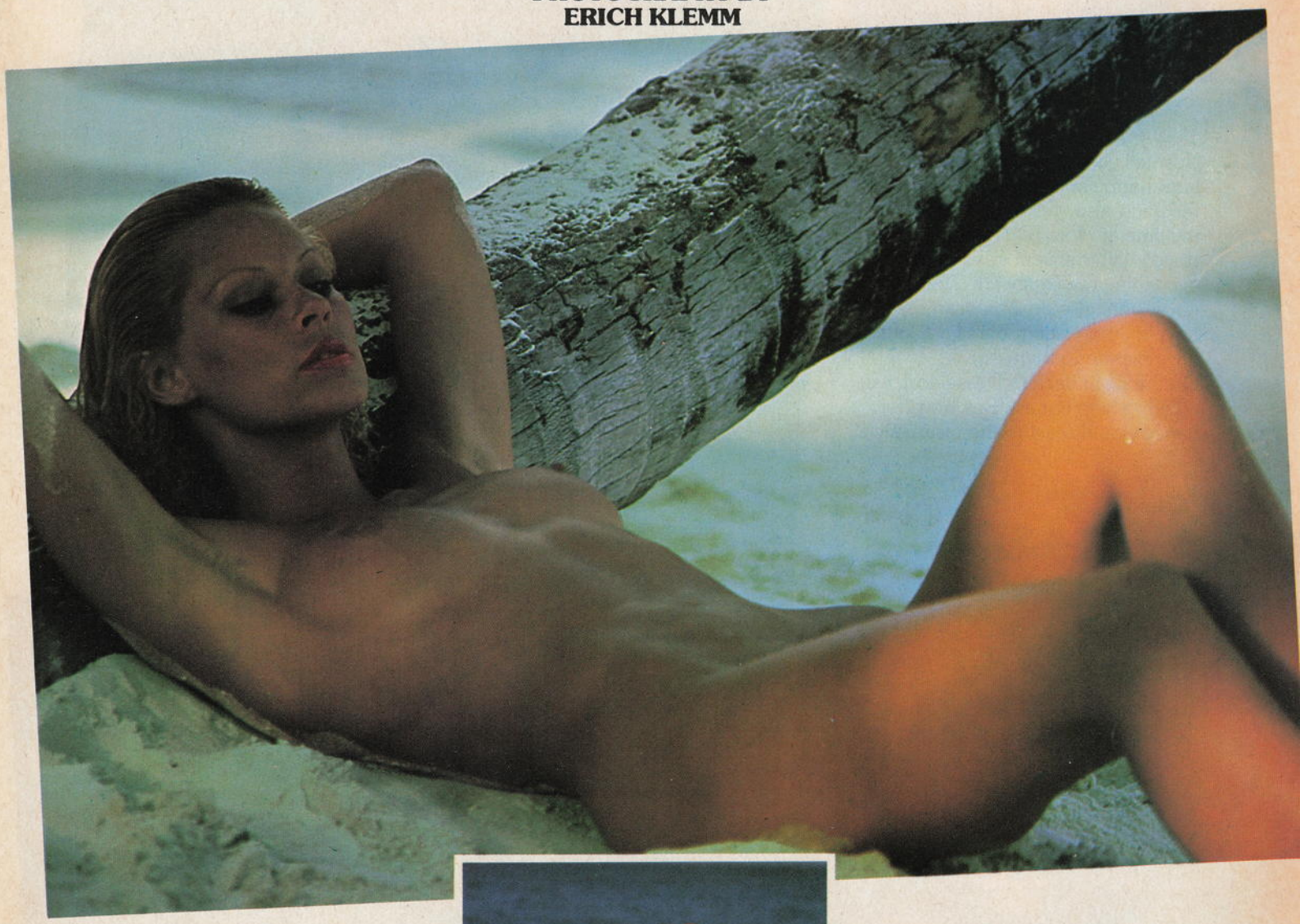
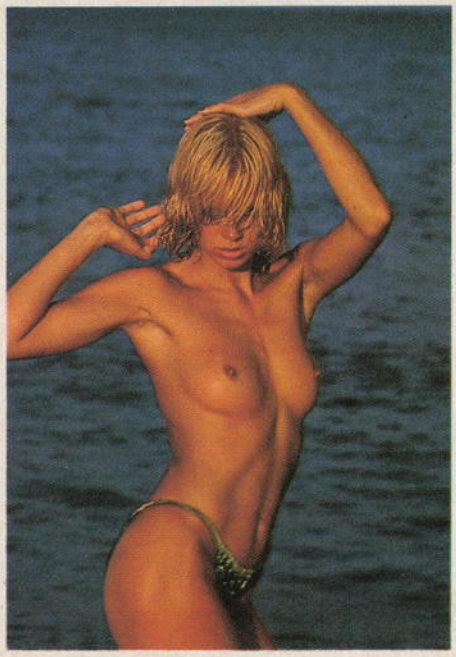




The idea of flying from chilly Düsseldorf to the sunny isle of Mikonos to pose for some pictures appealed to Bea instantly. "You will pay me, too?" she laughed.

There was one problem, however: a jealous fiancé. "We are engaged to be married; we are together always, before this trip. I trust myself, but him I'm not so sure of. He's quite a *dickes Stück* [hunk]."

On the flight she told us about herself. The middle child of a middle-class family, university-educated, bank teller by day, model on weekends "and whenever they let me out of my cage."

"Just tell your American readers that I am happy and free...and very religious, also. Tell them I spend all my time at Mora [Düsseldorf's chic disco] with my fiancé; we dance to everything but Kraftwerk. Them we hate. What else do American men have to know about me? I am, after all, a picture to them."

On the flight back to Düsseldorf, we couldn't help but ask Bea how her fiancé would react to the pictures we

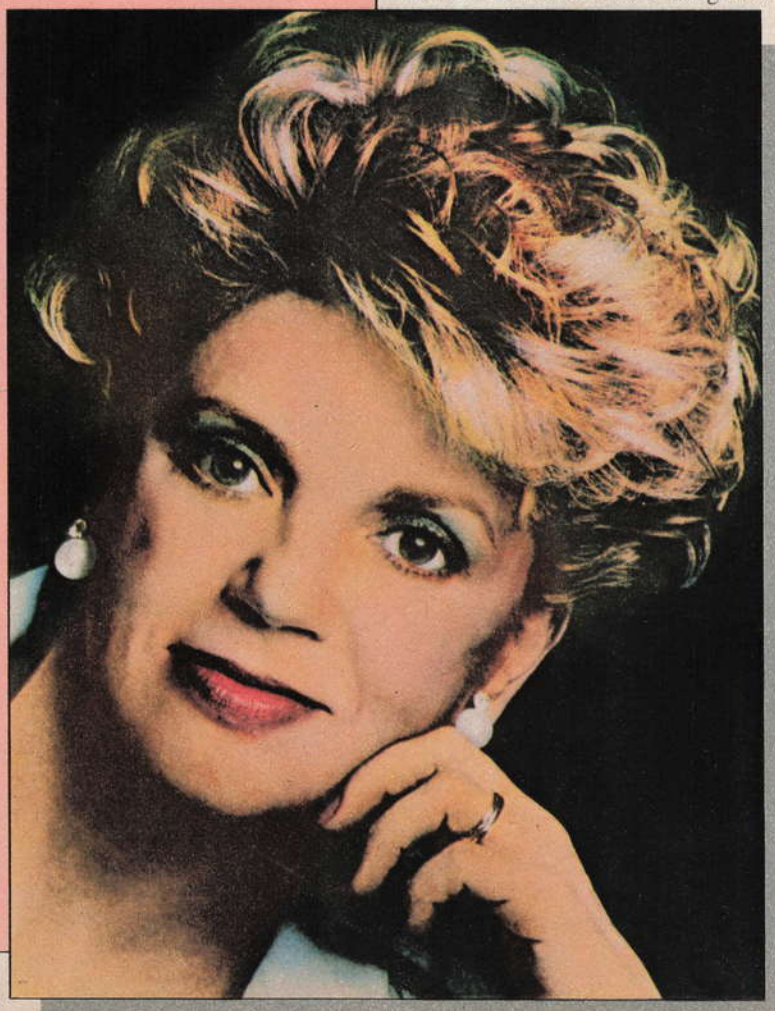
took. They will be seen by millions, we reminded her. And there will be little left to their imaginations. Bea shrugged. "My fiancé will be furious, but we are adults. He will kick and scream. I will say savage things I don't mean. He will stomp his feet. And then we will laugh."

"To reverse an old cliché, show me a woman who hasn't sucked a cock and I'll show you a woman whose man can be stolen."

Judith Krantz

Little Horn

It didn't start with Erica Jong's "Fear of Flying," but the fact is that women are writing some very



"To a man," says Erica Jong with some disdain, "a woman writing about sex is like a direct invitation; it means she's hot and horny and needs a good fuck." Jong, bent over her lobster salad in a Manhattan restaurant, her wide face and full lips suggesting a bawdy, fun-loving sensuality, seems to find the idea preposterous.

But wait. Is it possible that those men Jong speaks of are right? Could this mean there are a lot of hot women walking the streets? In this decade, an unprecedented number of women are writing about sex—some with loathing, some with passion; some write hard-core, some are merely suggestive. What *does* go on in a woman's head when she's penning a sex scene?

Rosemary Rogers, whose sex-filled, women's adventure novels sell in multi-millions, admits without hesitation that most of her red-hot sex scenes are the imaginative product of "wishful thinking—the way I'd like it to be for me." The slender, dark-haired, enormously attractive romanticist gets so caught up in writing a sex scene—"it's like watching a mind movie"—that she invariably falls in love with her male characters.

> "You brute—you wild animal!" she wailed, feeling his hands riot over her body, touching, invading, probing . . . Oh, God, what was he doing with her? She felt him drag her thighs apart and lift her legs over his shoulders. . . . He held her with his hands on her breasts, fingers torturing her nipples, and then his mouth found her. She heard her own wild sobbing, her moans of shame that were mixed, humiliatingly, with desire as his tongue drove deeply into her softness. . . . His mouth seemed to sear into her like a hot iron, branding her his possession as all restraint left her and she cried out wildly for release.
>
> Rosemary Rogers, *Sweet Savage Love*

For someone like Rogers, 44, the product of a sheltered, wealthy, sexually repressed childhood in India, who is finally upfront about her own hard-won sexual freedom to pick and choose lovers, writing is a way to imagine an ideal sexual life.

No question—Rogers *is* hot and horny and has no qualms about admitting it. Yet another writer, Gael Greene, goes even farther: Not only does she affirm her horniness; she seems to have her whole identity tied up with being ever wet, just like the character she created in her first novel, *Blue Skies, No Candy*—Kate ("pussy on fire") Alexander.

Greene, self-proclaimed sensualist from the Midwest, who put eroticism into food criticism in her columns for *New York*

y Women

and it won't end with Joyce Haber's "The Users," hot stuff these days / Article by Susan Squire

magazine, appears to have discovered the joy of sex late in life and has since been scrambling to make up for lost time. Not surprising, considering her background; as she told her hometown's *Detroit* magazine in a recent interview, "I was a typical child of the Fifties, determined to be a virgin at marriage."

In her fiction, Greene excruciatingly details the action during everything from anal sex to cunnilingus; in life, she counts among her lovers and ex-lovers (the implication is she's got plenty of notches) hard-core porn star Jamie Gillis. That she looks far more like a hausfrau than a sex object is beside the point. She unabashedly declares that, given a choice between food and sex (remember, this is a lady given to sexual hot flashes at the mere scent of a fresh black truffle), "I'd give up food and live on pills."

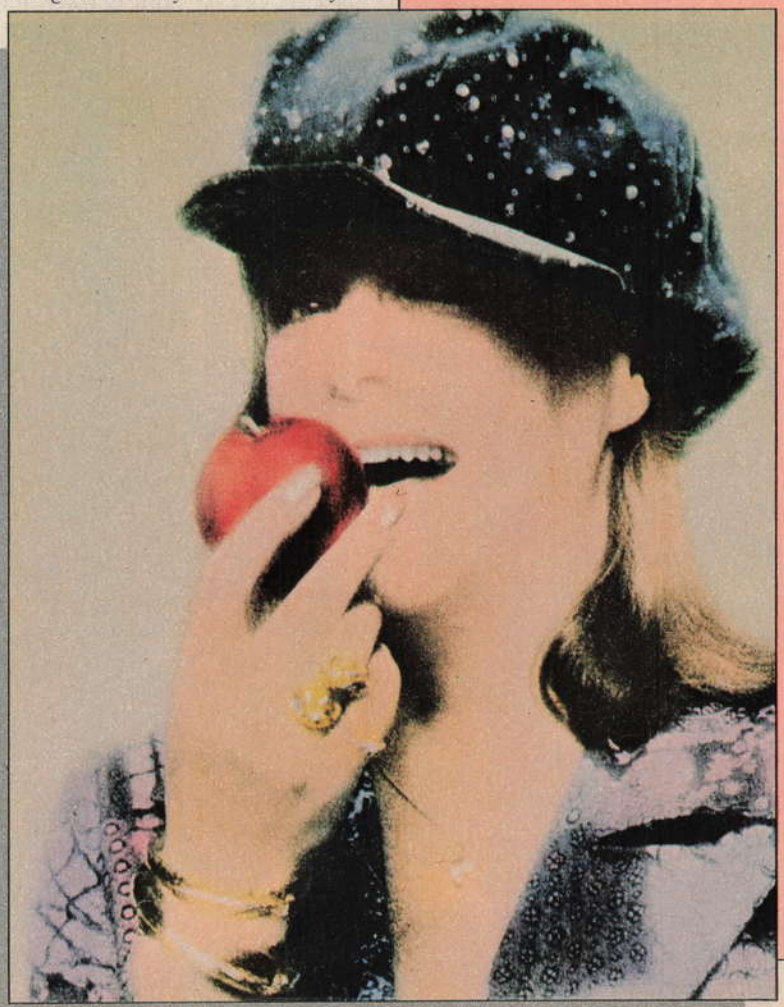
Remember that rape scene in Sam Peckinpah's *Straw Dogs*, during which Susan George struggles and screams and then, lo and behold, surrenders to pleasure in spite of herself? A scene decried as "sexist" by many women? This type of scene is usually considered to be one of strictly *male* fantasy. Well, men are not the only ones constructing scenarios of total female surrender.

Women writers, in fiction if not in life, also seem to be fascinated by the idea of a woman losing her consciousness to sex—being so aroused that there's no way she can be thinking about whether she loves the guy while she's getting screwed. Which seems to suggest that this kind of mindless passion is rarely achieved in life, but is greatly coveted.

It's an ambivalent position for women; rape is both a woman's greatest fear and her greatest fantasy. Which brings us to the point at which male and female submission fantasies diverge. The male fantasy of the ever-ready woman is without distinction; *every* female, according to this fantasy, secretly wishes to be overpowered sexually by a man—*any* man. But women expressing the same fantasy have in mind a particular man with particular sexual skills—skills which rarely have anything to do with the size of his cock—meaning a woman can't get wet for just anybody. Call it romanticism if you like, though loving the man isn't necessarily a part of it, either. It's more a matter of selectivity. As Rosemary Rogers puts it, "Women may want to be raped—but we want to choose the rapist."

What makes a man so irresistible that a woman loses her mind to her body? All you have to do is take a look at some of the novels being written by women today to

> "I have some guilt about paying a hundred fifty dollars for a meal, but none about being sexually free. I like to get an intense sexual response from a man."
>
> **Gael Greene**



"[One male fan] went on describing the ecstasy of masturbating before a mirror, popper in hand, in all sorts of combinations. And that's what he got out of my books."

Erica Jong

catch the gist, and the writers themselves are generally more than willing to go into more detail. In fact, what makes a man a great lover is a favorite topic.

"A fantastic lover will turn a woman inside out, knows everything about her body, gets her hooked," Rogers says eagerly. "He knows that pleasing a woman is more than mechanics; it's a matter of moods. Take me, for instance. Sometimes I'm hot and I just want to fuck. Sometimes foreplay bores the hell out of me—one touch and I'm ready; so why bother with foreplay? In real life, many men assume you *need* foreplay all the time, and you don't want to hurt their feelings by telling them to just put it in. But the men in my books are every woman's dream lover—they *know*. You're damn right it turns me on to write about it. I'd like to find one of those men for myself!"

Jill Robinson, in terms of personality, background and choice of material, is light-years removed from Rosemary Rogers. While Rogers is tall and darkly sexual, and was adversely protected from life as a child, Robinson is funny, gentle, eccentric and curly-haired, a child of Hollywood (her father is producer/writer Dore Schary) with all the early "corruption" that kind of childhood entails. Rogers' books go directly from manuscript into mass-market paperbacks to supermarket shelves to housewives' shopping carts. Robinson's (her two most recent novels are *Bed/Time/Story* and *Perdido*) are hardback "prestige" books read by literary lights and the "educated" portion of the mass market.

But the two women have the same ideas in mind when it comes to the ideal male lover, and that lover invariably figures into their books. In her Westport, Connecticut, home, Robinson outlines her ideal man: "He loves a woman's body, has native cunning, lots of imagination, absolutely no inhibitions, perfectly clean and wonderful hands that he knows how to use, has terrific instincts in bed. He just *knows*."

But female fantasies go far, and on the far side of submission is a mildly kinky practice called bondage—the ultimate passivity, the total giving up of sexual responsibility—which also figures in women's sexual writing. Iris Owens is an old hand at sex writing; her five porn novels, published under the pseudonym Margaret Daimler by Paris' Olympia Press in the Fifties, have since developed a heavy cult following. Now writing "straight" novels under her own name, she delineates in her black-comedy novel *After Claude* an important and typically arousing female fantasy:

> I did as I was told and was grateful to close my eyes so that Roger could not see into my thoughts, which were nothing less than a pornographic scenario starring me in my present position [nude and prone] surrounded by a large cast of naked men with the most obscene intentions. In my private production I was blindfolded and probably tied down, as well as being a helpless captive; their wishes were my commands, and none of them seemed to have the slightest respect for me.

That's about as far into the fantasy as Owens will go, though. "I don't know if I could get intimate with a character who actually needed equipment like whips and chains," she says. "Nor do I like to get too graphic, because then it wouldn't turn me on—and if *I* don't get hot while I'm writing a sex scene, then it won't come alive for the reader. I'd rather describe the *sensations* of an act—that's what seems hot to me. If you try to take photographs of it, it reads like 'little girl nasty.' "

But Owens admits that for enough money she could probably imagine anything—especially if she were writing under a pseudonym. "It's much more liberating; you don't have to fear the consequences, because no one knows who you are." Which might explain the fact that no woman writing under her real name has yet detailed really heavy-duty S/M, even though at one time or another most women have gotten off on facets of it in their heads. The only readily available examples of hard-core S/M writing from a female point of view have been done under pseudonyms: the recently published

Nine and a Half Weeks by "Elizabeth McNeill," and the now-classic *The Story of O*, by "Pauline Reage," which was published two decades ago.

The first is, supposedly, a true chronicling of a crazed affair between two New York executives that ended in the woman's nervous breakdown after nine and a half weeks. "McNeill's" editor, Henry Robbins of Dutton, has claimed it was written to exorcise the experience rather than to exploit it, and prefers that the book, with its spare style and minimal descriptions, be compared to the work of Joan Didion rather than to *O*. *Weeks* is far less sexually detailed than *O*, and "McNeill" is at the mercy of just one man, while O is the plaything of several. "McNeill" is whipped, "tied and stripped, tied and reduced to a single frenzy, craving more"; while O's degradation includes being branded and having her labia pierced and closed with rings.

Still, both books are about the most extreme kind of female submission—an extreme that no woman writing under her real name has explored. But women who don't normally go in for reading pornography and who wouldn't enjoy being whipped and branded in real life have found *O* to be a wild turn-on, at least in parts. Writer Lois Gould, who interviewed 50 women of varying backgrounds for an essay on women and pornography, found "the only 'classic' pornographic work cited as a 'top turn-on' " by the women she interviewed was *O*. And with one exception, every female novelist interviewed for this story mentioned *O* instantly as an example of heavy eroticism that got them off. (Curiously, no one seemed to have read *Nine and a Half Weeks*.) But for these writers S/M is safer if it remains in a corner of their minds and is not described in their manuscripts—just as nonwriting women prefer it as a private, solitary fantasy, not for real-life sex.

Of course, fantasies are not all that's surfacing in contemporary novels written by women. At some point, in their different ways, these women draw on their life experiences, concentrating on certain themes: How to treat a man sexually? What makes a woman desirable? What is the nature (and what are the pitfalls) of sexual response? What does one do with a cock, anyway?

In Helen Lawrenson's now-famous essay, "How Now, Fellatio," first published years ago in *Esquire*, she recounts how, during the Thirties, she and her friends came to realize that "this practice was evidently something men found especially pleasurable, and that any woman who wanted to be considered good in bed had better know how to do it." At which point, Lawrenson recalls, she and her friends began practicing whenever they got the chance; if no man was available, a banana would do. Their willingness to learn, wrote Lawrenson, stemmed from "unselfish" reasons: "I am assured that there are women who really enjoy it and can't wait to get at it. I accept this, but I myself have never known any woman who felt this way. The women I've known—and I include myself—made oral love to men, not for their own pleasure, but for the men's."

Obviously, in the past four decades, women have become more adept at cocksucking since men are more vocal about wanting it. It used to be that a man would turn to his mistress or a prostitute to get head; now he's more likely to get it from his wife. Oral sex has become as chic as Perrier water. But today women perceive, just as Lawrenson did, that their skill at giving head is a measure of their sexual desirability—and a source of societal pressure—just as men perceive that giving a woman good head or good orgasms is the mark of their bedside prowess. Given that, plus one negative effect of the women's movement—which has set some women to questioning whether men "deserve" to be pleased at all—the issue of cocksucking has grown much more complex since Lawrenson's day. How women feel about giving head is an indicator of how they are feeling about sex with men in general; those who do it both like and dislike it more than men might think.

It's easy to find the extremes. On one,

"A fantastic lover will turn a woman inside out, knows everything about her body, gets her hooked. He knows that pleasing a woman is more than mechanics."

Rosemary Rogers

LITTLE HORNY WOMEN Erica Jong has rightfully gotten credit for paving the way for women to write explicitly and honestly about sex, but neither of her novels are sexy books.

uh, pole is Gael Greene, whose *Blue Skies, No Candy* is oozing with enthusiasm for cocksucking—so much so that you sense she's trying just a bit too hard. (She's also the only writer in our sampling ever to mention cock *size*.) Greene's character, the ballsy, successful screenwriter Kate Alexander, fancies herself a certified expert and is constantly being praised for her marvelous ability by the lucky recipients:

> Here is a certain world-renowned cocksman collapsed on the bed beside me. "Where did you learn to eat cock like that?" he asks.
>
> "I eat exquisite fudgsicle too." I reply modestly. Mustn't take one's obsessions too seriously, friends.

Greene's Kate never fails in bed. She is supercompetitive sexually and has a lot invested in being the world's greatest tongue—as does, possibly, her creator, who seems to want to be taken for her character. Speaking personally, Greene says: "I have some guilt about paying a hundred fifty dollars for a meal, but none about being sexually free. I certainly like to get an intense sexual response from a man; I love to do what he loves."

That personal philosophy of Greene's, easily communicated in her novel, garnered barbs from women not so high on man-pleasing (read: cocksucking). According to Greene, one of these women happens to be Lois Gould, who, Greene says, approached her at a New York party and complained about Kate Alexander's love of cocksucking. If Greene loves cocks, Gould, appropriately, represents the other extreme: Cocksucking is a questionable female duty that is given grudgingly and often with contempt. Gould does not have a stake in being perceived as personally sexy; quite the opposite. Men (and women) may hate Gould for what she writes, and much of her hostility toward men is uncomfortably extreme, but she still gets points for courage.

Gould's novels are peppered with women who either are scared of men or feel superior to them. The women are always sexually blocked—one character even keeps her Tampax in when her husband screws her during her period. Another thinks of a cock in this way: "A frightful fleshy mass of strange clumsy shapes slung carelessly under the torso, the way flounces or bows are tacked onto cheap dresses . . . Unappetizing vegetable stew . . . Grayish pink, flopping, pinned on, like a dead orchid corsage . . ."

Susan Squire, senior editor at Los Angeles *magazine, has until now enjoyed a prolific career writing freelance for women's magazines.*

So when Gould, in her first novel, *Such Good Friends*, got around to cocksucking, she managed in her cruelly witty way to reduce it to a boring but necessary exercise with a description that made some men wince and some women smile secretly with relief. Julie, the first-person character, describes the act, thinking to herself as she's doing it:

> Time for our medicine now—here it comes. Let's see it all go down in one big gulp. No, you can't have water with it; I said you're a big girl now. Don't cry. . . . I got up, crinkly hair in my mouth. Ten years ago I would have pasted it in my memory book; seven years ago I would have swallowed it so he wouldn't feel rejected. I was all grown up now. Watch how easily I can get rid of it. But where? In the ashtray, like a calling card?

The general female truth about cocksucking, we suspect, lies somewhere between Greene (it's not *that* great) and Gould (it's not that bad, either). It's something you want to do some of the time, but only when you want to do it—probably much the same way men feel about going down on women.

An element of cocksucking that Helen Lawrenson didn't mention is a purely selfish one—an element that sexually shrewd women are well aware of: power. That a woman can hold a man's cock in her mouth and get it hard is a great source of sexual power and control. A writer who comes right out and expresses that power through her character reflects her own sexual shrewdness.

> His cock was completely limp. Billy took a long breath of delight. She loved it like this, all soft and small. This way she could get every bit of it into her mouth and hold it there, not even tonguing it yet, just feeling it grow and grow in the wet warmth, experiencing her power without moving a muscle. Even the hair on those pouchy globes squeezed together between his legs was straw-colored. Gently she nuzzled them, inhaling deeply the secret smell. "Until a woman has smelled a man precisely there," she thought, driftingly, "she can't know him." Judith Krantz, *Scruples*

Judith Krantz, like her character Billy Ikehorn, has no problem with the fact that one way to a man's heart is through his cock. (She is, after all, a longtime contributing editor to *Cosmo*.) Curled up on a couch in the Beverly Hills home she shares with her film-producer husband and two teenage sons, Krantz looks more like a blonde, petite PTA mom or a Marabel Morgan disciple than a sex writer. But Krantz, in her sweet way, is nothing if not sexually wise. "To reverse an old cliché," she giggles, "show me a woman who hasn't sucked a cock and I'll show you a woman whose man can be stolen."

Erica Jong, author of the six-million-seller *Fear of Flying*, has rightfully gotten credit for paving the way early in this decade for women to write explicitly and honestly about sex. But neither of Jong's novels (her most recent is *How to Save Your Own Life*) are sexy books. Sure, there's plenty of sex in them—orgies, lesbianism, exhibitionism—but the scenes are all comic and/or satirical, and there's nothing more antierotic than mixing sex with comedy and satire. "We met at my house, ate lunch and then each other on the old velvet couch that used to belong to my grandparents," Jong wrote in *Save*. "Jeffrey belched after eating me as if I were a mug of beer."

Writing about sex in all its humorous fumblings because that's how she sees it in life, Jong expresses realism rather than fantasy. And she admits that the sex scenes she writes tend to make her laugh rather than pant; only one scene has actually turned her on. It's the epilog of *Save* in which Jong illustrates the four-letter-word finesse new to women's sex writing:

> And then they both began to move again, interlocking, cock and cunt, and nothing else in the world mattering. She came with a shudder that shook her whole body. . . . Everything released as she screamed and came; she also peed, and was embarrassed and apologized. "I love your pee, your farts, your shit, your tight snatch," he said, digging his nails into her ass, and then he pulled her cunt down on his upraised cock like a glove over a finger. "Do you want my sperm," he asked, rhetorically—because of course she wanted it, wanted to feel it spurt straight up to her womb . . .

Come, cunt, cock, piss, fart, snatch, ass, sperm, shit. It wasn't always that way. Only in the last few decades have women written about sex directly, and only in the last ten years have they gone in for the slang that men have always used. But the historic female avoidance of direct sexual expression has only been good for the state of the art. Until now, literary women have had to devise other, more indirect means of expressing passion and sensuality—much the way a blind person learns to acutely sharpen his usable senses. The result has been that women have learned to be erotic without relying on explicit sex words to create a hot scene, a talent men have not had to develop. The restraint under which women wrote for years—from the Brontës to Edith Wharton to Mary McCarthy to Colette—is no longer necessary. Now it's a matter of choice that Erica Jong uses four-letter slang and Rosemary Rogers uses more indirect language. The former use of restraint has only increased the options

(Continued on page 126)

LASSALVA

THE FRIENDS OF GARY GILMORE

ARTICLE BY PETER S. GREENBERG

In his strange and curious wake, Gilmore has left a cast of characters who have remained loyal to his memory, as long as they get their percentage

The guns of Draper, Utah, are silent now. The five .30 caliber rifles used to end the life of inmate number 13871 barely two years ago have not been used since. The dark green library chair on which he sat out his last conscious moment has been burned, and the old cannery building where the execution took place has now been converted into the Utah State Prison's vocational training center.

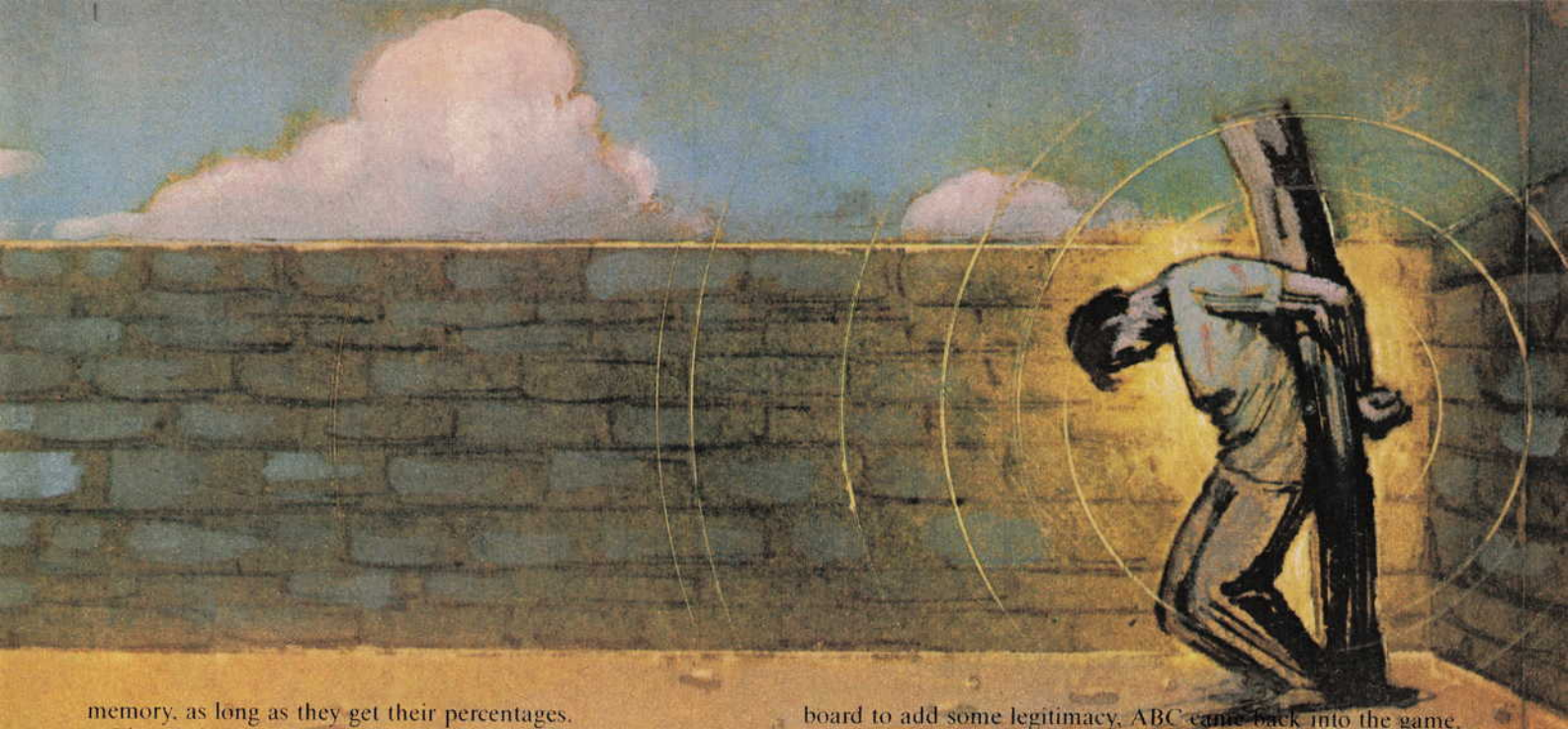
In Utah, the verdict is in and it's nearly unanimous: Gary Gilmore is gone and presumed forgotten. For a while, the two-time murderer outdid Andy Warhol's great prognostication that everyone will enjoy fame for 15 minutes. Gilmore managed to stretch his run to three months.

Now it is very quiet at the prison and at the local hangouts of Provo and Orem. The last man executed in the United States is no longer even a luncheon topic, and the Gary Gilmore commemorative T-shirts have taken their honored place next to mood rings and Pop Rocks on America's never-ending shelf of consumed novelties.

Gary Gilmore was a cruel and unusual man. In life, he was a textbook sociopathic case, a shrewd manipulator who refused to take responsibility for his actions, in effect challenging his captors to kill him for crimes that society forced him to commit. In short order, he became at once a murderer and folk hero, a perverse and inverted Caryl Chessman for the S/M crowd, and a target of opportunity for media managers bored with the last remaining days of the Ford Administration.

Within hours of his request to die, small hordes of special-interest groups, lawyers and other crisis-oriented faddists descended upon Mormonland to plead their case or try and fake one. And within hours after Gary Gilmore's blood atonement on that cold January morning, their interest evaporated with the same speed as the four bullets that had ripped out his heart.

But in his strange and curious wake, Gilmore has left an unfortunate cast of characters who have remained loyal to his



memory, as long as they get their percentages.

First and foremost, of course, is Larry Schiller. Even before the execution, the Brooklyn-born photographer and film producer had evolved into Gilmore's Boswell and managed to lock up the rights to just about anyone who had been even tangentially involved with Gilmore's life and death.

In the process, everyone made Schiller their target, painting a picture of him as the king of the necro-journalists, a merchandiser of death. He had already hustled rights on Lenny Bruce and Marilyn Monroe, and rumors still persist that Schiller had bought rights to the South Bronx simply because he heard it was dying.

But in the Gilmore case, Schiller was far from being the only body snatcher. He was really no more than the ringmaster at an elaborate media circus.

The circus has gone now, but Schiller is still running the show. He's not at the Orem Travelodge anymore (where he once rented a number of adjoining rooms to house a secretary and a production assistant to transcribe interviews with Gilmore). Instead, he now prefers short trips to Salt Lake City to wrap up loose ends.

One of those loose ends was ABC. For a while, ABC had dropped out of the Gilmore project for fear it would be too exploitive, but Schiller salvaged everything by arranging for Norman Mailer to pen the definitive tome on Gilmore. (Mailer will receive half the reported $500,000 advance.) With Norman on board to add some legitimacy, ABC came back into the game.

So far, the Gilmore project is Schiller's most extensive—and most expensive. Together, he and Mailer have interviewed 500 people. On Mailer's interviews alone there are already more than 27,000 transcript pages. Schiller has made 17 separate jaunts to Utah and visited seven other state and Federal prisons where Gilmore was once warehoused. The book and the movie should be ready for a Christmas 1979 release.

"Everyone I have talked to has cooperated," says Schiller. Even the late Federal Judge Willis Ritter, an unpredictable jurist with a well-known hatred for the press, submitted to Schiller's questioning shortly before he died. Ritter, you may recall, fought his own removal from the bench for antics that ranged from hearing three dozen habeas corpus cases simultaneously to enjoining the Salt Lake City police department from issuing parking tickets after he had received one. No friend of the ACLU, Ritter was also the judge who issued a stay of execution for Gilmore the night before he was killed—that order being immediately overturned by a Federal court of appeals in Denver at the end of an extraordinary predawn session. Rumor has it that Ritter was laughing when he issued the order and, if consistency in life is any indication, he is probably up there laughing now.

"They all have come forward and agreed to talk," says Schiller.

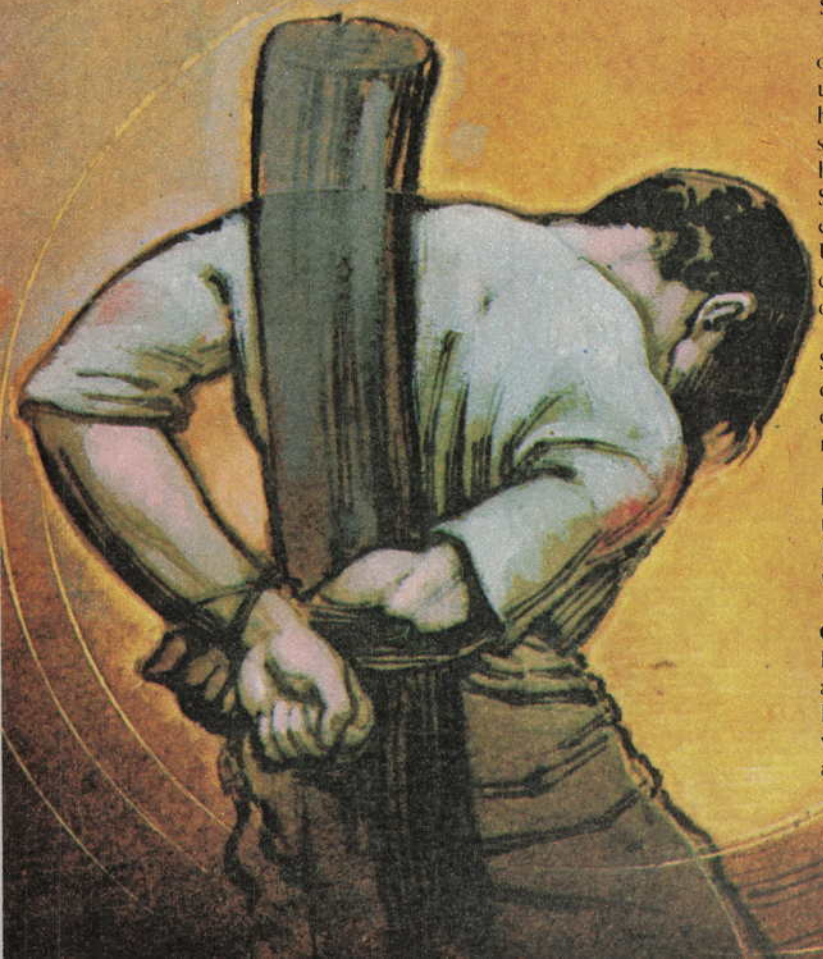
ILLUSTRATION BY DANIEL MAFFIA

NICOLE BARRETT
Gilmore girlfriend and comrade in suicide
$25,000 option from ABC

LAWRENCE SCHILLER
Producer, packager and all-around Boswell
Millions unless Gilmore reincarnates

ROBERT MOODY AND RON STANGER
Last Gilmore attorneys
Percentage of movie/book royalties

DALE PIERRE AND
Gilmore's death
Executions delayed



"except one person." Not surprisingly, it's Samuel Smith, the tall, mild-mannered former prison warden, who firmly declined Schiller's request for an interview.

More than two years ago, Smith was catapulted from the coveted obscurity of a middle-level, state manager position into the unflinching lenses of 101 cameras poised to shoot the end of a human life. But it was more than he could handle. Because prison security was so tight, Smith had trouble explaining how Gilmore had obtained barbiturates, booze and other contraband with ease. So did his boss, Ernest Wright, who left the prison shortly after the execution for the relative safety of a position at the University of Utah. Smith lingered on for a year and was finally given a corrections-department job in downtown Salt Lake City, working on "special projects."

"I didn't want to execute him in the first place," the 52-year-old Smith says now, "and I wouldn't want to do it today. It was a disturbing experience, but what angered me more was that everyone who wanted heavy involvement with Gilmore wanted heavy money. Money was the key factor."

Klein Campbell, the prison's Latter-Day Saints chaplain, left his job shortly after the execution to become an Amway distributor. When that fell through, he got involved in real estate near Salt Lake City. Now no one seems to know where he is. The chaplain who replaced him at the prison has also resigned.

Both the Jensen and Bushnell families, who were the victims of Gilmore's murderous rage, have retreated back into anonymity. Both widows have filed substantial six- and seven-figure claims against the Gilmore estate, with twenty-five-year-old Debbie Bushnell relocating with her two children to Southern California, where she now teaches school. "Hopefully," says Vaughn Thomas, a close Bushnell friend, "she's thinking of getting a house with

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Greenberg, now a freelance writer, covered the Gary Gilmore Show for Newsweek.

some of the money." So far, in addition to some money from Gilmore, she's received only a promise of $10,000 for her interview by Mailer—5 percent up front, and the remaining 95 percent when the book is published.

Nicole Barrett, Gilmore's girlfriend and near-suicide partner, has also disappeared. She was once described by a psychiatrist as "the kind of person you'd expect to be reading movie magazines and hoping to meet Prince Charming in a beer joint."

She still is. By the time she was 20, she had ricocheted off three husbands and two kids. With some of the ABC option money, she bought a camper and has been traveling around the country, perhaps looking for husband number four.

Kathryne, Nicole's mother, has moved out of Springville. For a time she was a cocktail waitress at a casino in Wendover, Nevada, but now she, too, has disappeared. Nevertheless, Nicole still keeps in touch with Schiller. "A lot of guys, especially men in prison, still hit on her," Schiller says. "So she directs them to me."

Not too long ago, Nicole showed up in Provo, Utah, to visit Vern Damico, Gilmore's uncle, but she stayed only an hour. Alas, life isn't easy for Uncle Vern these days. He was named Gilmore's sole beneficiary and executor of his estate. Since then, the 56-year-old Damico, owner of Vern's Shoe Repair in Provo, has watched his life go steadily downhill. He still lives in a small crackerbox house adjacent to the City Center Motel, where Gilmore had put a gun to the head of manager Bennie Bushnell and squeezed the trigger.

But Vern doesn't run the shoe-repair business anymore. He leases out the store to a cousin for a mere $75 a month. It's not because he's made so much money from the Gilmore case—in fact, he's hardly made any at all. To make matters worse, his wife, Ida, suffered a severe stroke last year. "We saw it coming for a long time," Vern says. "The Gilmore thing was too much for her."

It's almost been too much for Vern as well. He claims his deal with Schiller has netted him only $7000 after taxes, and nowadays he feels about Schiller's deal the way Marie Osmond probably feels about premarital sex: They would both like to believe in it, but they just can't.

Most of the money due Vern is "back-end" cash—that is, payable if and when a book is published and a movie is produced. "I wish I could turn the clock back and give it another crack," says Vern. "I'd know what to ask for. I thought all the money was off the top, but it's not. And everyone else seems to be making money on this. I have yet to see a proper accounting," he says. "There's a lot I know, but only so much I can prove on Schiller. [But] if I get stepped on, I'll tell a lot more things than the Gilmore story."

It's also been rough on Vern's daughter, Brenda, Gilmore's cousin. Since the execution, she's had a number of breakdowns and, in one horrendous week last September, nearly killed herself *twice* with sleeping-pill overdoses. Her husband, Johnny, insists they were accidental.

On the more macabre side, there still exists a black market for Gilmore necrophernalia. Although Warden Smith ordered all execution apparatus burned, one of the executioners is asking $1500 for the two straps used to hold Gary in the chair. The hood is also up for grabs at $500. Over in nearby Spanish Fork, the .22 caliber pistol used by Gilmore to kill his victims has been on display at the Swan Market. Owner Gordon Swan now keeps that gun in a safe, along with nine other guns stolen by Gilmore a few weeks prior to his killing spree. A few months ago, Swan was offered $4000 for the guns, but he turned it down. "I'm trying for six thousand," he says. "Gilmore gave one of the guns [a .38 caliber deringer] to Nicole to shoot herself. Even though she didn't, I still think it's worth some money."

In Portland, Oregon, 50 Gilmore paintings and drawings are quietly being sold. And at least three wax museums have tried to buy the bullet-riddled clothes that Gilmore wore when he died before the firing squad.

So far, Toni Gurney, Brenda's sister, who sang and danced with

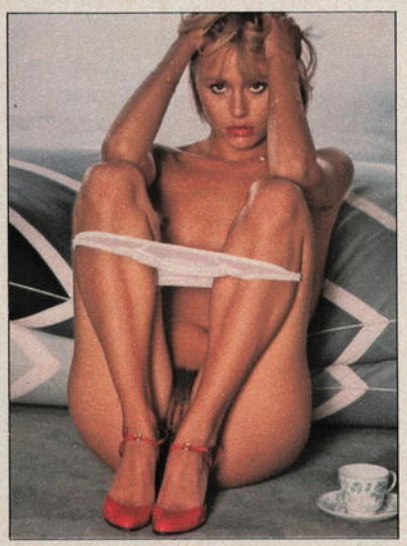
(Continued on page 122)

ANNIKA

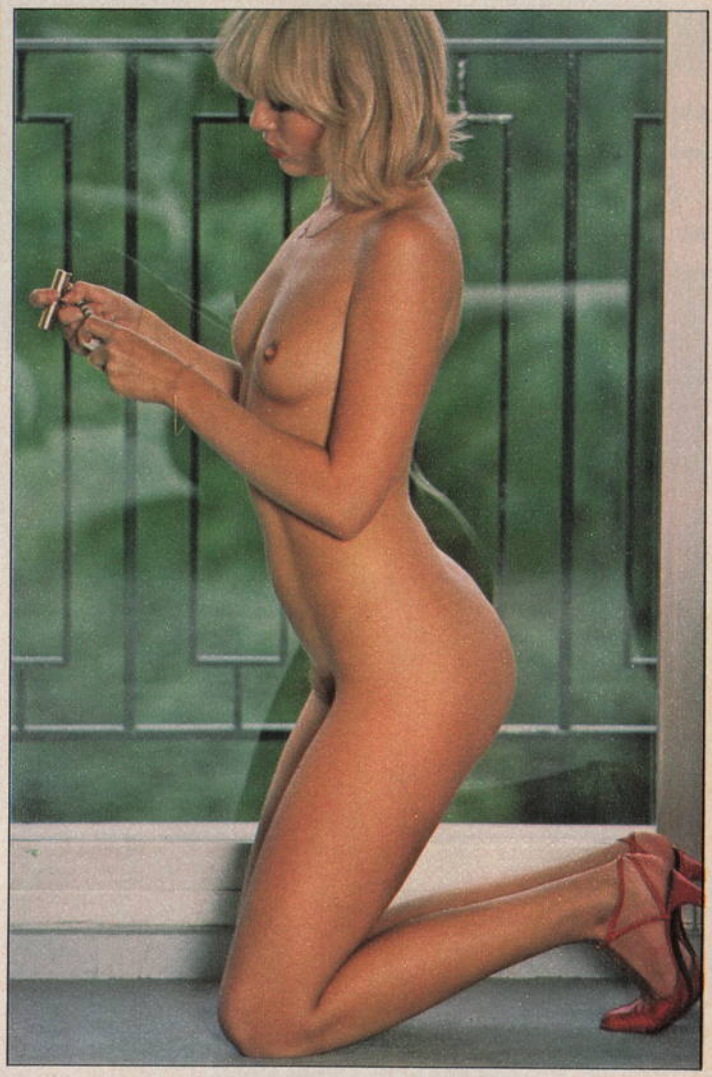
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

SWEDE
&
CHOOSY

"You Americans have such peculiar ideas about Swedes," Annika told us while the camera whirred. "When you visit us, all you talk about is our suicide rate. What do you expect, to come here and see all of us lining up to jump out of windows? Personally, I have too much to live for to, how you say, buy the farm. Life is a smorgasbord!"

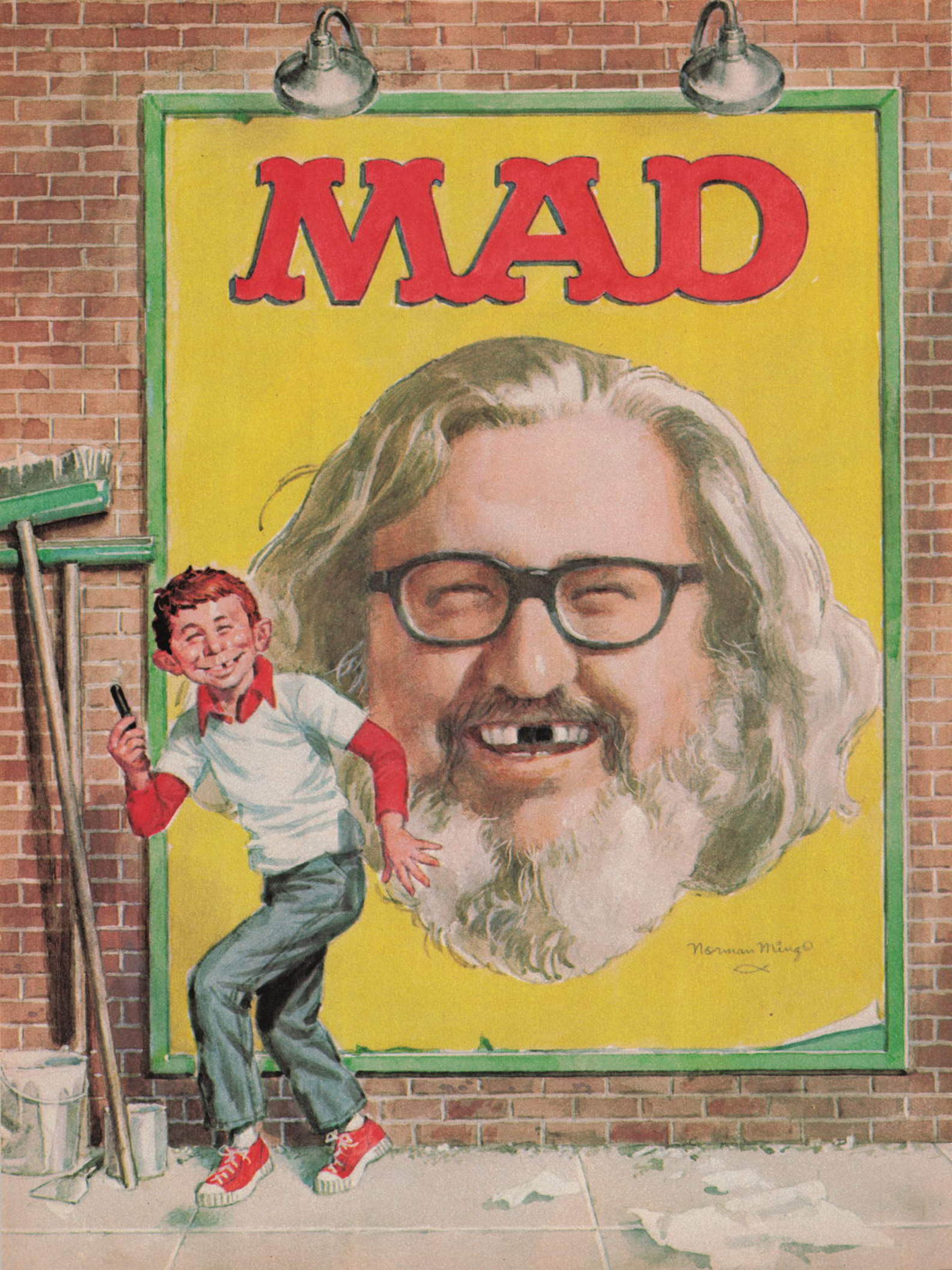


Most Americans never have even heard of my hometown, Göteborg. All I ever hear about is Stockholm. Stockholm is so lovely; Stockholm is so romantic; Stockholm is so historic. Stockholm is coming out of my ears! Göteborg is as beautiful as Stockholm—such a pretty harbor and all the big boats. It is a great vacation spot for people my age and...temperament. Plus, that is where they put together the Volvo automobiles. But enough Göteborg—it makes me homesick."



I have been living in Paris for the past four years. It is beautiful, too, and I have enjoyed myself here, but lately I feel I should go back to Sweden. Paris is good for the soul. But it is not for me forever. For one thing, I hate the Metro! And for another, the French are such prudes about sex—worse than even you Americans. Maybe Swedish men kill themselves off a lot, but they have the best time beforehand!"

oui


MAD
Norman Mingo

A CONVERSATION WITH

WILLIAM M. GAINES

They laughed when this horror-comics publisher sat down to satirize America with MAD. *"Short-lived," sneered* Time. *"Sickening," said the* London Daily Pictorial. *But Gaines has had the last laugh. And most of the laughs in between. What, him worry?*

The early Fifties were frantic years of change in the publishing business. *Playboy* and *TV Guide* were born in 1953; *Sports Illustrated* hit the stands in 1954. But in 1952, practically unnoticed, there was this piece of "trash, satire and garbage" called *MAD* magazine, and to a generation growing up in the repressive atmosphere of the Eisenhower-McCarthy years, it was a most delicious debut.

Ask most current comedians if they read *MAD* when they were kids. If they didn't, they're probably not funny. Those hilarious parodies of commercials you see on *Saturday Night Live* were started by *MAD*. The giggly, giddy humor of Steve Martin had its origins in *MAD*. The *National Lampoon* is *MAD* for the college educated. And the funny thing is, while the rag still flips America the bird, it's become a piece of Americana itself: Early issues fetch as much as $160 apiece; circulation is currently at two million; and Warner Communications just paid a bundle for it.

MAD has its critics, of course. It's been accused of moving its humor from a jugular vein to a hardened artery. And, ironically, it's become the object of parody by new comic writers who learned what parody is from *MAD* in the first place.

The tiny offices of *MAD*, situated opposite St. Patrick's Cathedral on New York's Madison Avenue, reflect the unpretentiousness of its publisher. Bearded, sport-shirted and squinting behind thick horn-rimmed glasses, William Gaines talked with OUI correspondent Jeff Goldberg about 27 years of *MAD*-ness.

OUI: What were you like as a kid?

GAINES: I was a behavior problem, nonconformist, a difficult child. If I had one like me, I wouldn't be too happy about it. I never wanted my hair combed; I wouldn't tie my shoes; I was just a general slob. Like now.

OUI: Did you read a lot of comic books when you were a kid?

GAINES: Quite a few. My father was, more or less, the first comic-book entrepreneur. He started out doing reprints of Sunday comics as advertising giveaways. For a nickel and a box top from Pepsodent toothpaste you could get a Famous Funnies comic book. He went on to start All-American Comics, which featured characters like Wonder Woman, the Flash and Green Lantern. But my main interest was science fiction and horror; so when my father was killed in an accident in 1947 and I inherited his comic-book business, I began publishing what turned out to be an extremely successful string of horror, science-fiction, suspense and war comics—the E.C. comics. E.C. stood for Educational Comics. It was a hangover from a line of comics my father had done—"Picture Stories from the Bible," "Picture Stories from American History," things like that. That lasted about four years. Then we were put out of business by the hysteria then sweeping across the country, which suggested that these kinds of comics contributed to juvenile delinquency.

OUI: The E.C. comics had the reputation of being the sickest, most depraved, violent and gory comics ever published. How gory and violent were they?

GAINES: The horror comics were gory and violent. The war comics, I would say, were quite the contrary. Harvey Kurtzman, who now does "Little Annie Fanny" for *Playboy*, edited the war comics, and you might say they were the forerunner of the antiwar movement. This was during the Korean War, and while most publishers were printing racist, anti-Asian comics—"Take that, you yellow scum!"—Kurtz was doing just the opposite, trying to show the horrors of war, trying to show that both sides in the conflict were people. In the course of this he showed violence, strange monsters and so on. That was the whole point. We were selling horror and violence. That's what the kids wanted.

OUI: Weren't the E.C. comics banned?

GAINES: They weren't exactly banned. There was a Senate subcommittee hearing on juvenile delinquency, and the comic-book industry was discussed. [Estes] Kefauver was on the committee—this was after he had chaired his famous investigation into organized crime—so everyone thinks the comic-book publishers were part of the crime hearings.

I was a voluntary witness. The chairman of the committee was, as I recall, a senator from New Jersey. But Kefauver just happened to ask a couple of key questions, so everybody thinks it was his committee, too. I had testified that I felt the only necessary restraint in publishing horror comics was that they be in good taste. The high point was when he showed me a particular cover and asked, "Is this cover in good taste?" And I said, "For a horror comic that is good taste." And he said, "How would it *not* be in good taste?" And I told him the truth. I said, "Well, the head could be held higher and blood could be dripping from the neck." That was the way the art had come to me originally. I lowered the head and took the blood off. Needless to say, that caused quite a stir.

After the hearings, I made an effort to form a comic association, and invited all the publishers to a conference to plan ways to fight back. I wanted to hire psychiatrists who did not believe these publications were harmful to children. But the other publishers wanted to form a censorship league, which they did. That was where the famous Comic Book Code originated. I immediately left, not wanting to be a member of that kind of association, and with the exception of *MAD*, was soon out of the comic-book business. Actually, it was a good business to be out of, because I've been extremely successful with *MAD*, and comics today are a very poor business. In their heyday, there were seven hundred comic-book series, with God only knows how much circulation. Today there are something like one hundred twenty-five, and their circulation is way, way down.

OUI: How did *MAD* originate?

GAINES: Well, Harvey Kurtzman was the first editor of *MAD*. He originally came to E.C. looking for work because he thought we were doing real educational comics, and he was doing little, humorous educational-comic kinds of things. Al Feldstein, who's now the editor, and I looked at them

ILLUSTRATION BY NORMAN MINGO

and just cracked up, they were so funny, and immediately put him to work doing science-fiction and horror comics, which he hated but did beautifully. Then he did the war comics.

Now, the way *MAD* was born is the dumbest story you've ever heard. Feldstein was very fast and Kurtzman was very slow: Feldstein was turning out seven comics in the time it took Kurtzman to turn out two, and one day Harvey came to me and said, "I can't make out! I'm only getting two-sevenths of what he's getting." So, remembering these educational comics that he was drawing, I said, "Harvey, why don't you put out a humor book. You should be able to do it quickly, and you'll up your income fifty percent." That was why *MAD* magazine was born.

It was strange; here I was publishing horror, suspense, science-fiction and war comics, and we started a funny book—a funny book that, at first anyway, spoofed horror, suspense, science-fiction and war comics. But it rapidly became apparent that it isn't enough to just make fun of *a* horror comic or *a* Western; you have to make fun of a specific . . . the whole point of satire is to be very specific. So then we started making fun of the Lone Ranger, and Superman, and Terry and the Pirates, and so on. I think *MAD* really started taking off with "Superduperman" in the fourth issue. Kurtzman was inspiring and inspired, but eventually we had a falling out and he left to do *Trump* magazine with Hugh Hefner. *Trump* was a *MAD* imitation and, as I like to say, it lasted only two issues. Later, he did another humor magazine, *Help!*, with Gloria Steinem, which did a bit better.

After Kurtzman left, Al Feldstein took over, and he had the mass-media touch, which really put us over the top. We were also lucky; even though Kurtzman took Jack Davis and Will Elder, two of our three artists, new artists started walking in. Prohias, who does "Spy vs. Spy," walked in; Mort Drucker walked in; Don Martin walked in with his drawings of people with hinged feet.

OUI: When *MAD* was becoming very successful and being widely read, did it attract any groupies?

GAINES: Unfortunately, no. *MAD* is probably the only popular phenomenon in the last twenty years that hasn't attracted groupies. And we resent it.

OUI: Were you in touch with any of the famous comedians in the Fifties?

GAINES: In the early days, Ernie Kovacs, Bob and Ray, Orson Bean and Henry Morgan were all contributing to *MAD*. They were very kind to us because they were letting us illustrate and publish some of their bits for absurdly low rates. It was not only a way to get some good, cheap material, but we were also able to put their names on the cover, which lent a little class to the early issues. Bob and Ray, for instance—millions of people got up to hear their radio show. They did spoofs of old soap operas that were very *MAD*-like before *MAD*. After we developed our own staff, we didn't feel it was right to continue imposing on them, but for a while they were very involved. Henry Morgan even claims to have come up with the name Alfred E. Neuman.

OUI: What do you think of the new comedians, like Steve Martin and Chevy Chase? Have they learned a lot from you?

GAINES: I like them very much. Chevy Chase at least says he's learned a lot from *MAD*. In fact, he almost worked for me. His father, a gentleman named Ned Chase, was the vice-president of the New American Library, which was publishing *MAD* paperbacks at one point. He called me up and asked if his son could come over, and could we see if he had any talent and so forth. Apparently, Chevy Chase showed up and the staff was not impressed. I guess you could say we goofed.

OUI: Can you recall any other notable blunders?

GAINES: We've made quite a few, but my father pulled off the most notable goof I can remember when he discovered "Superman" and then let it slip through his fingers. "Superman" had been bouncing around the desks of newspaper editors for five years, and everyone thought it was stupid and ridiculous, that nobody would believe a dopey thing like that. The artists were young kids who'd had one success, "Slam Bradley," and they knew what they had but no one would agree with them. Anyway, to make a long story short, "Superman" turned up on my father's desk and he liked it, but instead of keeping it, he sent it to National Periodical, because he knew they were looking for a new lead feature. The rest is history.

OUI: What's your favorite comic strip now?

GAINES: "Doonesbury" is by far my favorite strip. This guy Garry Trudeau should get a Pulitzer prize every week.

OUI: What about "Peanuts"?

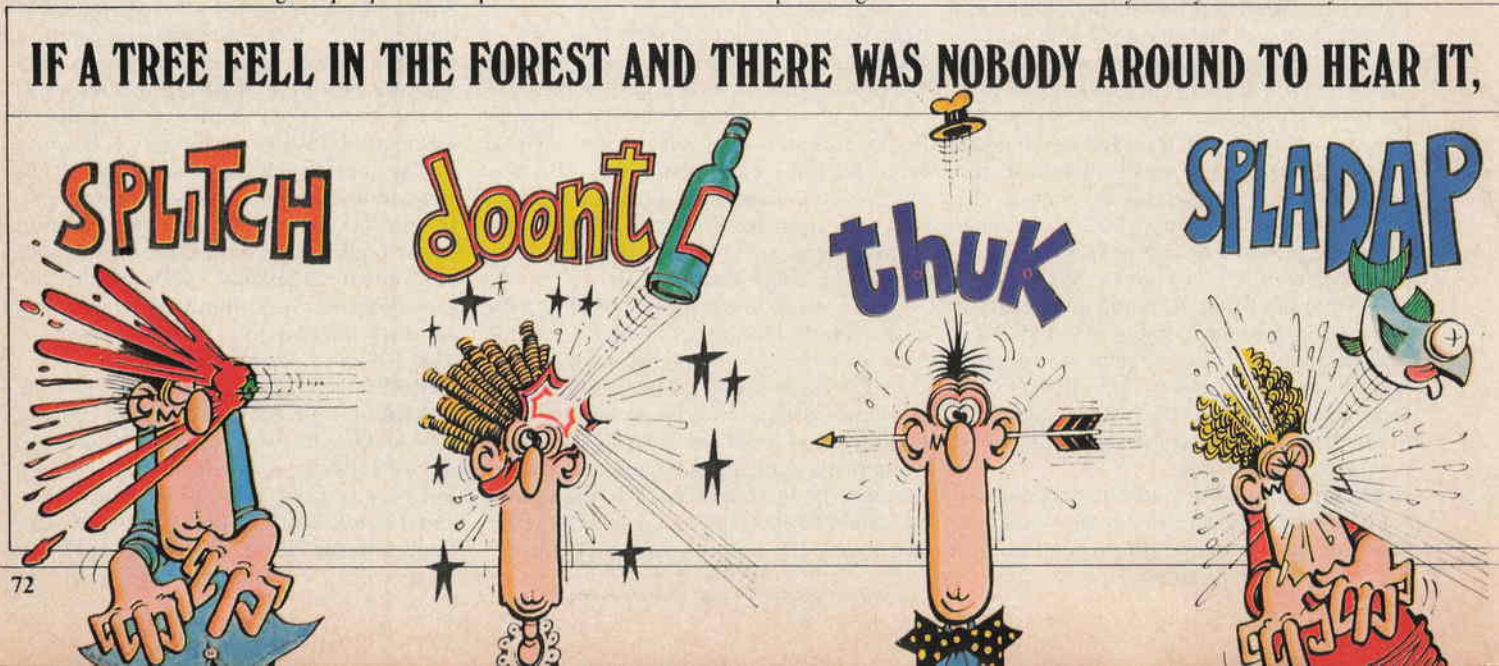
GAINES: Oh, it's a fabulous strip. We love Schulz, we all love Schulz, everybody loves Schulz. But Schulz is on a much more charming level, and "Doonesbury" has such great bite. God! I wish we'd found Trudeau before somebody else gave him a strip. I think that man is a genius.

OUI: Did you like the underground comics in the Sixties?

GAINES: I know that the underground comics attribute a lot of their inspiration to *MAD*, for which I'm delighted, but I could never get into them. I think there was a generation gap. One of the things that threw me off was that I couldn't relate to a comic book that was apparently humorous art with serious ideas. When I see Walt Disney–type cartooning, I expect light, humorous stuff; if you look at a lot of underground stuff, you find light cartooning style with very sexy, very serious thoughts. I just couldn't relate to them. I'm sure the lack is mine. I also can't relate to ballet, opera and poetry.

OUI: What, in your opinion, is "sick humor"?

GAINES: I can't define it, but I can give you an example. One of our competitors, many years ago, pictured the grave of Jayne Mansfield, with a little grave next to it for her head. It's very funny, but it's very sick.



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THE MAD MORALITY

Like most of my generation, I was reared not by my parents, school or even peers, but by the media. *Route 66* taught me to value on-the-road wanderlust over the tedium of work. From *Catch-22* I learned self-preservation and contempt for sacrificial patriotism. But my most valuable and acute qualities—anarchistic impropriety and irreverence for a society riddled with hypocrites and fools—came from that prepubic bible, the most confiscated literature in American education, *MAD* magazine.

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We tend to recall *MAD* now as childish slapstick, but in the Fifties/Sixties it was the only thing we read that supplied the vital truths we'd need to ride out the Sixties/Seventies: that authority equaled arbitrary arrogance; that social conventions were laughably irrelevant; that *everyone* was as screwed up as we were; and that life's creeds and institutions were *not* to be taken seriously.

Textbooks and "young people's" mags gave us lies, distortions, social propaganda and *Reader's Digest* pap. *MAD*—the only reason many of us learned to read at all—gave us the real world: fuckups, prejudice, pettiness, greed, dishonesty, imbecility and self-contradiction. Digesting its reality, we grew insolent, scornful, skeptical and resentful of the horseshit our "leaders" shoveled over us in the brainwashing process called socialization.

On *us*, though, it didn't take, thanks largely to *MAD*, which not only prepared us for the real future, but gave us the best attitude to *survive* it. The motto that sustained a lot of us during the dark days wasn't "We Shall Overcome," but "What, Me Worry?" Our chants of "Peace Now!" and "Hell No!" were just politicized expressions of a deeper, anarchistic, *Hoo Hah!* mentality.

Indeed, by exposing to us society's hypocrisies, foibles, hangups, self-deceptions and stupidities, *MAD* not only made us wise, aware and cynical—it *radicalized* us. When the crunch later came down, we were "mad" as hell, all right, but in the mag's dual sense: not just pissed, but crazy and outrageous.

It may be typical socio-bullshit to call us the *MAD Generation*, and maybe not. That's for Ph.D. candidates, not pop-culture writers.

But look around and face the truth: After 27 years, "Potrzebie" is still as good a description of the human condition as any.

—ROBERT S. WIEDER

One of the funniest guys I've ever met, who deals in what you might call "sick humor" is Will Elder. Will Elder was a *MAD* cartoonist, who now works with Kurtzman on "Little Annie Fanny." Will was an *absolute maniac*! He gave his then-girlfriend, now-wife a valentine, which turned out to be an actual heart. Another time, he made a mask and put it on the back of his head, and he used to drive his car and stick his head out the window so the people behind him thought, "Here's this nut going sixty miles an hour and looking the wrong way!" They'd get hysterical.

But I wouldn't consider *MAD* to be sick humor. We draw the line at things that might actually hurt somebody, no matter how funny they are. *MAD* is more friendly, crazy, Marx Brothers–type humor. Free-wheeling craziness, antiauthoritarian—yes. Sick—no.

OUI: Does a lot of practical joking go around the office?

GAINES: Not as much as it used to; we're all getting so old.

OUI: What sorts of things used to go on?

GAINES: Oh, one time we had an office boy. He was a dear, sweet person, but easily fooled. One day, for no particular reason, I put on a rubber-cement scar and came in pretending to be my rotten twin brother, Rex. Everyone had been prompted to be properly afraid of me, and I yelled and screamed, just terrorizing this kid. After that, I would make periodic appearances; sometimes the scar would be on the wrong side—I could never remember—but he never caught on, and this went on for two years.

Another story: I take the staff on a trip somewhere every year, and this was our very first trip, to Haiti in 1960. Before we left, I looked up who subscribed to *MAD* in Haiti, and we had one subscriber, the son of some American down there. By incredible coincidence, the kid's subscription was about to expire. So when we went down—the entire staff of *MAD*, twenty guys, showed up and pounded on his door. When he opened it, we said, *"Pl-lease resubscribe to* MAD!" He almost dropped dead.

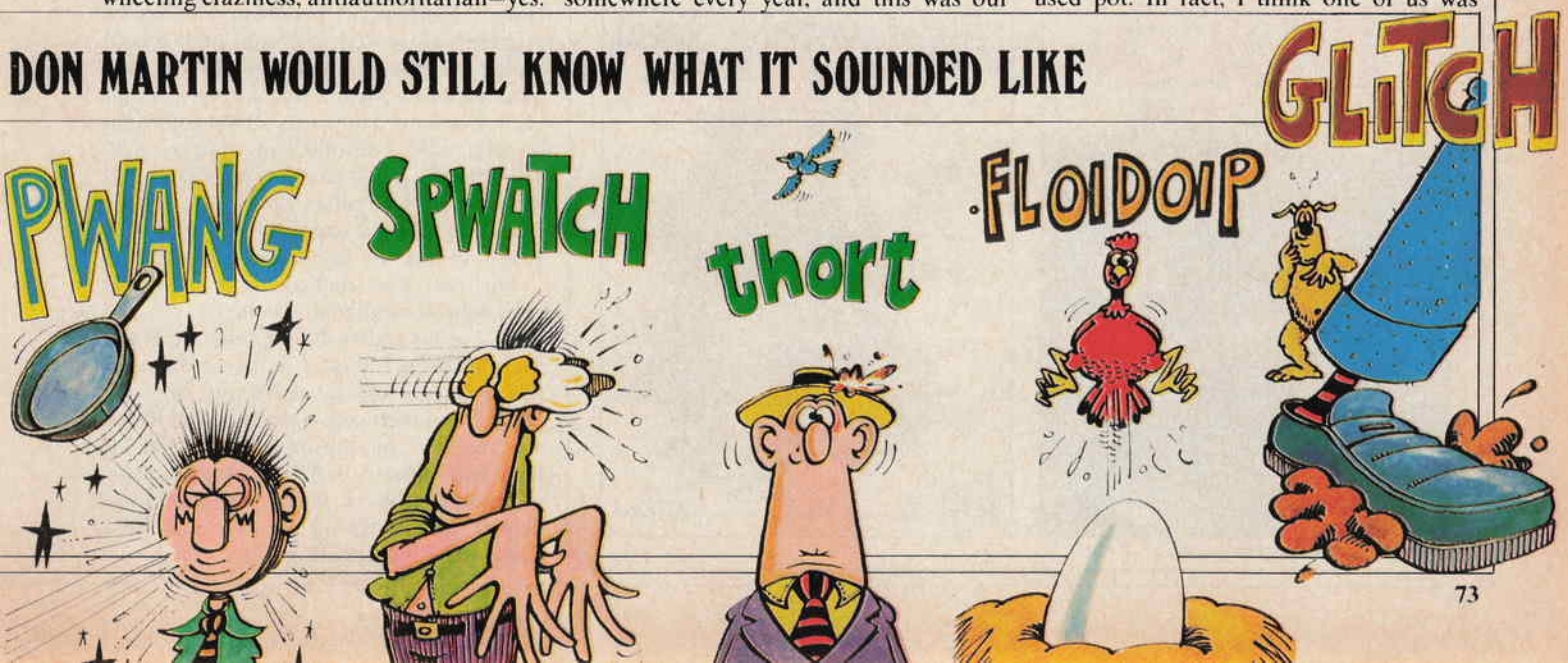
OUI: I know *MAD* has never been a magazine that advocated drugs, but it was one of the first places I found out about "reefers," for instance.

GAINES: Really? That's frightening.

OUI: Was the humor in *MAD* influenced by drugs in any way?

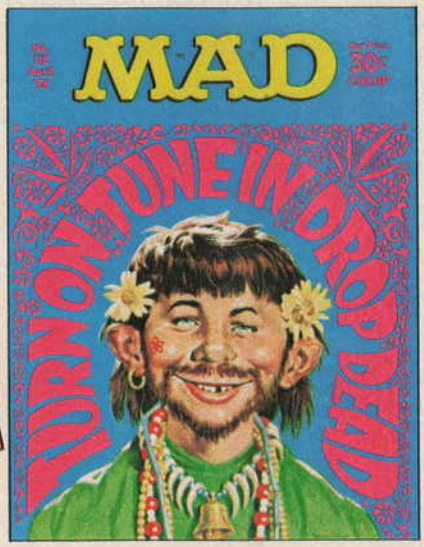
GAINES: No. I think one of us on occasion used pot. In fact, I think one of us was

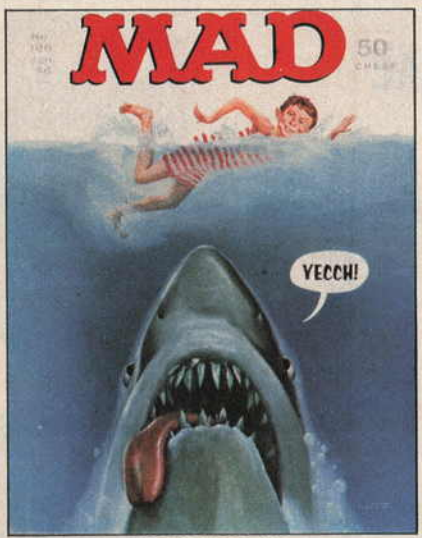
DON MARTIN WOULD STILL KNOW WHAT IT SOUNDED LIKE



THE INFLATABLE MAD–STILL CHEAP

Al's Debut





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growing it in the office, but I don't even know what a pot plant looks like. I've tried it three or four times and got nothing out of it, so I gave it up. Besides, I hate smoke. I hate smoking.

OUI: Speaking of plants—whatever happened to Arthur the Avocado?

GAINES: He died. I guess he was replaced by that pot plant.

OUI: You're probably always getting asked this. How do you pronounce *E-c-c-c-h*?

GAINES: *Ecccccch. Ehhh*—very nasal—with a gutteral *chhhhhh.*

OUI: What about some of the other words in the *MAD* vocabulary? *Potrzebie?*

GAINES: *Potrzebie* is a Polish word that Kurtzman fell in love with. It means something innocuous, like "chair," and I believe I was told it was pronounced *pot-chev-ia* in Polish, but we say *pot-re-zebie* like everyone else.

OUI: *Veeblefetzer*?

GAINES: *Veeble-fet-zer.* I haven't the faintest idea what that means.

OUI: *Axolotl*?

GAINES: That's a word Kurtzman came up with, and I don't know what that means either.

OUI: *Furshlugginer*?

GAINES: A Yiddish word meaning "crazy, messed up."

OUI: *Cowznofski*?

GAINES: Melvin Cowznofski was Alfred E. Neuman. Before we definitely named him Alfred E. Neuman, one of the names we had for him was Melvin Cowznofski. I think we got that name from Ernie Kovacs.

OUI: When did you adopt Alfred E. Neuman as the *MAD* mascot?

GAINES: We first used his picture on the cover of *The MAD Reader,* the first *MAD* paperback in 1954. But we had to go all the way to the Supreme Court to officially adopt him. Alfred didn't originate with us. Alfred's predecessors had been appearing on postcards and advertisements since the turn of the century. He'd been depicted as a salesman, a doughboy, a cowboy—selling patent medicines, shoes and soft drinks. Harvey Kurtzman's pet theory is that he originally appeared in an old high school biology textbook—an example of a person who lacked iodine. But no one really knows for sure. There was a 1914 copyright on him, and a second copyright as well. Two people sued us, but we didn't tell them about each other—that was our little joke. When we got to court we said, "Look, Judge, everybody says they created this."

The one who had the more credible copyright, a gentleman named Stuff, was dead, but his widow claimed that Stuff was walking on the West Coast one day, saw this little boy and sat down and drew his picture and then copyrighted it, and that it was the *only* picture he ever drew in his life! The earliest of Alfred's predecessors we have found is an ad for a painless dentist in Topeka in the 1890s, whose name was "Painless Romaine."

OUI: Do you get a lot of mail from Alfred E. Neumans and Melvin Furds complaining about the use of their names?

GAINES: There are hardly any Alfred E. Neumans or Melvin Furds around. We get mail complaining about our other names, like Arnold Schmidt. There are a lot more Arnold Schmidts around.

OUI: Do you get a lot of pictures of Alfred E. Neuman look-alikes?

GAINES: We get a lot of mail from kids, and from parents who think their kids look like Alfred E. Neuman. Most of them don't, thank heavens. ["Imagine a mother being proud of a kid like Alfred!" notes *MAD* editor Albert B. Feldstein.] Over the years it's been frequently suggested that we have a contest, but the idea has left us cold.

OUI: Wasn't there an incident involving Prince Charles and Alfred E. Neuman?

GAINES: Yes, when Prince Charles was a little boy. We'd published a picture of Alfred and a picture of him on our letter page, because a lot of readers had sent in pictures of Prince Charles suggesting that he looked like Alfred. And this picture circulated in the wire services. So, we got this letter on Buckingham Palace stationery, which said something like *"I bloody well do not look like him."* And it was signed with a name that we were told by experts was the way Prince Charles would sign a letter. And the postmark was near Buckingham Palace. But it may have been a fraud—we'll never know.

OUI: Do the people you satirize generally enjoy your characterizations of them?

GAINES: It depends. Some of them are pleased, some of them are outraged, some of them threaten to sue and some of them sue. We usually jolly them out of it. "After all, it's *MAD* magazine; you're just making much ado about nothing . . ." One of the very earliest suits was Ava Gardner. We had done "The Barefoot No-Countessa," making fun of her picture with Bogart, *The Barefoot Contessa.* She didn't like the characterization of her, so she sued. But she dropped it, and that's been the pattern ever since.

OUI: Wasn't there a famous case involving *MAD* and Irving Berlin?

GAINES: Well, that was a little different. We had been publishing parodies of songs with the instruction, "Sing to the tune of such and such . . ." A bunch of songwriters, including Irving Berlin—who happened to be the first on the list, which is why his name is remembered—sued because they said we didn't have the right to do that. If people sang it to the tune of so-and-so, they were using the composer's music and he wasn't getting paid. We won that one, and made law. One of the funniest lines came when Judge Kaufman of the Appellate Division said, "Irving Berlin does not own iambic pentameter."

OUI: *MAD* is famous for sound effects. Do you have a favorite?

GAINES: Well, a wonderful story Kurtzman did was all sound effects. [One of the Kurtzman classics was "Kapoka Kapoka Kafonk Fzzt."] More recently, Don Martin has wonderful sound effects. [See sidebar.]

OUI: Why do you think kids were so turned on to *MAD* when it came out in the Fifties?

GAINES: Because *MAD* was antiestablishment. Kids still buy *MAD* because it's antiestablishment, but in the Fifties the establishment was much more oppressive. Parental discipline and the discipline in the schools was much more severe—which maybe it should have been and should still be—and *MAD* was an outlet that poked fun at that.

A lot of people have spent a lot of time analyzing *MAD*, pro and con, but I think they read more into it than is really there. One writer even wrote an article in *The Christian Century*, defending *MAD* as an example of old-fashioned morality. He said something like, "Beneath the pile of garbage that is *MAD* . . . there beats the heart of a rabbi," and went on to write a book called *The Mad Morality*. I thought that was rather ridiculous, to become that deeply involved in the social significance of *MAD* magazine. All we're trying to do is entertain. We've conducted minor campaigns against dope, cigarettes, deceptive packaging, but we're really just trying to have fun. We're into serious skepticism, but *MAD* isn't really a negative sort of thing. We don't think cigarettes or hard drugs are wrong. We just think they're stupid.

OUI: In the late Sixties, when you would as often spoof the protest movement as the establishment, did people complain? Were they disappointed?

GAINES: Oh, yeah. A typical example of that kind of thinking happened long before the protest movement—back, I guess, in 1960. Before the Presidential campaign, we did a thing on all the possible candidates. It had people in stitches, until they came to what we did on Stevenson, and all of a sudden they weren't amused. It's amazing . . . it's hard to believe that people could be so transparent. As long as you're attacking their enemies it's very funny; when you're attacking their friends it isn't.

We've tried to keep *MAD* more or less apolitical. Our writers range politically from left to right, and whether they come in with a script that's politically left or politically right, if it's funny that's all we care about. As opposed to the *National Lampoon*, which is unquestionably leaning left. We lean no way.

When *MAD* was born, Eisenhower was President. We had a lot of fun with him because his sentence structure was atrocious—he'd start to say something and he'd get all tangled up in it. We kidded Kennedy a lot; Johnson not too much. Of course, when a Nixon comes along we just can't help ourselves. But we've done almost nothing on Carter, and there wasn't much about his predecessor, whose name escapes me. But mostly our humor has been directed at the foibles of American civilization: television, movies, the dishonesty and hypocrisy of commercials, adver-

MAD-MAN ACROSS THE WATER

Frustrated American parents have long wanted to see Gaines's insidious magazine deported. Unfortunately, Gaines thought they said "exported."

British *MAD* is the oldest edition. A Japanese *MAD*, in the works now, is the newest. In Germany, *MAD* sells a quarter-million copies a month—the best Jewish revenge since Simon Wiesenthal. There are now *MAD*s for batty Brazilians, arch Argentinians, defenseless Dutchmen, merry Mexicans, silly Swedes and, soon, poor Puerto Ricans.

Currently, *MAD* has seven foreign editions. (Norway, Finland, France, Italy and Denmark had their own translations of *MAD* until they wised up.)

In German, Gaines is not the publisher—he's the *Verleger.* In Dutch, he's the *Uitgever.* In Brazil, he's just *Editor.* Don Martin's sound effects make an easy translation, but what about those famous words of the prophet Mr. Neuman?

AMERICAN: *What, me worry?*
BRITISH: *I've got mine, Jack.*
ITALIAN: *Cosa mi preoccupa?*
FINNISH: *Mitä, minäkö huolehtisin?*
GERMAN: *Was mir Angst macht?*
DUTCH-FLEMISH: Wat, ik, me zorgen maken?
DUTCH: *Wat, ik . . . me zorgen maken?*
PORTUGUESE: *O que? Eu chateado!?*
DANISH: *Hva'—mig bange?*
SWEDISH: *Va? Skulle jag vara orolig?*
NORWEGIAN: *Hva, jeg bekymre meg?*
SPANISH: *¿Qué, yo preocuparme?*
JAPANESE: *Watashi-ga?*
FRENCH: *Quoi, moi me tracasser?* □

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WILLIAM GAINES When we did a spoof on Scotch tape, we got a call from Texcel Tape asking how they could be spoofed. We answered, "Run a stupid ad campaign."

tising, packaging.

OUI: Is that why you haven't ever had advertisers?

GAINES: Pretty much. It's a matter of pride. This way we aren't beholden to anybody, and also our readers don't have to wade through a lot of crap to read *MAD*. For the same reason, we do almost no merchandising. We don't feel it's proper to suck the parents of our readers into buying all the crap that could be put out with a *MAD* label on it.

OUI: Do you find when you spoof a product, it's good for the product?

GAINES: Some products think so. I know when we did a spoof on Minnesota Mining's Scotch tape, one of our staff got a call from Texcel Tape asking how they could be spoofed in *MAD*. His answer was a classic: "Run a stupid ad campaign."

OUI: You used to plug a soft drink called Moxie; you said it tasted like sarsaparilla and onions.

GAINES: Moxie was just for fun. Moxie, in the old days, had the stature of Dr. Pepper, but then it sort of died off. When we stumbled on it, it was just a tiny company up in Boston. Ted Williams, the baseball player, I think had a piece of it. And Feldstein, who still had delusions of getting some ads someday, thought that if we could put Moxie on the map, it would be an indication that *MAD* had some pull. So, we started Moxie-ing all over the place. Their sales went up something like eighteen percent—probably despite us.

OUI: You mentioned the *National Lampoon* before; what did you think of their satire on *MAD?*

GAINES: Parts of it were very funny and parts of it were not funny at all.

OUI: Specifically?

GAINES: I can't remember now.

OUI: Do *MAD* readers also read the *National Lampoon*?

GAINES: I'm sure there's an overlap. I'm also sure the *Lampoon* has taken readers away from *MAD*, for which I wish them the worst. I think we tend to lose readers now a little earlier than we used to. And we're kind of boxed in. The *Lampoon* can get as sexy as it wants, because it started that way and that's what people expect from it. But if *MAD* went over the edge that way, we'd get too much static from our readers. We can't chase the *Lampoon* in their own ballpark. Some of our articles have sexual overtones. We take the position that if the kid is too young to understand our double entendres, then they won't hurt him. But that's about as far as we'll ever go. We can't be blatant about it, and we certainly can't do it pictorially.

OUI: What's the chief criticism of *MAD* today?

GAINES: Well, a lot of people criticize it because it has no point of view, which I reject as a criticism because I think that's a plus. A lot of people criticize *MAD* because it's too conservative. It used to be criticized because it was too radical; now it's too conservative. Really, *MAD* hasn't changed; it's the people around it who have changed. We've kind of stood still and the people have gone that way. So, relative to where they are, we were radical twenty years ago and are conservative today. But we're pretty much the way we always were—which is nowhere.

OUI: Have you ever been in trouble with the government over something that's appeared in *MAD?*

GAINES: Hardly ever, which in some ways is surprising. When we started *MAD*, it was the McCarthy era. Actually, it took a lot of guts to put out the stuff that we put out, only we didn't know it. We did it through stupidity, not courage. We were taking out everybody in those days. But nothing ever happened.

In fact, in all the time I've been publishing *MAD*, the government has never bothered us, except in a couple of very minor ways. Like when we published a three-dollar bill that was making change in a Dallas change-making machine. Somebody was buying a bunch of *MAD*s—in those days *MAD* was twenty-five cents—clipping the three-dollar bills, putting them through the machine and getting a buck back. He had quite a business going, but the Secret Service took a dim view of it. They visited us and insisted we surrender our plates and promise never to do it again.

Another time, we published a game called "Draft Dodger," a make-believe, Monopoly-type game, and the last instruction was, "You have won. Write a letter to J. Edgar Hoover." So a lot of people did, and he sent someone up who said they didn't like that kind of thing at all. But other than that, they haven't bothered me.

OUI: *MAD* went on Broadway at one point, didn't it?

GAINES: Off-Broadway. There was a little review somebody put together using *MAD* material about fifteen years ago. There were some very talented people in it, such as Paul Sand, who had his own TV show for a while, and Linda Lavin who is *Alice* on TV. It ran on and off for two years. But don't let that fool you; it wasn't successful.

OUI: Who is the average *MAD* reader? Do you have any idea?

GAINES: Well, we can't say for sure. Since we don't take ads, we don't do surveys. But there's no question in my mind that *MAD* appeals, and has always appealed, to the superior child. I know it appeals to more boys than girls, just because boys are more interested in this kind of thing than the girls, who maybe have more and better things on their minds, which the boys haven't gotten around to. Of course, grown-ups read it, too. You can't read it for twenty-five years straight; you'd go *nuts*!

OUI: You've read it for twenty-five years straight.

GAINES: Yeah, and I went nuts.

OUI: How many letters do you get a day?

GAINES: A couple dozen letters to the editor. The ones we print are all real—except for the ones that are obviously phony—and we keep all the letters we use on file.

OUI: Didn't you get a bomb in the mail once?

GAINES: Yeah, yeah, way back fifteen, twenty years ago, somebody sent something that was ticking, and we took it seriously enough to call the police, who first dumped it in a pail of water and finally opened it. Of course, it wasn't a bomb; it was just a ticking device of some sort, probably sent by some kid who I'm afraid probably got in trouble—he put his return address on the package.

OUI: Who has been the biggest asshole of the last twenty-five years?

GAINES: By asshole, you've got to mean idiot; so I've got to rule out Nixon because he wasn't an idiot, whatever else he was. Most of the mayors of New York, most of the governors of New York, a few of the Presidents, and I guess almost all of the senators.

OUI: Have you ever seen a UFO?

GAINES: Well, no! Back in the Fifties I was into it because we were publishing science fiction. In fact, we published a whole issue challenging the United States Air Force. Feldstein and I used to spend endless hours looking out airplane windows for UFOs. Unfortunately, we never found one, and I'm afraid I don't believe in them anymore. But I must say, one of the most thrilling sights I've ever seen was that ship in *Close Encounters*. When that thing came down, that was one of the great moments in film history to me. Just that—the rest of the picture was dreadful.

OUI: How do you keep your cool?

GAINES: I don't. I'm what the psychiatrists call a type-X personality, which means I'm bound to finish up with a heart attack or a stroke. There's no way I can keep my cool. I lose my cool over a broken shoelace. *I call up people and scream at them because they haven't billed me on time!* Everything always has to go like clockwork, and everything that doesn't go like clockwork upsets me and I start screaming and yelling and trying to get things back in order.

OUI: Have you even been to a shrink?

GAINES: Oh, sure. Spent six years on my back from '54 to '60.

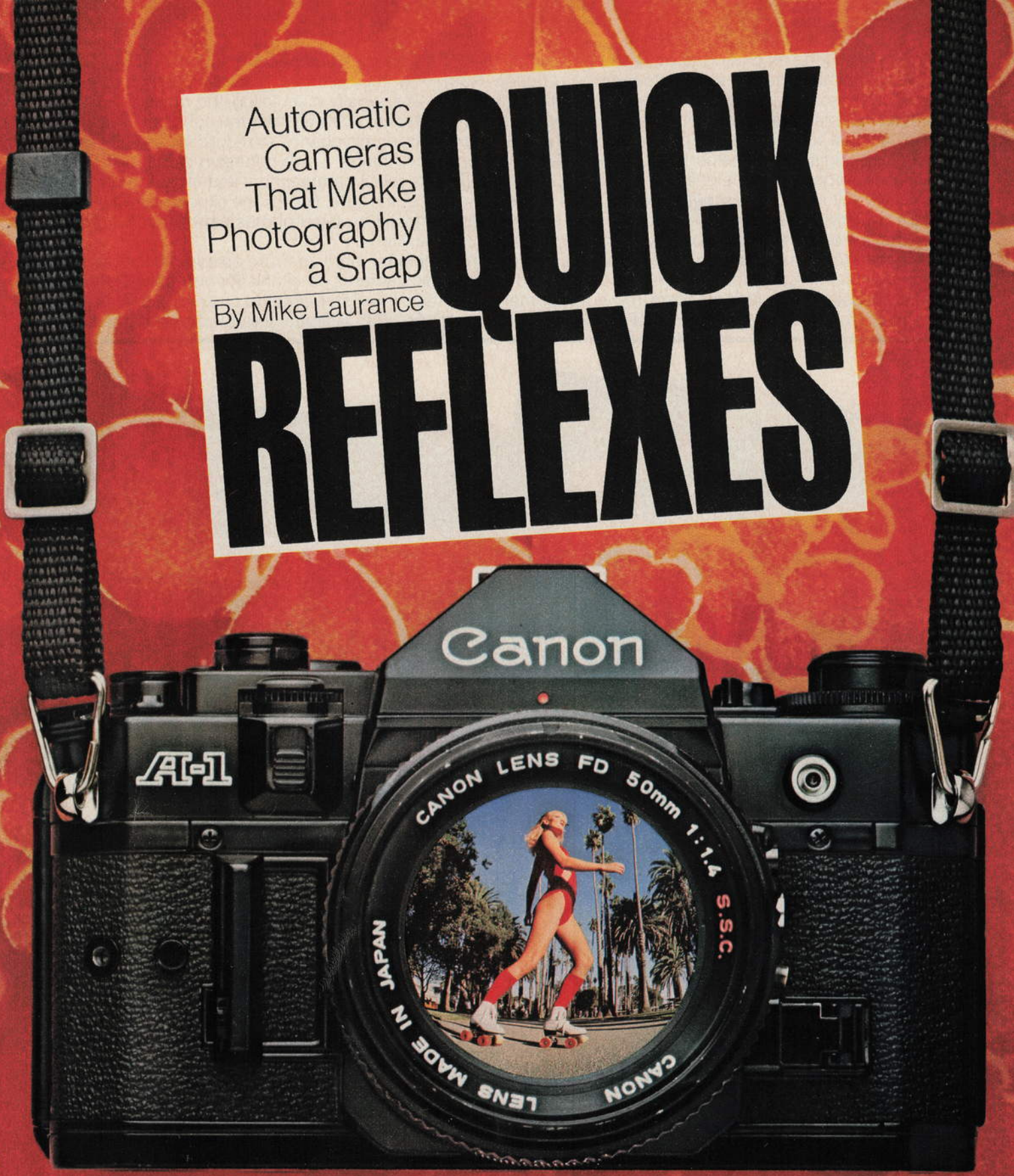
OUI: Did it help?

(Continued on page 125)

QUICK REFLEXES

Automatic Cameras That Make Photography a Snap

By Mike Laurance



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAN KUPERSMITH

For almost as long as photography has been around, the folks who make cameras have been telling us that taking a picture was as simple as pushing a button. Somehow, they seemed to conveniently forget all of the business that had to go on *before* pushing the button—especially calculating the correct exposure. That bit of mathematical gymnastics alone has caused more missed pictures than you could throw a yellow box at. Just witness the equipment-laden schmuck below missing his chance to record for eternity one of the more inspiring sights in the park...a chance the gentleman in the vintage, rayon print shirt didn't miss. That's because his Canon A-1 is one of a new breed of 35mm single-lens reflex cameras that feature automatic exposure (AE). A built-in micro-computer system in his camera measures the light, figures the exposure and sets the camera's controls while he focuses and shoots. Our hero gets perfectly exposed photos almost every time and knows what the camera is doing by way of an LED readout in the viewfinder.

Getting the proper exposure, to put it simply, is a matter of matching the right aperture opening in the camera's lens(f-stop) with the right exposure time (shutter speed). Automatic cameras do all this for you, and they fit into three distinct categories. With an aperture-priority camera, you select the f-stop and the camera sets the proper shutter speed for the best exposure under changing light conditions. With a shutter-speed-priority camera, you

STRICT SCIENTIFIC STUDY: Subject approaches on skates

Owner of manual camera (left) fiddles with light meter

KONICA AUTOREFLEX T-4
A shutter-speed-priority camera with speeds up to 1/1000th of a second. A needle in the viewfinder shows the lens opening the camera has chosen. Full line of lenses is available. List price with f/1.7, 50mm lens: $334.

ASAHI PENTAX ME
An aperture-priority camera that uses LED dots in the viewfinder to indicate the shutter speed. The ME is light and compact; a large range of lenses and accessories is available. List price with f/1.7, 50mm lens: $468.

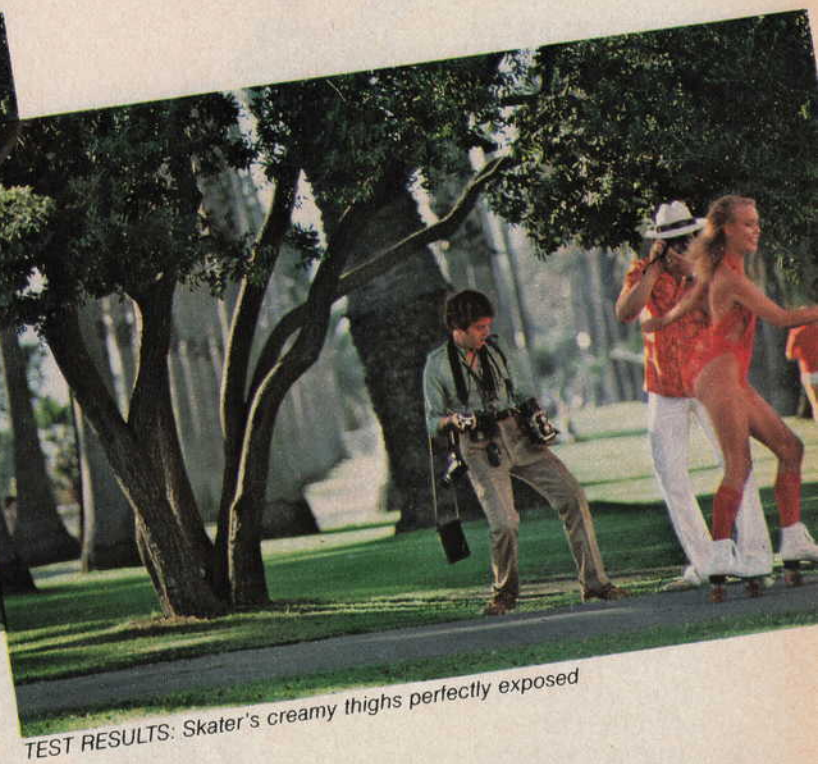
MINOLTA XD-11
A multimode camera that gives you a choice of aperture- or shutter-priority or fully metered manual operation. All Minolta SLR lenses can be used with the XD-11. List price with f/1.4, 50mm lens: $700.

pick a speed and the camera automatically adjusts to a compatible aperture opening. A multimode camera, such as the Canon A-1, offers both of these options, plus a mode that automatically sets all the controls.

For those of us who question whether these bits of electronic wizardry are as good as the older, "simpler," manual cameras, the answer is yes. In most cases the electronic parts, in addition to making the camera more versatile and easier to operate, have replaced a lot of complex mechanical gadgetry that made the camera work —theoretically making it more reliable. And, since micro-chips are less expensive to produce than gears and springs, you can get more camera for your money. While we're talking about money, you should know by now that most of the high-quality SLR cameras come from Japan, where the dollar has been losing value against the yen, resulting in increased costs for Japanese goods. As long as our bucks decline, camera prices will continue to rise; so the sooner you buy your camera, the better off you may be. You can, however, buy cameras at a healthy discount if you shop around. Prices at discount outlets, mail-order camera stores and even at your local photo shop can be 25–30 percent below the manufacturer's suggested retail.

Wherever you shop, take a look at (and through) these new toys called automatic-exposure cameras. You'll be amazed at how simple photography is becoming... it's almost as simple as pushing a button. Almost. □

Owner of fully automatic camera (right) just focuses and shoots



TEST RESULTS: Skater's creamy thighs perfectly exposed

MAMIYA NC 1000S
An ultracompact, shutter-speed-priority AE camera with manual override. The electronically controlled shutter has a range of 1 second to 1/1000th. Specially designed line of lenses and accessories available. List price with f/1.4, 50mm lens: $479.

RICOH XR-2
An aperture-priority camera with needle readout in the viewfinder for shutter speeds. The automatic electronic shutter has continuously variable speeds from 8 seconds to 1/1000th. List price with f/1.7, 50mm K-mount lens: $469.

CANON A-1
This multimode camera is the "state of the art." All exposure information is shown in a lighted digital display below the picture area. The A-1 accepts all Canon SLR lenses and has a full line of accessories. List price with f/1.4, 50mm lens: $680.

Article by
Lowell Miller

LEARNING TO LOVE THE LIBERATED CHICK

HOW TO HAVE A LOVING AND HONEST RELATIONSHIP WITHOUT FEELING PUSSYWHIPPED

Putting up with a liberated woman is a bitch. The old ways were easier. Because Colette and I both want equal impact in our relationship, equal rights and equal power, everything is a compromise. I hardly have time to catch my breath.

Colette and I both wanted to try out this equality business. In an old farmhouse in upstate New York, we're making a nice warm nest. But after three years of living together, Colette and I are only now beginning to stop maneuvering ourselves into the traditional male

ILLUSTRATION BY
STEVE MILLER

S. Miller

LIBERATED CHICK Things are changing now but, really, when was the last time a chick risked rejection by asking you out or telling you what a hunk you are?

and female roles. If Colette, out of lifelong habit, takes it upon herself to plan dinner and cook it, it's real easy for me to sort of, uh, *let* her. She takes the laundry down to the basement because she's *always* taken it down. She does it without even thinking. Who am I to interfere with the laws of nature, right?

Wrong. The more I let her play housewife, the farther away I get from self-sufficiency and independence, and the more I'm compelled to do all the things a *man* supposedly does, like clean out the garage, which I *hate*. These roles have been handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter, and you have to do a real number on yourself to get out of them. And role definitions are not superficial, as some might argue. They go straight to your heart, to what you're supposed to feel as a whole person. Hey, I'm revolted as much as Colette is by the dead mice the cat drags in, but I'm the one who winds up getting rid of them because I'm the man.

And, as a man, I'd much rather run the whole show. But I can't quite get the Pledge of Allegiance out of my head. Equal . . . equal liberty and justice for all. Women have minds, it turns out, and a recent army study even tells us they do just as well as men in basic training. They're looking more and more equal. Now the problem: to *let* them be equal and, when they cop out, to *make* them be equal. Can it be that democracy is oozing in right under the front door of my castle?

I resist. I don't want to share my carefully honed ability to gain the last and most authoritative word on any subject. I don't want to learn how to make the bed with no wrinkles. I could care less about having fresh towels when company comes. I don't want to make joint decisions; I want to do it just like Jimmy Carter—take input from trusted advisors and then make the final judgment myself. He has it made.

And when my instincts really start to rumble, I realize that I want my little woman home where I know I can find her, not off gallivanting as Colette often does. I want meat, starch, vegetable and fruit for my dinner. I don't want to make it and I don't want to clean up afterward. Let there be no dust balls in the corner of our bedroom! Let her be sure to vacuum them up! I don't want to bog down my conversation by having to add "or she" every time I use a "he." I want to call a woman a *chick* again! When we're with others, let me shoot off my mouth to my heart's content. Let me overshadow her with the sheer force of my aggressiveness, as if she weren't even there. I want her to yearn for lovemaking at every waking moment, with no stray thoughts in her head. I want her to worry about *my* career, not hers. When push comes to shove, I want to feel completely free to do a little shoving.

But then, after all, I know this is exactly what I don't want.

We need a truck. I say we get a pickup. But Colette says she's afraid that if we get a pickup, she'll turn into one of the fat and ugly farmers' wives we see driving their pickups into town around here. So she says we get a van. "Colette," I say, "not rational: You don't carry firewood in a van." No, she wants a van. But I *know* a pickup is what we need. We wind up with a van. And let me tell you, I'm irked. It's not that I don't like vans; I love them. But I had my eye on this terrific Ford pickup, see . . . If we want an equal relationship, we men have to give up things without becoming pussywhipped. Is it worth it?

I may resist, but not too hard, because when I look back at my prior relationships with women, I'm appalled. What games we played! And I realize now that I always resented women because I felt forced to play along. I wanted a lover who was equal (you know, a best friend with a cunt), but women saw themselves as women, not as equal persons; and if you didn't treat a woman in the way she felt was proper, you were out on your ass. So I lived with women as most men do: playing the part of aggressor in initiating relationships and sex; being the strong one and never revealing weakness or fear; paying for two so she could spend her money on clothes; permitting her pose of helplessness and submission to throw me into the role of leader and protector. It seems to me that we men used to think that our leadership role granted us privileges, but the privileges were an illusion. We were lulled into complacently accepting, even embracing, game playing with a woman who would have turned us off in an instant—were she a man.

I'm thinking back now, back to relationships with women in the preliberation Sixties. I'm seeing the barriers that sex roles erected between us and I'm feeling melancholy . . .

When I was a sophomore in high school (1963), Laura left the football quarterback for me. That did wonders for my young ego. She had a funny little trick. "Watch this," she'd say, and then she'd proceed to writhe on the couch and make the kinds of faces you see in men's magazines that are supposed to imply sex. Being a naif, the faces did indeed imply sex to me. But when I tried to carry the ritual forward, first touching some of her more guarded and sensitive places, then attempting to have her reciprocate, she turned icy. "You only do something so you can get something," she'd say. "Now, that's not fair." I thought. "She gets and I don't." We set up the standard conquest game—she yielding tiny scraps to keep me going, me continuing with the game in hopes that perhaps one night, at last, I wouldn't have to ride home on my bike with my crotch aching. But I never wanted that kind of game; I just wanted someone to play with. She, on the other hand, treated herself not as a friend but as a valuable object. What choice was there? Go find another girl? No dice. They were all playing the same game.

You know, you're the subject, she's the object, just like in a sentence. The subject does something (the verb) to the object, such as chasing, wooing, coming on, asking for a date, slipping a hand inside bikini panties. As long as a chick plays the object, you *have* to be the subject. An object can't verb another object (though two subjects can verb each other very well). From earliest childhood, and ever after in each nook and cranny of our society, girls are taught to be *attractive objects*.

Now, there's nothing wrong with that per se—the clothes, the makeup, the waiting for the man to make the first move. But in practice, it all adds up to a kind of competition between man and woman, instead of a coming together of friends. Is she attractive enough? If she is, are you powerful enough to wrest her from the other attractees? Are you worth her value in the marketplace? Move, then counter move, then counter-counter move, then counter move to the counter-counter move, ad nauseum. I don't think this is any way for people who want to be close to each other to behave. Things are changing now but, really, when was the last time a *chick* risked rejection by asking you out or walking up and telling you what a hunk you are?

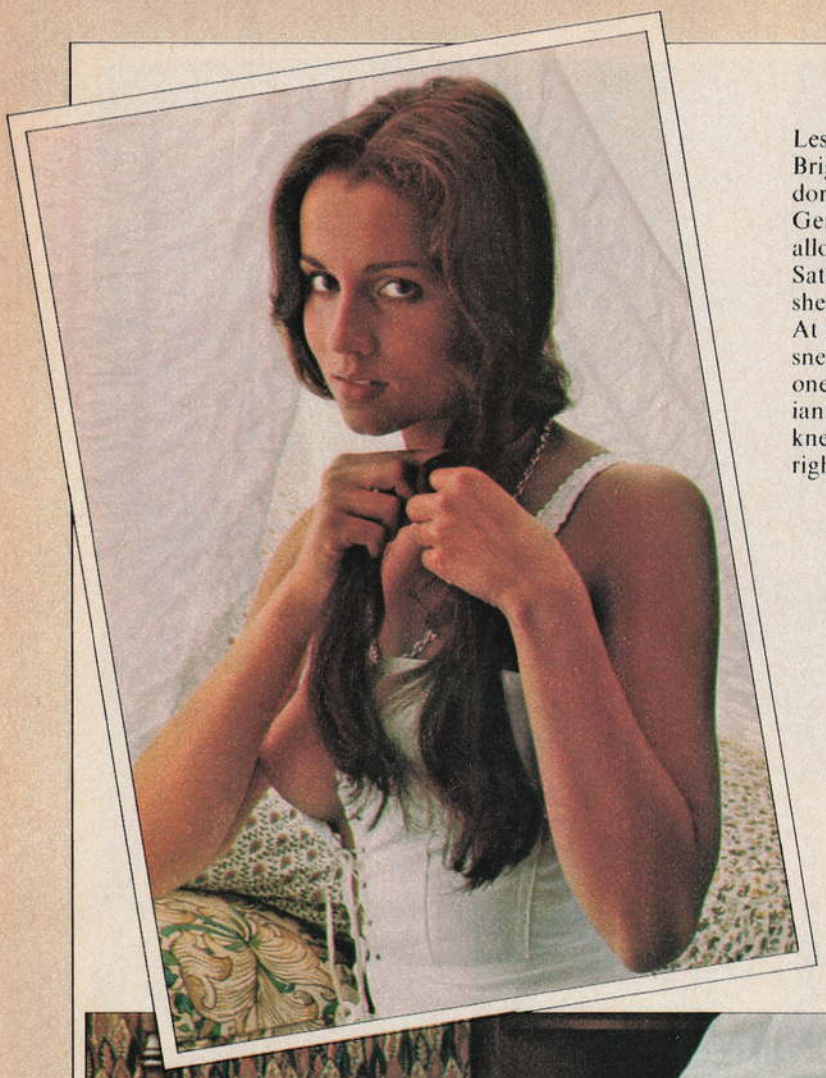
In the interest of being a valuable object, Laura took care to costume herself as a valuable object should. She wore tweed skirts and Hathaway shirts, stockings (to color her legs and make them shine), jewelry, makeup, shoes with heels (to raise and round her ass). All these things confused me. I didn't know any better, so I experienced them not as beautifiers but as defenses, as ways for her to keep a distance between us. If you can believe it, I was too young to know what makes a woman beautiful and attractive. I didn't realize the importance of all the *jazz*.

Like a lout, I criticized her for it. I told her I had trouble looking at her face, because the glinting of her gold earrings distracted me. How could I see the subtle

(Continued on page 96)

Lowell Miller, author of "The Momentum Gap Method" (Putnam's) and "The Wholesale-by-Mail-Catalogue" (to be published by St. Martin's this spring), is saving up to buy an automatic dishwasher.

Hoviv

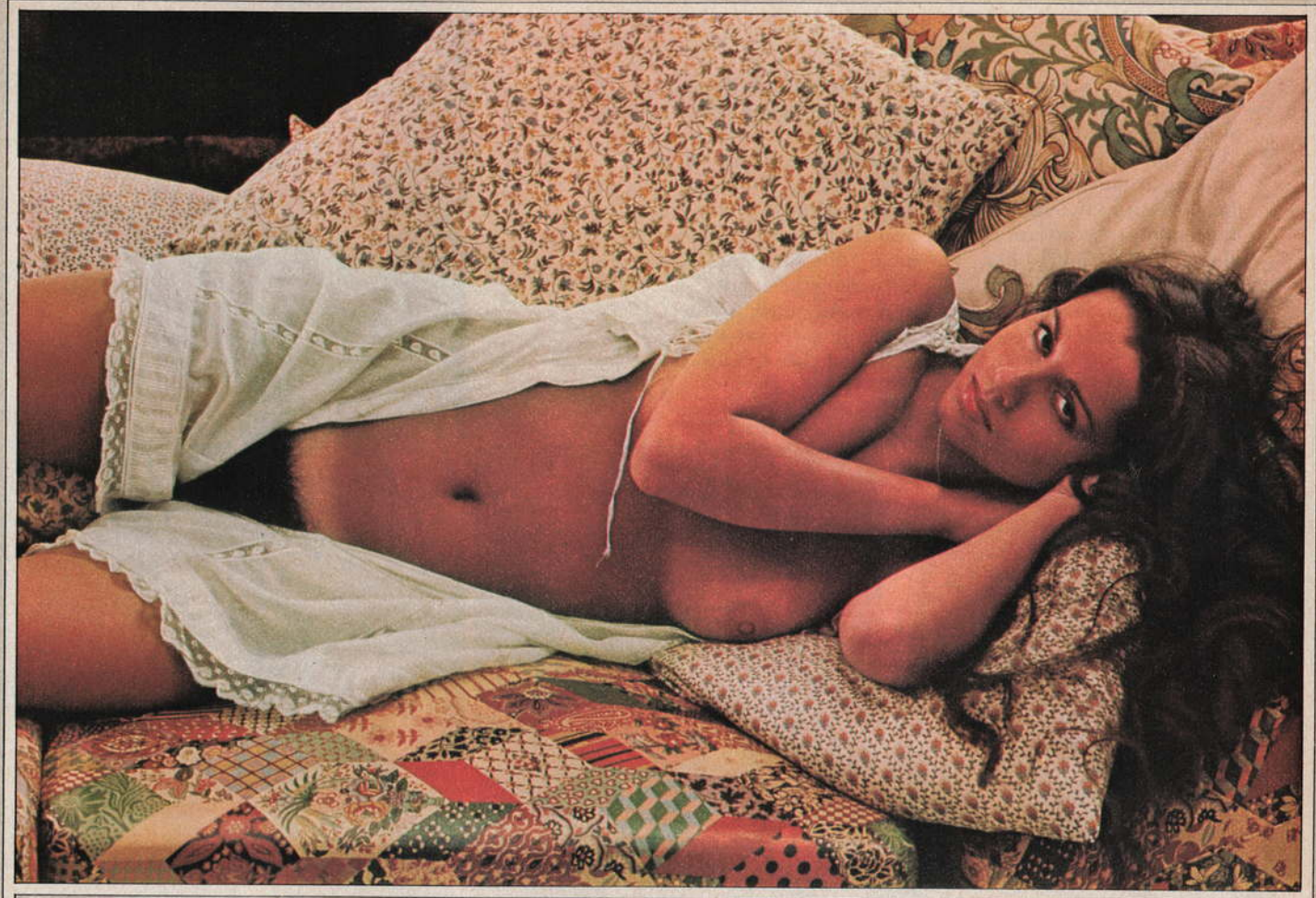


Less than a year ago, Brigitta Cimarelli lived in a dormitory in Salzburg, Germany, where she was allowed dates only on Saturday nights—and then she had an 11 P.M. curfew. At the age of 17, she sneaked out on the town one night and met a Brazilian saxophone player who knew how to play all the right notes. "He only spoke Portuguese and I only spoke German," Brigitta explained, "and so for twenty-four hours we were speechless but happy. Now we are just speechless." Through a bilingual friend he coaxed her into entering a beauty contest and she won Miss Salzburg. Six months later, Brigitta found herself in Tokyo receiving a rose and a

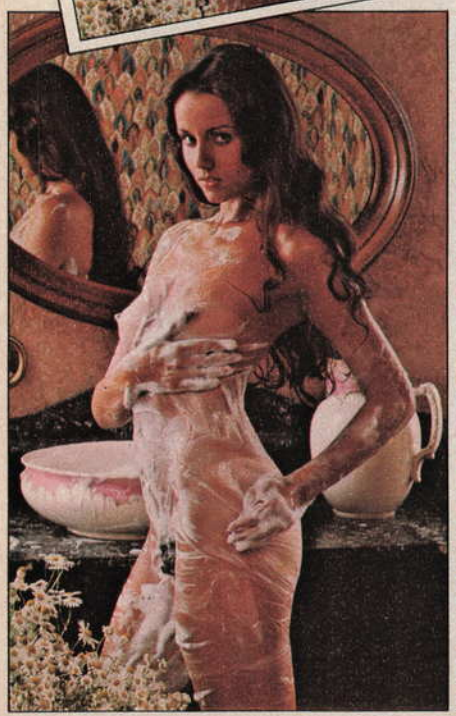
Brigitta

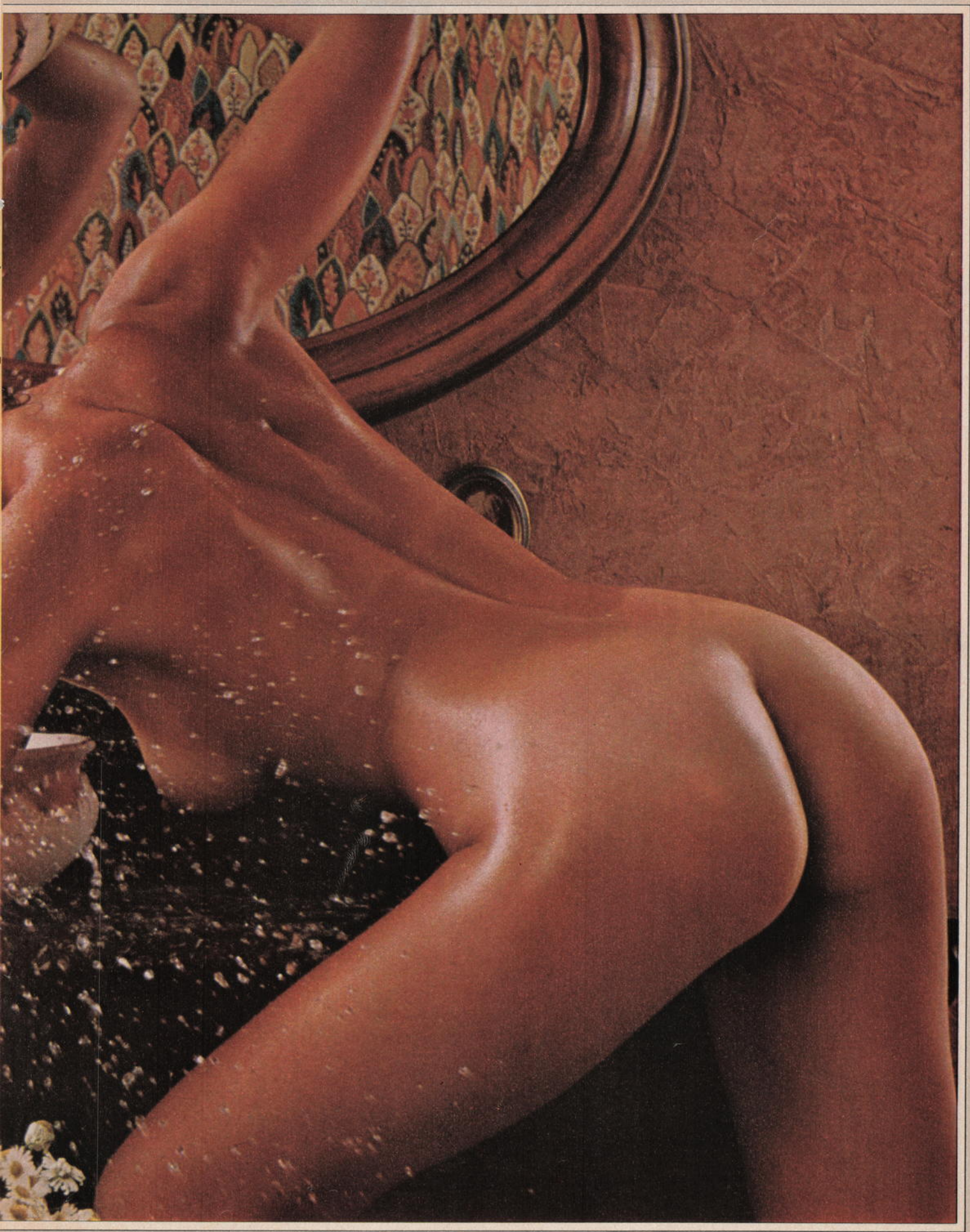
SHE BELONGS IN PICTURES

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY PETER WEISSBRICH



trophy that proclaimed her Miss Young International. Which brought her to OUI. Why did she pose? "I kept looking at the girls in the magazine and then at my reflection in the mirror. I thought, 'Why not?' I like the girls in OUI, with their small round bums and delicate breasts. Not too big is best," she said, gesturing, "more like mine, pointy." Although Brigitta recently took a job as secretary to a lawyer, she'd prefer to be a photographer. Of nude young women. Not of nude young men? "No. Men are OK for making love, but women are much prettier in pictures. All my girlfriends like to look at





photographs of nude women, also. It is something most men don't know about females, that we like to look at one another. You probably shouldn't tell. Might make them nervous. The men, I mean. In America, I understand there is a magazine for women full of pictures of naked men. I can't believe it. Who would buy it?" In the meantime, the man of her dreams has yet to come along. "He should speak German," Brigitta says, ever mindful of her first affair, "and he should be funny and smart, slender, not too young and not too beautiful, because beautiful men are flaky." And what does she think of love? "Well, I wish I knew. But so far I like it."

"IT'S FUN TO TAKE PHOTOS OF WOMEN WHO HAVE NO CLOTHES ON. I SHOULD KNOW; I'VE DONE IT."

Ten American cities where folks are out to make a killing

TOWNS WI

EVERYONE TALKS ABOUT THE QUALITY OF LIFE. Daily exits from New York and Rizzodelphia are made by residents searching for brave new whirls in Santa Fe and Reno. But just because a town is small doesn't necessarily mean that it's nice. We've all seen *Easy Rider*, after all. As a public service, OUI checked out the terrain in America's 50 states, and what we've found may convince you that Detroit really isn't so bad.

So, without further ado, here are ten towns through which not even Charles Bronson would dare walk alone at night.

THE EASIEST WAY TO SURVIVE IN Newburgh is to be just one of the gang. Of course, here the gangs flash switchblades, terrorize convenience stores and get their rocks off by hurling same at passing motorists.

Citizens insist that life in Newburgh can be a riot—and all too frequently it is. The first thing a visitor to this pint-sized city of 27,000 notices is row after row of burned-out, boarded-up shells of buildings. The second is usually cold steel pressed between his third and fourth ribs.

Trouble in Newburgh erupted back in the late Sixties, when the city's 11,000 blacks started clashing with whites. One of the worst disturbances occurred in November of 1974, when high school students went nuts and besieged the city for days. Ironically, that was the same month that the mayor had declared a "Youth Appreciation Week" to "pay tribute to the contribution of youth."

Things are equally bad today. A local police officer recently declared that nightly altercations are "just the regular stuff that goes on during the four-to-midnight shift." Enough "stuff" goes on to make Newburgh statistically a rougher city than New York and, indeed, the meanest burg in the state. Compare Newburgh's 9219 crimes per 100,000 residents in a recent year to the Big Apple's 7691.

One problem is that Newburgh residents mistrust their police. Not long ago, the former police chief, Humbert Cappelli, and 25 percent of the city's finest were convicted of dividing booty confiscated in raids. An investigation showed that whenever anyone called the cops, the fuzz phoned the nearest fence.

Little wonder that such projects as a school for shoplifters allegedly flourish in the city. There, sources say, plump women are taught techniques such as the "crotch lift," which enables them to snatch a TV between their legs and hide it under a long dress. When these folks say "shoplifting," they mean just that: They literally take the whole goddamned shop. Last year, a 15-year-old youth was nabbed with $43,000 worth of jewelry taken in a single night. The boy's last-minute carelessness was matched only by his lack of taste. The dummy pulled off the heist at a Penney's.

Vandalism is another problem. Where else do kids plead with Santa to bring them a case of spray paint for Christmas? And though their spelling is atrocious (a chalked-up wall on Liberty Street reads "Fuk You"), the kids are good at math. They learn their numbers early in life and play them every night at the B & J variety store.

The only vice in the area that police successfully "uncover" with regularity is prostitution. They shut down Big Nell's, for example, when the brothel was judged eligible for public restoration funds due to its location, while a nearby church was slated for demolition. The girls, however, simply skirted the issue by hustling truckers at local "lollipop parks" (CB-ese for rest stops). There, "Blacktop Annies"—with CB handles such as "Buttercup," "Tiny Tears," "D-Cup" and "Sugar Mama"—take on all comers with minimum harassment from "Smokey." ("Highballing through in ten minutes. That's a big ten-four you, good body!")

REMEMBER ESKIMOS—THOSE LI'L fellers who were always rubbing noses with their wives and smiling real cute whenever tourists snapped their pictures?

Well, no more.

Barrow, Alaska (population 2200), is now not only the northernmost town in America but also one of the deadliest. Thanks to the Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971, our friends to the north can now *buy* fur coats rather than make them. The $1 billion in cash and the million acres of mineral-rich land they won from Uncle Sam will purchase a lot of three-piece snowsuits. And that ain't the only way they've asserted themselves.

Eskimos, long tired of being the low men on the totem pole, are doing something about it. Anglo visitors to Barrow have been given a cold shoulder at best and, on occasion, have even been permanently iced. Teachers, mechanics and various consultants have been ridiculed and beaten; two California backpackers were recently murdered in their tents.

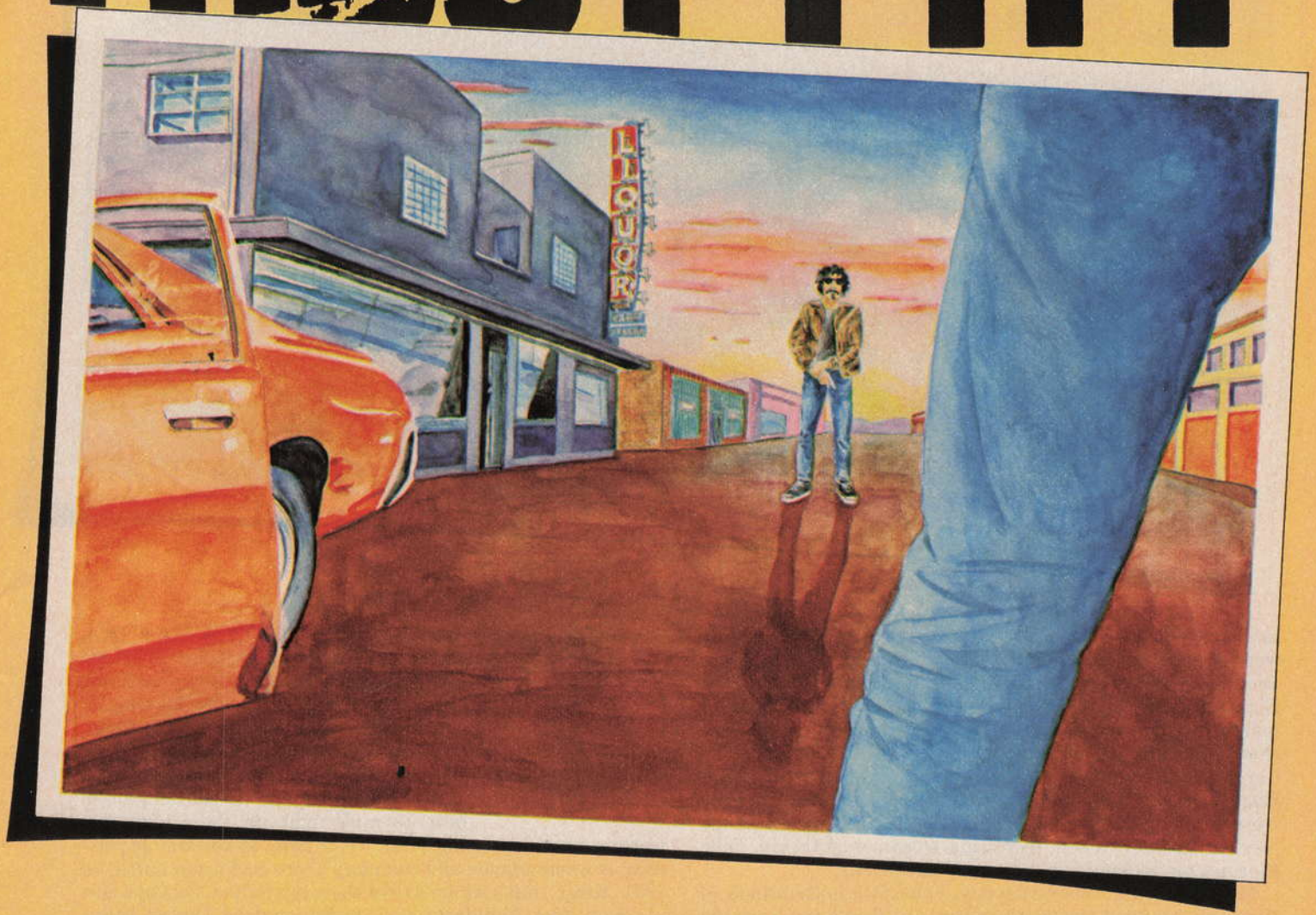
The Eskimos are discontented despite their millions, and who can blame them? In Barrow, there's nothing to do, nowhere to go and no one to visit. Only one thing keeps them hangin' in there: "Can I have another nip of that Thunderbird, Anuk?"

It's illegal to sell alcohol in Barrow, and so the stuff is hauled in by the case via bush plane, to be sold underground at exorbitant prices. Hell, it's bad enough that the only store in town charges two bucks for a quart of milk and 20 cents an egg. But that doesn't stop the natives . . . they just keep guzzling. Worse, only a few homes in Barrow have sewage facilities; so after a few drinks, every Eskimo in town is pissing in your front yard. This becomes a major problem in May,

Freelancer Hank Nuwer was originally supposed to write about America's eleven *meanest towns. He was, unfortunately, killed in Tupelo, Mississippi.*

Article by Hank Nuwer

THOUT PITY



when things start defrosting and the whole town smells like a Times Square phone booth.

Obviously, we are hoping you'll see the boreal light and never get the urge to visit Barrow. However, if you've got the guts, bucks and determination to do so, at least follow these simple rules to make your torment easier to bear.

Three months before departure, begin chewing immense quantities of fat and fish to prepare your palate for Alaskan cuisine. You may wish to put on 35 pounds to combat the cold. But even with the extra weight, do not pretend you're an Eskimo from another part of the state. Eskimos will get very angry if they find out you are lying.

Immediately throw away your "Save the Seals" and "Save the Whales" T-shirts. You'll look terribly unchic with a harpoon buried in your chest. Besides, the natives are envious and resentful of know-it-all mainlanders. So let them feel superior. After all, in Barrow, they are. *You're* the one who's not used to freezing your ass off.

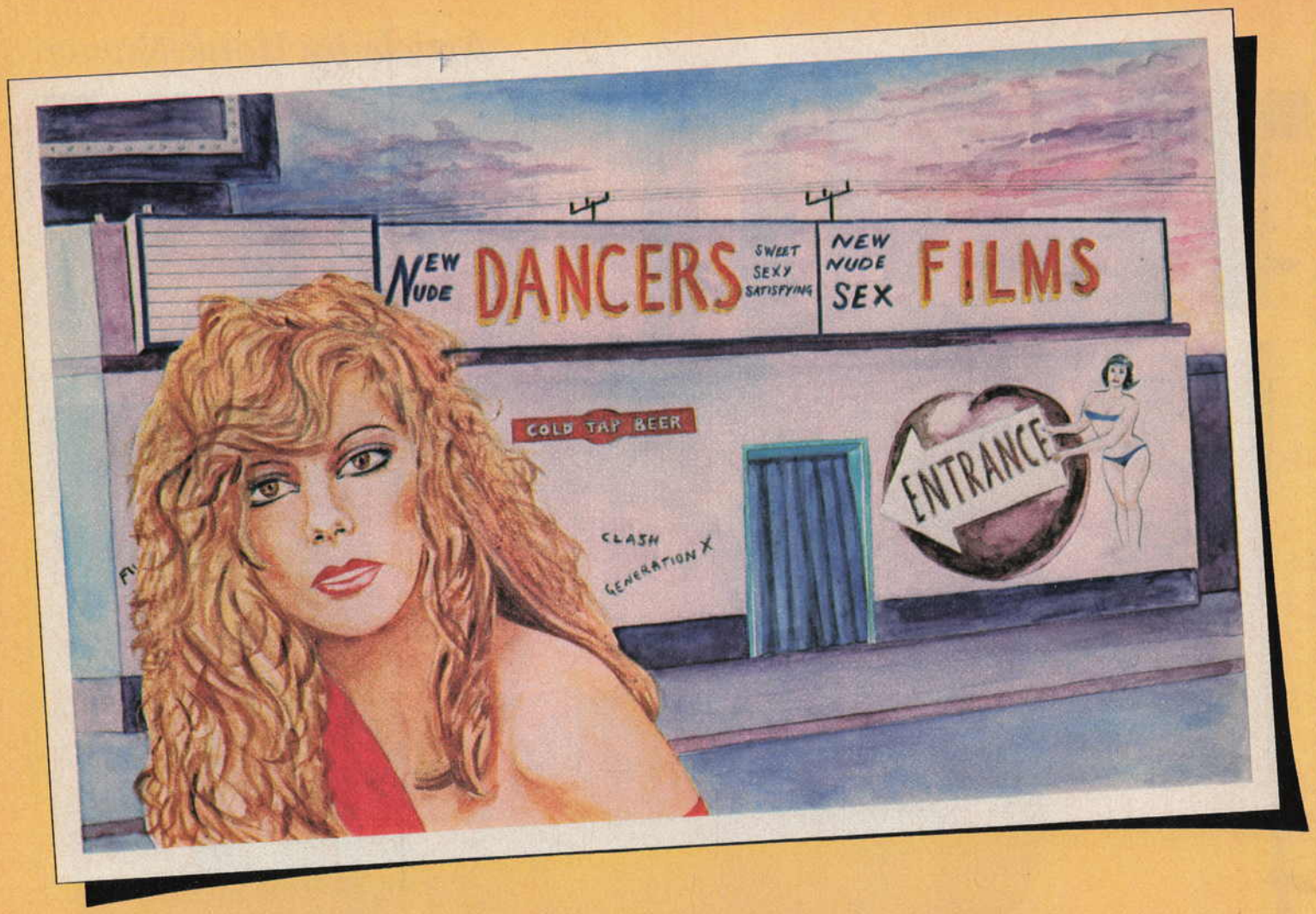
And finally, never—we repeat—*never* ask an Eskimo husband to give you his wife to warm your bed for the night. That quaint custom died with Sergeant Preston. In fact, if you really want to endear yourself to an Eskimo, give him a go with *your* wife instead.

If, however, not even these suggestions work and you've pissed off the Eskimos beyond hope, before they insert the final spear, convince them to visit Oceanside, California. You may be dead, but at least you'll have had the satisfaction of knowing someone's going to beat the shit out of *them* soon.

THE RESIDENTS OF OCEANSIDE, California, never refer to the local marines of Camp Pendleton as leathernecks. They insist the *heads* of their boys in blue are made out of leather, too.

Citizens here are fully aware of the danger they're in from the Camp Pendleton marines. In a city of 52,000, where FBI statistics reveal a rise in the crime

ILLUSTRATION BY NICK TAGGART



rate of 36 percent in a single year, two out of every five arrests were of marines. In a recent nine-month period, 1000 Camp Pendleton jarheads were given less-than-desirable discharges. Eighty percent of these followed arrests in Oceanside, and many involved were officers. Even more amazing is the fact that seven out of ten recent murders were committed by Camp Pendleton men. Now that USMC psychiatrist Captain Eugene Evans has admitted that 20 percent of all marine recruits are discharged for psychiatric reasons, one Oceanside resident growls, "Their recruiting slogan oughta say, 'The Marines are looking for a few good psychotics.' "

Most problems occur on payday, which falls in the middle of the week. Many of the 26,000 marines at Pendleton leave the 125,000-acre site and head out to the six-block red-light district in Oceanside. Located just off the business section, along the Oceanside pier, the Tenderloin (as it's called) makes Brooklyn's seedy Coney Island look like the Riviera.

Of course, not all Pendleton marines are maniacal thugs who gorge themselves on sex and blood. Many are good ol' American Ku Klux Klanners, who kick the shit out of fellow black marines to prove who is intellectually superior.

Oceanside marines are real fun guys. Trained to kill, many of them armed, they tend to fight in packs like wolves. Needless to say, your old SDS jacket is not *de rigueur* apparel when visiting here. Nor is it customary to start the night with a hearty chorus of *Anchors Aweigh* or *Wild Blue Yonder*. Telling a marine that *gyrene* sounds like shit being slammed into a fan is no way to convince him to buy the next round.

Our advice: The next time you're headed north to L.A. or south to San Diego along the coastal highway—go *around* Oceanside. In fact, a detour through Las Vegas is probably sufficient.

SO MUCH VIOLENCE HAS OCcurred in Harlan, Kentucky, that its name is forever listed in history books as "Bloody Harlan." This was the site, in the Thirties and Forties, of the feud between mine companies and the miners who wanted union representation.

Being a tour guide in Harlan would have to rank right up there with the world's most depressing jobs. "Over here, ladies and gentlemen, is where miners and company goons had a gun battle in 1931. Yessir, that's where five of them are buried. On your left is where Jock Yablonski was assassinated by United Mine Workers of America thugs. This li'l old infirmary here is where men are treated for black-lung disease, and over there, the world-famous polluted water system . . ."

Fewer than 3000 people "exist" in Harlan. Visitors are spotted the minute they drive along the two-lane road, past a row of dilapidated company-owned houses. No one lives out here but miners and moonshiners, and they don't take kindly to strangers. Why else would you come here, unless you were a "dadgummed revenooer" or an IRS rep investigating the mines? If the worst thing you get in town is a number-nine boot up the ass, consider yourself lucky.

Still, if you insist on seeing Harlan for yourself, follow these guidelines for your own health, safety and welfare:

• Don't stay overnight in town. If you eat at Ackley's Cafe, do not be fooled by the way folks seem friendly at first. They're just edging in for a clearer shot.

• Try to look like the other people in Harlan. Carry a .45 automatic, paint your face gray, cough a lot and never smile unless someone dies.

If you ever go to Harlan, try to look like the residents. Carry a .45, paint your face gray, cough a lot and don't smile unless somebody dies.

• Even if you get this far, by all means stay away from the women in town. They're meaner than the men. More scabs were beaten by militant wives from the Brookside Women's Club than by miners during the 1974 labor uprising.

• Also, do not drive a car with Washington, D.C., plates; do not display your old "Tony Boyle for UMWA President" button; and do not leave town without lifting your hood and removing the funny little box from your ignition wires.

LIFE IN LOUISIANA IS FRAUGHT with danger. Crocodiles bellow in the bayous; snakes slither through the streets; and hurricanes regularly pound the coast. But the most dangerous thing you can do in Louisiana is turn off your engine while gassing up in Lake Charles.

Lake Charles is a Southern cliché. Here, the KKK gives out more franchises than Colonel Sanders. An industrial town, its air is battleship gray on a clear day and smells like the time you blew up the high school lab. In fact, natives take bets on when the sun will appear.

All this heat and soot makes folks a mite touchy. Which is why, says the FBI, a town whose population (78,000) wouldn't sell out the Sugar Bowl has had nine murders in a single year.

Lake Charles doesn't need a Welcome Wagon to say hi to newcomers. When Bob Kerley of Phoenix recently bought up the Jupiter Chemical Company, local AFL-CIO boss Donald Lovett sent 150 men to convey his respects—only instead of candy and discount coupons, they brought axes and shotguns. Kerley escaped but his workers weren't so lucky. The blood flowed. One man was found dead, his first day on the job. Welcome to La.

We hate to scare you, but when you plunge this far into the Deep South, *Stayin' Alive* is the song of the day. If you stop in Lake Charles on your way to either New Orleans or Houston and decide to have a drink at John's Lounge ("Wednesday is Record Hop Night") or the House of Dolls ("Go-go Dancers from Noon till 4 A.M."), *do not* tease the Southerners about the Civil War (not all have been informed that they lost yet), and don't forget that since burning crosses are rarely set accidentally, you should look around carefully before dousing the fire. Also, carrying your copy of *Roots* in your back pocket is a no-no, as is trying to bribe a cop with ten bucks if he stops you for speeding. The going rate is $25.

BUTTE, MONTANA, IS A COPPER-mining town, precariously perched above a mile-wide crater owned by Anaconda, a corporation that makes molehills out of mountains. Its 24,000 residents largely agree that life here is the pits. Even *they* joke about the place. "Hi, I'm from Butte. Drop in and see me sometime."

Californians laugh about Los Angeles falling into the ocean with the next earthquake, but they don't really expect it to happen. Montanans, however, living amidst similar seismic activity, fully expect Butte to be entombed as the result of a quake. What's more, the air is polluted and the inner city resembles wartime Dresden. Since Anaconda has decreed it will next dig up the downtown area, there is really no profit in fixing up a doomed town. Buildings are used until they collapse or burn.

Little wonder that Butte residents have the dispositions of wasps. Living on the edge makes them scared and nervous. So, woe to any stranger who crosses their path. Since Butte lies smack-dab on Interstate 90, you are either heading west to Seattle or on your way east to Chicago. Only a pit fetishist would come here by choice.

Not that Butte's crime rate is so high. For one thing, folks here ain't ambitious enough to steal—most collect unemployment or welfare. After Anaconda dug a hole for residents, it set out to bury them. Sixty-two percent of the work force has been laid off since 1960. With nothing to do but drink or jump, folks simply hang out in bars, waiting for the corporation to take one final bite. They ogle butter-buttocked dancing girls at the Milwaukee Club or bemoan their fate over Kolorado Kool-Aid (Coors) at the Dry Gulch Saloon.

The miners are mean, itching for physical contact of any sort. The only invitation issued at bars around closing time is "Your jaw or mine?" and the talk of the town is how this gunman or that killer came to Butte and met his end. You wonder after a while if *anyone* leaves town alive!

As a case in point, the only local boy to make it big is stunt man Evel Knievel. Long evenings are spent bragging about how Evel done this, or Evel done that. (After a time, you want to hear no Evel, speak no Evel . . .) So obviously folks here don't look down on Knievel for using a baseball bat to settle an argument with his biographer. "Hell," says one gristly old-timer, "he shoulda broke off the guy's *other* arm and hit him with the wet end."

Want some advice? Stay the hell away from Butte—one of the blunders of the world.

EVERY INDIAN TRIBE HAS A REServation. The Paiutes have one in Nevada, the Mescaleros in New Mexico and the Hopis in Arizona. And if you decide to visit the tiny Sioux village of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, maybe it's time you had a few reservations of your own.

A few historical events have happened around this town of 2800 Indians:

• Custer and his men were killed at the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

• In the 1890s, 153 men, women and children were massacred by government troops.

• Six persons, including two FBI agents, were killed in recent years during heated gun battles.

• Sixty-seven persons were assaulted in two years with tomahawks, hammers and knives.

Ever get the feeling history is trying to tell you something?

The *New York Times* recently compared the crime statistics of Pine Ridge and Chicago. It found that your chances of being murdered are six times greater in this South Dakota

Locating the meanest town in Texas is easy. Head south till you smell shit—that's San Antonio. Keep going till you step in it—that's Rio Grande City.

village. You are hundreds of miles from the nearest decent-sized towns, Rapid City and Sioux Falls, and the odds are very good that yours will be the only white face in town at any given time. When you visit the site of the Indian massacre, consider yourself fortunate if you come away with *just* a wounded knee.

In Pine Ridge, everyone hates everyone else. The full bloods hate the half bloods. The illiterate hate the educated. The AIM (American Indian Movement) members hate the "goons" (Bureau of Indian Affairs-backed Indians). What everyone has in common is a hatred of Anglos, and here you come, puttering up Route 87 from Nebraska in your Toyota.

Even the land is unfriendly. Mile after mile of sparse yellow scrub grass is relieved only by the sight of rugged purple buttes that look like they've been vomited out of the earth. The ground is baked (your trip, half-baked), the sun is relentless and the only ice water around is in your veins. That's why they call it the Badlands, mate.

But you, hardy soul, are probably still unconvinced. So, to avoid making a splash on page 43 of *Time* magazine with your demise, refrain from doing your clever impersonation of Marlon Brando in *On the Waterfront*. He is the only white that the Sioux still like. Do not brag that you are 1/16th Indian. It only serves to remind them you are 15/16ths white. Avoid all references to past massacres. You'll simply provoke a new one. Do not ask to see a brave's scalp collection. If he doesn't own one already, you just may have convinced him to start one immediately. And do not piss off the gas-station owner: He's the only one in town.

PHENIX CITY (POPULATION 26,300) was founded by debtors, escaped convicts, cardsharps and murderers back in 1819. After that, the *bad* element moved in.

The town has always been in the public eye. In the Fifties, the National Guard, armed with submachine guns, kept order . . . for a while. When General George Patton commanded nearby Fort Benning, he swore he would one day order his tank corps to level the town. *Look* called Phenix City a "foul, disgusting place" in an article entitled "America's Wickedest City." But all this didn't faze the mobsters who owned Phenix; in fact, they were grateful for the publicity.

Reformers never could clean up this town; they've always been easy to dispose of. Even an Alabama attorney-general nominee was once rubbed out on these streets. And the muddy Chattahoochee (rhymes with *koochee*) River, which flows through town, is handy in helping sweep a problem clear to Florida.

Some things, however, never change. You can still find a lively time over at the Mister Big Stuff Social Club (honest, that's its name) or the Jocopa Club. But, unless you are armed and dangerous, we suggest you seek pleasure elsewhere.

Local politics apparently hasn't changed either, since 1954, when then-Governor Gordon Persons reprimanded the entire police force. Recently the *Washington Post* accused the town of vote-buying during a 1976 election. And, together with its sister city of Columbus, Georgia, Phenix City's FBI crime statistics reveal an alarming number of murders (49), assaults (264), rapes (41) and various and sundry burglaries, thefts and robberies (6014).

Many crimes occur in Phenix City because criminals are scared shitless of getting caught in Columbus. There presides one of America's worst hanging judges, Judge John Land, 59, who is a courtly Southern bachelor with a love of bourbon, fishing and the fairer sex. Five years ago, he showed a 22-year-old college student where a life of crime leads by sentencing him to seven months in prison for stealing an 89-cent packet of lunch meat as a fraternity-initiation prank. Land believes the "best way to break up an armed robbery is to shoot some of the robbers"; and he once blasted a Columbus officer for being "such a poor shot" when he missed two youths at point-blank range during a holdup of a 7-11 store.

If you absolutely have to stop in this part of Alabama, bypass Phenix City completely and go on through to Columbus. But heed this warning: Should you be stopped in Columbus for a busted taillight, be sure to carry a cyanide tablet, in case you're dragged into Judge Land's court for sentencing.

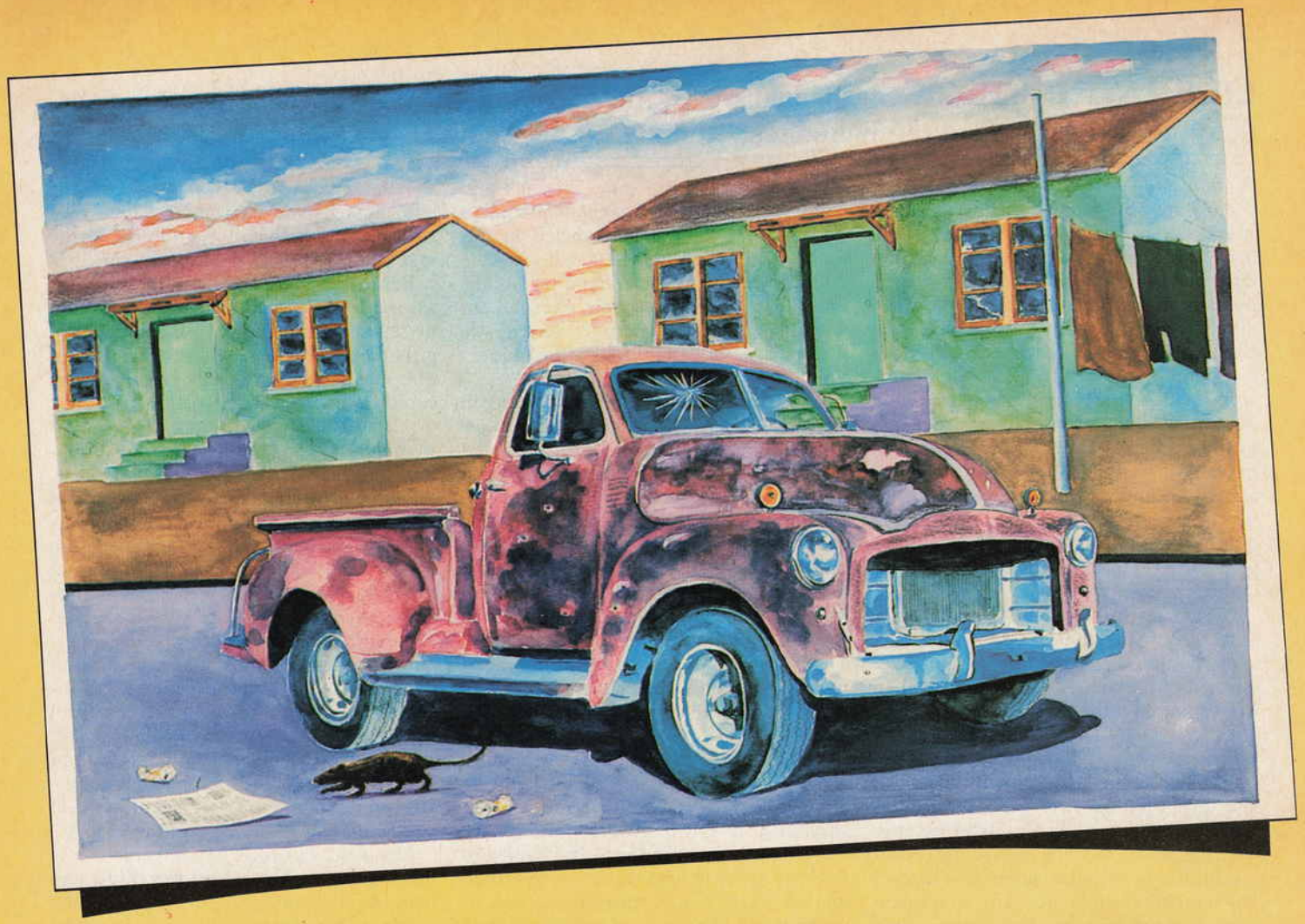
LOCATING THE MEANEST TOWN in Texas is easy. Simply head south until you smell shit—that's San Antonio. Keep going until you step in it—that's Rio Grande City: home of snakes, spiders and the Mexican Mafia.

Rio Grande City is physically indistinguishable from Camargo, its Mexican counterpart located across the border. Both consist mainly of shacks and rundown adobes, except for a spacious ranch-style house here and there with a fruit-colored Cadillac parked in the driveway. These are owned by youths, no older than 30 usually, whose callused hands betray a life once spent in the fields. They're more greased-back than laid-back, and wear silk shirts bright enough to blind Liberace.

Needless to say, the border patrol doesn't need Kojak to spot the pushers in town. Then again, the pushers don't need to be Einsteins to spot a patrol, either—not in a town where the Villareals and Hinojosas outnumber the Smiths better than 20 to 1. Here, to be brown is not only beautiful, it's goddamned *healthy*. Gringos are as popular as Klansmen would be in Watts. The only Anglos who come and go without intimidation are bikers on a dope run, and even they suddenly adopt manners that would please Amy Vanderbilt.

Few residents complain about the drug trade, which involves the illegal transportation of an estimated 40,000 pounds of marijuana *a week* across the Rio Grande River by raft. For one thing, everyone is related. Few in the community, including the unimpressive local police, do not have a cousin selling or transporting the stuff. Only 5700 people live in town; 17,000 dwell in the surrounding countryside; yet 2000 are directly involved in drug trafficking.

The main reason that Rio Grande City's citizenry keeps quiet is voiced by a local reporter: "The Rio Grande, she is big and muddy." And if death by water isn't a deterrent, then



trunk-stuffing works wonders. Three bodies in two days were recently found competing with spare tires for legroom.

Obviously, Rio Grande City is not a nice place to visit, and it's even more gruesome to live there. Somehow we think you'll manage to find true happiness even if you never down Tecate at the Catfish Inn or chomp on tamales at the Rattlers Den restaurant. But should you be unconvinced and plan on driving to South Texas anyway, give me a call. There's this dude with a yellow Fleetwood who hangs out at the O.S.T. Cafe and delivers the most amazing shit I've ever seen. Now, if I give you 50 bucks . . .

WITHOUT QUESTION, ONE OF THE meanest towns in America is Rock Springs, Wyoming. If you're headed west along Interstate 80 toward Salt Lake City, or bound east for Cheyenne, don't even *consider* stopping in Rock Springs for the night. Your chances of survival are greater in a wreck.

Rock Springs has been mean since its founding in 1885 as a coal-supply town for the Union Pacific Railroad. This windy hellhole has changed little since then, when, driven mad by the heat, miners descended on the town's Chinese populace with picks raised and guns blazing. Before the U. S. Army arrived to impose order, 39 "Celestials" were massacred and 500 sent scurrying for safety into the blistering alkali flats outside town.

However, if there is one thing the local boys have always welcomed, it's women—as long as they keep their legs open and their mouths shut. Scores of prostitutes, too old or ugly to hustle in Denver or Reno, swoop down on prospective johns like nighttime birds of prey. Prostitution in Rock Springs is a $5-million-a-year business.

Of course, prostitution couldn't thrive here without a little help from friends. For example, the former manager of the now-defunct Townsend Club, Earl Dotsey, was the first convicted pimp ever to speak at a law-enforcement banquet. Obviously, Earl is well liked by local authorities, as is businessman Ezra Hooks, who plays golf occasionally with a county attorney and a local judge. (Hooks is believed by state police officials to be a leading pimp in this area.) And speaking of judges, Raymond Venta, a local justice of the *piece,* is part-owner of Giuseppo's Bar, a Rock Springs club in which, it has been reported, prostitutes hustle regularly.

Veins pop like champagne corks in Rock Springs. Drug pushers line the streets like parking meters. And Detective Delbert Gray, who serves as chief investigator for the sheriff's and police departments, is an expert on pushing. Gray recently admitted to state narcs that he both used and sold heroin while moonlighting as a cop. His ex-roommate, a prostitute, used to race like Paul Revere on midnight rides through the red-light district to spoil every raid that the vice squad planned.

Obviously, the rule of thumb here is: Don't mess with Rock Springs' finest. Since a background check on cops was only recently required, some have criminal records. Two years ago, one cop was caught selling drugs from his patrol car, another was requested to resign for requiring sexual favors from a prostitute, and the mayor was indicted for embezzlement. Not to be outdone by his peers, lawman-above-reproach Ed Cantrell (hired to clean up this dump) shot grand-jury witness Michael Rosa right between the eyes, three days before a hearing. "There was no better shot in Wyoming than Ed Cantrell," stated one police lieutenant. As Public Safety Director, Cantrell was, according to Rosa's wife, the only cop in Rock Springs Rosa trusted.

Welcome to Rock Springs, weary traveler. □

LIBERATED CHICK She would make me go one step at a time. First the kisses, then the caresses, then the nakedness, then..."No, no, I don't feel right."

(Continued from page 82)

expressions around her eyes through those swathes of mascara? "It's a mask," I told her. "It blocks communication." I further informed her that if God had wanted humans to walk on tiptoe and have upraised, rounded asses, we would have been born with stack heels under our feet. I was a regular shaker.

She handed me back my ring. She didn't have to listen to this crap; there are plenty of fish in the sea—one born every minute, in fact. Ah, well, I learned some lessons. To attack a woman's vanity, even when it's purchased at the store, is romantic sin number one. If you don't go along with the game, you get the booby prize of loneliness and celibacy.

"That's just high school," you say. "It's kid's stuff." Sure.

By the time I reached college, the social ferment of the Sixties had begun. Women were adopting the "natural look." The social critique of the New Left favored the fashion of Maoist-plain—work shirts and jeans. The female adornments began to lose favor—not because they were seen as intrinsically alienating but because they were the products of the enemy, the corporate military-cosmetics complex. Whatever the motive, I applauded any movement toward visual honesty and, being young with overheated blood, felt free to begin my Don Juan quest for the Ideal Woman. What is college if not the place to mate?

The counterculture proved stronger in appearance than in reality. The natural look wasn't any more than a look. Life with women, I learned, was still to be a form of theater, with monolithic roles frozen in the minds and muscles of both myself and the women I knew. I played out my mechanical part with grumbling and complaining, but I played it.

As a college freshman (it is now 1966), I met Elaine. We were grown up. We could spend the night in each other's rooms. Elaine was a squealer and a worshiper. She was small and cute—"vivacious," they called it in high school—so adorable you'd want to take her home and put her on your bookshelf. She would make me feel ever so charming with her response to some remark I'd make, and ever so virile with more serious squeals under the weight of my body. That was her game, of course, and I would be lying if I said it wasn't fun. False, superficial and manipulative, yes—but fun.

It felt good to be able to make someone squeal. It felt powerful. At first, her squeals would be followed with an appreciative sparkle in her eyes. Later, the sparkle was replaced with a deep, loving and worshipful gaze. That made me feel even more powerful. I felt that I controlled her, for I had found her little inner buttons and could press them at will to elicit the squeals and worship. I became addicted to this flattering role, this play in which I was the admired one, full of talent and possibility. She was my private groupie, ever radiant with clean hair and artful face, as we walked arm in arm through the student union.

As I became more and more hooked on the script, new elements were added. Now not only did Elaine worship me when I pleased her; she also pouted when I did not. This pout was no figure of speech. This pout was a true pout, complete with eyes near tears, downturned mouth and baby talk.

I suddenly realized I had gotten myself into a "relationship" with Elaine, even though there was no *real* relationship. There was nothing you might call a meeting of the minds, only two people acting the way they believed they were supposed to act.

I had a worshiper, whom I was loath to give up, and she had an idol to whom she clung ever more intensely. If I did X, she squealed. If I did Y, she pouted. We worked out a set of routines. If I wanted to take her to the movies (it was always up to me, as part of our unspoken series of agreements), she squealed and danced and rubbed up and down against my leg. On the other hand, if I felt like studying, she pouted. Since I preferred the squeals to the pouts, I would often change my mind. But I had the power to demur, and could force her into reading the latest best-seller while she waited, as if in a doctor's office, for me to finish what I was doing.

I was her whole life, as are many men for many women. It was destructive. How can you love someone that you worship? You can't, because your eyes are clouded. You are not loving a person; you are fulfilling a neurotic need, loving an image, a projection. The loved one has every bit as much reality and intimacy as a rock singer up on his stage. And if you are the one worshiped, as I was, you are not really loved at all; you are simply the physical manifestation of a symbolic function.

I was sad when Elaine and I broke up; I would have been happy to love her forever and ever. If only she hadn't thought I was so perfect! You can't keep loving a chump.

Out hunting again, I sought a woman who was more than a base upon which clothes, cosmetics and endearing mannerisms were heaped toward a mysteriously magnetic effect. She had to be a human being. Her life had to be somehow broader than the pursuit of man and marriage. She had to have an openness that was more than physical.

It seems strange that such qualifications were in any way so special. But even at the end of the Sixties, a woman whose own reality was just as important to her as the reality of her man was rare, very rare.

Because of my aversion to the worshipers I always seemed to attract, I found myself drawn to quite a different sort of girl—the other type. She was no worshiper. She was so extraordinarily beautiful, she could claim the role of worshipee.

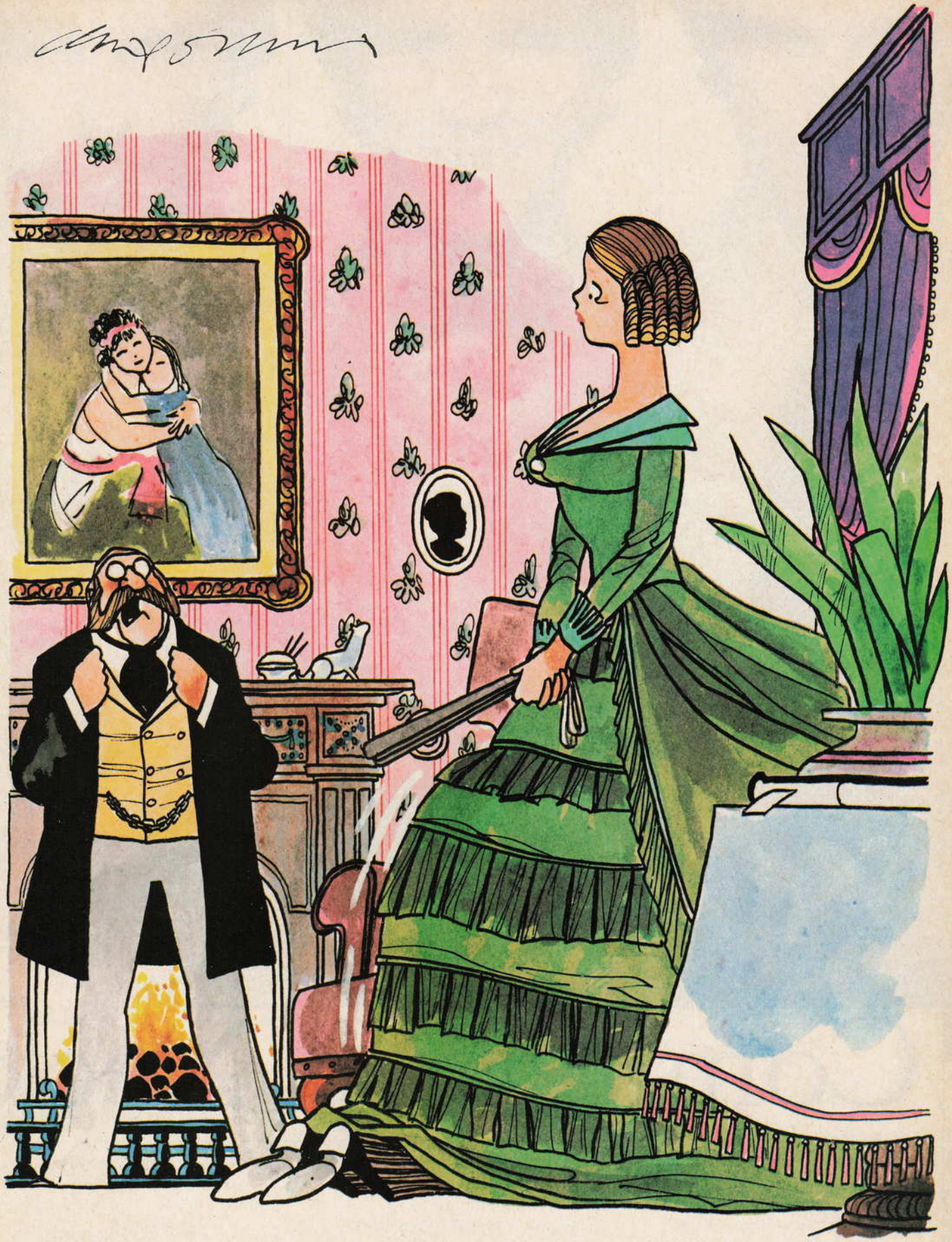
All WASP, Elizabeth was the kind of woman who triggers the kind of admiration one feels for a superbly bred horse, the kind of woman men instinctively put up on a pedestal without ever quite knowing why. She *belonged* up on that pedestal, carved from white marble. When we first met, she had just returned from a Barbados vacation. Her skin was bronze and endless; her green eyes beamed like emeralds. She had a lioness' mane of chestnut hair, breasts like tropical fruits. I was instantly convinced she was a princess from some exotic land. When she laughed at some joke I'd made, her shoulders kind of caved in, a little gesture of vulnerability. Her smile made me see giant pinkish pearls floating everywhere in the room.

Elizabeth was cool. My mission—being the acquisitive American lover, I just had to have her—was to make her *mine*. But she didn't, as the saying goes, come easy. She was one of those women who make you go one step at a time (shades of high school), while making it clear that the last step is possible, with perseverance. First the kisses, then the caresses, then the nakedness, then . . . "No, no, I don't feel right." All this stringing out of the inevitable was just a way of establishing her value as an object. Even if she *did* want to fuck (and she did) she felt compelled—by habit, by training, by delusion—to make me pay for it. She was afraid, she said. Afraid of what? I asked. But I already knew. She was afraid she would lose her value as something to be sought; hence, she denied herself the pleasure of a loving penis.

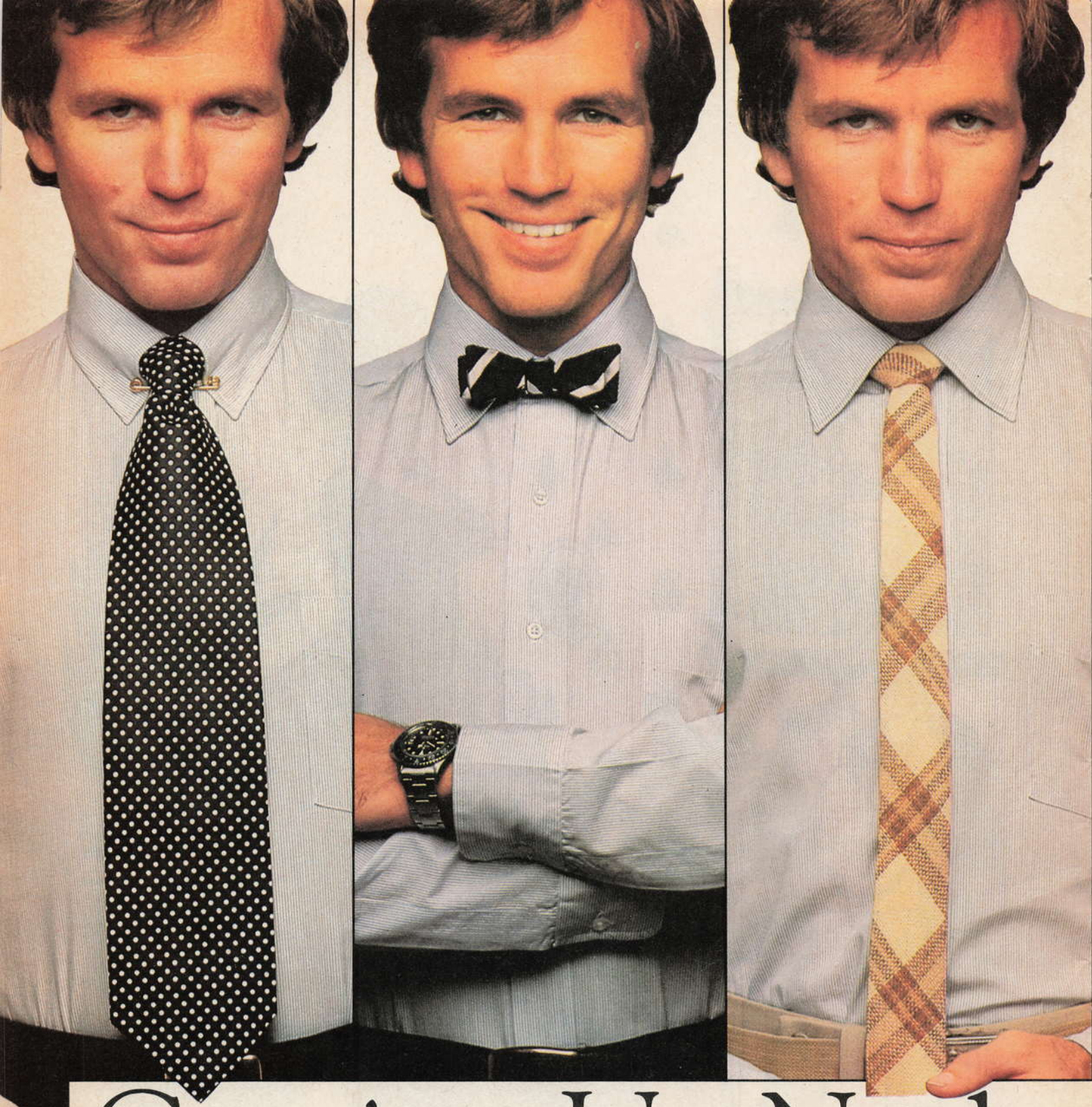
Finally, one summer night I began to lightly stroke her thighs as she lay sleeping in my bed. I kissed her forehead and her nipples. Stealthily, a true sneak, I slipped my finger inside her lower lips. Her hips, a dead spot when awake, began to sway gently with pleasure, freed of her conscious control. By the time she awoke, she was hot beyond all caring, and we rocked through the night, sliding and sticking in a primal slime of sweat and sexual juices, being the animals we were born to be. It took a trick to break her down. I felt successful, but not exactly *loved*.

Elizabeth was responsive to me, but rarely made overtures of her own. To me, her signals of love were defined by my own

(Continued on page 108)



"Emily, I've warned you before about becoming too familiar with the servants."



Coming Up Necks

Photography by Bob Elias

Wear this all-silk polka-dot tie (from Carroll & Company for $15), tighten up the collar, clip on the pin, add a little Visine to your eyes—and the brass will never know where you spent your lunch hour.

Or try this blue-and-white striped bow (from Polo for $15). The look is Uptight, Attentive to Detail and Very Square. In other words, the perfect costume.

Likewise this brown-beige-green striper in wool (from Carroll & Company for $25). This is perfect for those "casual" functions with fellow employees; keeps them on their toes.

How To Go From The Boardroom To The Disco And Never Change Your Shirt

Fashion coordination by Annika Elias

To pull off this look takes some searching through thrift shops. Unbutton the first button and pull the tie down lower. This is the definitive statement of safe rebellion in stuffy places.

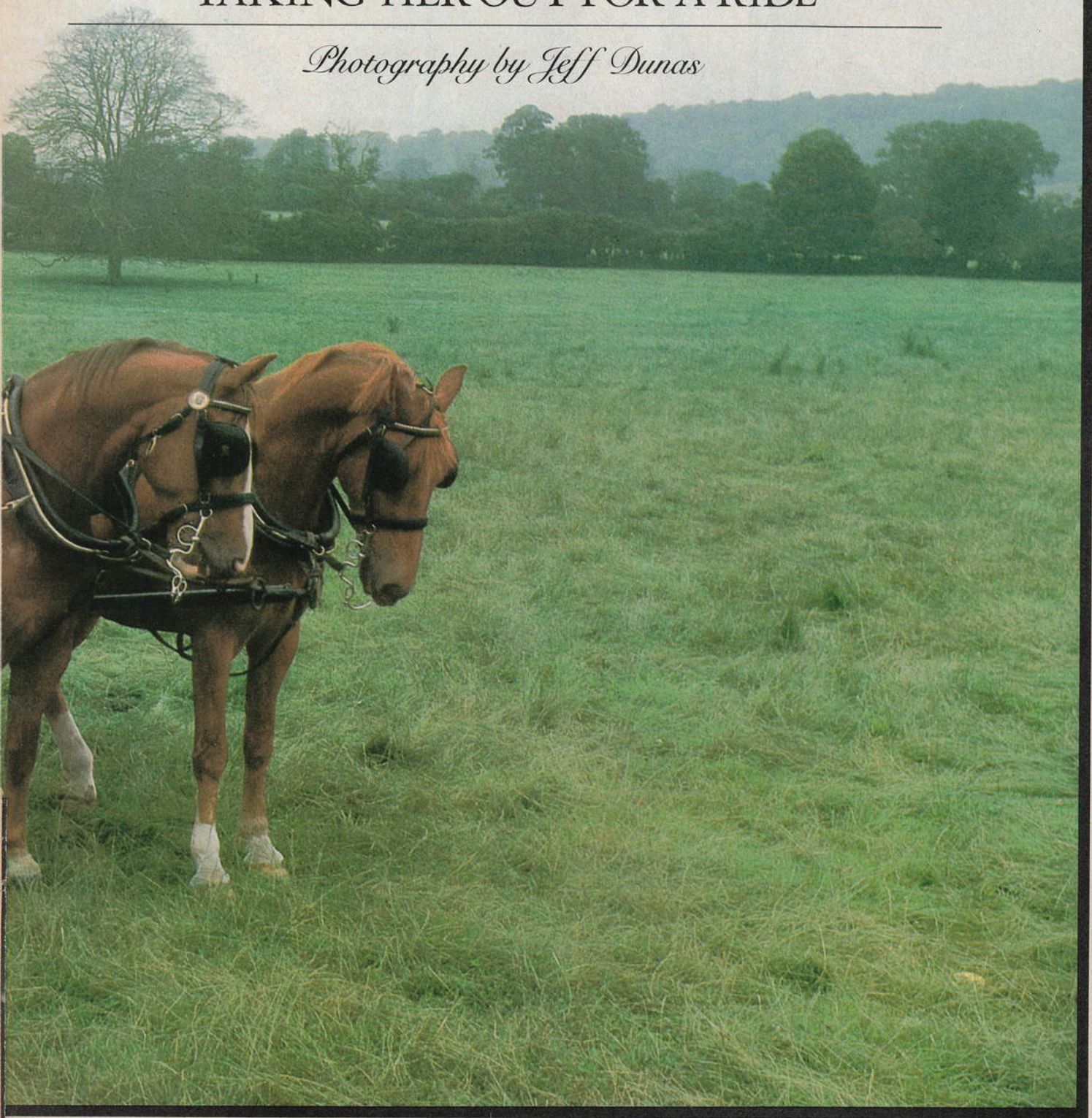
Cravats like this are available at thrift shops, too—or in your apartment's Dempster Dumpster. We picked up this hand-painted beauty for $7.

This is the ideal disco look. Expensive without looking it. Pull out your collar so it lies flat, tie this brown suede number (from Jag for $27) loosely, let it all hang out and get *sweaty*!

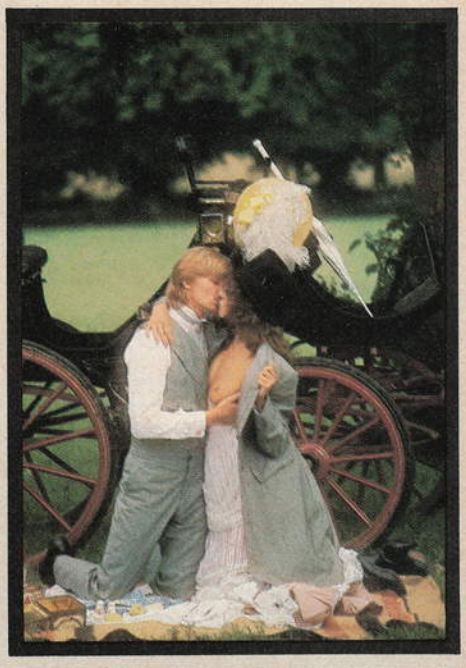
Victorian Picnic

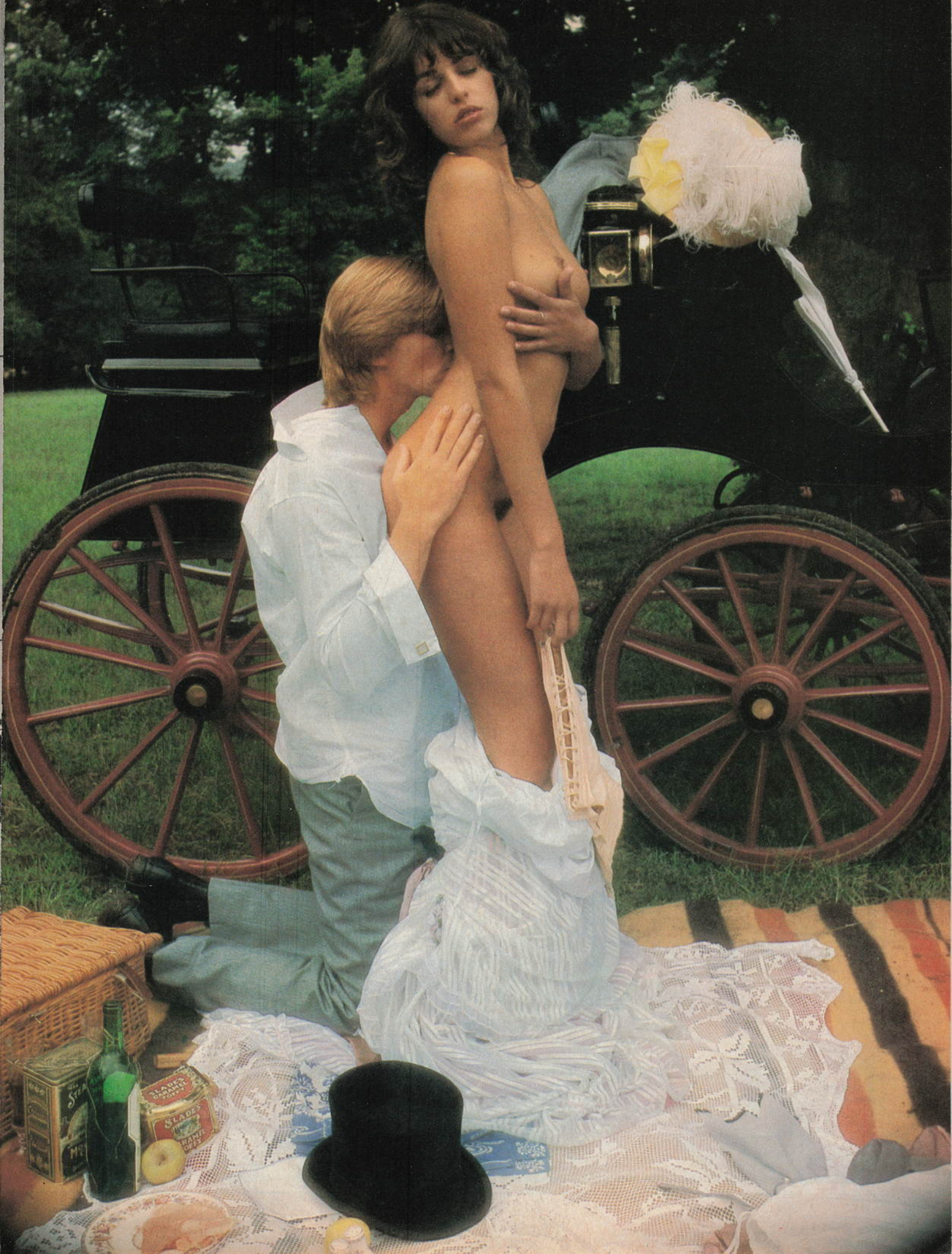
TAKING HER OUT FOR A RIDE

Photography by Jeff Dunas



"You've come a long way, baby," he whispered




STEADY
STEADY

CHOCOLAT-POULAIN

"But now...let's see how you'll get back"

LIBERATED CHICK Colette's done away with the coy eyelash batting. We ask ourselves, "How would I react to that if I saw it in a member of the same sex?"

(Continued from page 96)
attempts to touch her emotionally. For her to actually express herself without any prompting was not a part of the deal. She kept an advantage, the same way a good negotiator forces the other side to make the first move.

Wound on my desire to acquire her and unwilling to confront her feminine posturing, I couldn't see then what is now so obvious. The lover who does not express, who does not come out on her own, isn't a lover at all. She's cowardly, defended, distanced and invulnerable. At the time, I didn't even realize how crucial vulnerability is to loving; if you can't be hurt you can't give anything. I thought I was in love; indeed, I was merely driven to capture a prize. Now *she* was the idol, I the worshiper. Blinded as Elaine had been blinded, I couldn't grasp the idea that the link between two people is too fragile to survive unless both are actively creating it.

My passion to win Elizabeth was so intense that I never grasped the unfairness of our roles—which were, for an alleged radical of the Sixties, all too familiar and traditional. But who was I to challenge the nature of her behavior at the very time I was trying to capture her fancy?

Elizabeth went on to graduate school in New Haven; I needed to live in New York. We had lived together, but now we were commuting lovers. Our magnetism began to fade. She called me clinging; I called her cold. We were both right. When you have only one sender and one receiver, that has to happen. We were only actors—dumb, unconscious actors—this time, the panting man and the coolly appraising woman. She finally let me down hard, cruelly, by setting up a situation in which I would find her with another man. I was shocked, but I shouldn't have been. When you take on a masochistic role, you've got to expect a whipping. It's inevitable.

I think of the many other couples I've known—all variations on the same depressing theme. One partner is always the leader, it seems; the other is always the follower. Raised in a fundamentally authoritarian society, we are able to be masters or slaves, leaders or followers, but being *neither* is strange, unfamiliar, uncomfortable. As men, we can play Archie Bunker or Jay Gatsby, at whatever level of dilution, fairly well; and there will always be women to play a corresponding hausfrau or bitch goddess, with varieties of subtlety suitable for men of any intellectual or economic class. But what happens when we see through the roles? What happens when we see that in these standard patterns of loving there is so much exploitation, and that our lovers are need fillers, not people? Privilege, safety and security are suddenly no longer advantages in a bond with another person. They become burdens, because the bond is finally seen for what it is—an accumulation of manners and habits, a mechanical round of sexual excitations and childish possessory satisfactions.

In the Sixties, when we were out marching to gain equal rights for all the disenfranchised, we should have paid more attention to our true mentor, Hegel. It was he, after all, who worked out the foundations of the humane, socialist world in which we were so interested. And his notion that the most advanced society was a society of equals sprang full blown from his very definition of humanness. At the center of his idea of the human is the notion of reciprocal recognition, that the mind requires recognition by another mind. But recognition is base and ultimately does not satisfy unless the recognition comes from an equal. The master is never really master of his slave, because his recognition comes not from an equal.

A digression, perhaps, but to me it seems important. I want to be human, and I don't want to be alone, and I *know*, even intuitively, that if my lovers and friends are not equals, my relationships with them are not going to ring true. We may service each other's neurotic needs, give each other some small warmth against the frigid air of alienation that surrounds us, but we will never make the real heat.

Colette and I have managed to keep our relationship ablaze. We watch each other and we watch ourselves—not out of paranoia, but because we're trying to erase our pasts, individually and together. We become feedback machines for each other, mirrors, videotapes. If we aren't alert we'll slip into the old black magic—manipulation. (I'll say something patronizing, then quickly stroke her hair to cover it up.) When we ease off, when we forget we are trying to forge something free of roles and games, we backslide like alcoholics who let themselves have just one little drink. She cooks all week. I take care of the wood and the wood stove. She does the laundry. I pay the bills. Until we realize we're living completely by rote.

We catch the old patterns and roles in the act. Jointly we swim upstream against the courtly tradition. We feel good, it turns out, knowing that we're *not* winning through intimidation, knowing that we're cleaning up our act. This kind of mutuality and reciprocity bears a ripe fruit. As we trust each other more and more, sex gets better and better. Not necessarily more and more (the standard American measure of things), but better and *better*.

When two people are both feeling equal, like true friends, you don't have to worry about performance, whether or not you're the world's greatest stud, and you don't even have to bother about the great simultaneous orgasm in the sky. She comes first, you come first—it doesn't matter, because you're both really coming together. My cock feels stronger and more sensitive than ever before, because I feel secure. There's no need to use it as a weapon of conquest or proof of worth anymore. And new erogenous zones have emerged out of the relaxation of an equal relationship: my neck, my scalp, my knees.

Many men fail to see the happy future of living with a liberated woman in a world in which the recognition we need will come not from doormats or bitch goddesses but from peers. All we have to give up is our sadistic control impulses or our masochistic impulse to be controlled. Yet most men I know tolerate women's liberation only partially and grudgingly. Why don't we see how much better it will be?

Women have to change too, more than they have. After much handholding and convincing, I think Colette has finally come to realize she looks good without makeup, just the way God made her. That's a more difficult change than it would seem, because every beautiful woman who is held up as a model in this society is in reality a canvas for Revlon's art. The ideal of beauty is far away from most women—they feel a heavy pressure to cover up (as in "cover girl") for what they're led to believe they don't have. An induced shame. And Colette's also done away with the whole coy eyelash-batting, helpless-but-lovely-little-thing trip that so many women think they must go through to get what they want. Sure, it works—men like a spoonful of the illusion of power—but it's no way for friends to be with each other, because it's basically dishonest. Colette and I ask ourselves, "How would I react to that if I saw it in a member of the same sex?"

We've worked constantly for years, trying to catch the stereotypes. At first, Colette said she felt "naked" without the traditional tools to get her way, but by and by it became ever so much more satisfying to be direct and herself, to be straightforward instead of some caricature of the feminine side we all—women *and* men—contain. Instead of running to me in frustration the last time the lawn mower conked out, she took a good look at the machine and figured out how to fix it herself. She hadn't thought that possible, but why should I be any more able to fix it than she? Just because I have balls? And now—eureka!—I don't have to run around fixing things for her anymore. In a sense, she needs me less, but that kind of need we could all do without. □

WHO

SCALPED INDIAN

"In my country they think I'm ugly. I'm too skinny—and now I'm bald," says former Miss India **Persis Khambatta**, who is still the most attractive addition to the crew of the U.S.S. Enterprise.

Persis has coal-black eyes that used to match her hair, until she was turned into a female Telly Savalas for her role as the temptress from the planet Delta in the new space adventure billed as *Star Trek—The Motion Picture.*

"I cried when they chopped off my hair," she says.

"But when I looked at myself in the mirror, I thought I looked beautiful. They don't know what to make of me in Bombay," Persis adds, "because in India the fatter you are, the more voluptuous you are. They like their women plump all over."

And Persis admits she doesn't know what kind of reception she'll get when she goes home again after finishing the $15-million movie. "Ilia [the character she plays opposite Captain Kirk, Spock and the rest] comes from a planet where sex is free, the women are sensual and there are no Western hang-ups about making love. In India they don't allow kissing on film, so you can imagine what their reaction will be." —IVOR DAVIS

JIM SHEA

ANIMAL FEVER

GARY GERSHOFF

There appears to be no stopping director **John Landis**, the man they're calling the next **Steven Spielberg** and, it so happens, a good friend of the current Steven Spielberg. Last year Landis directed the underground hit *Kentucky Fried Movie*; then he topped that with the even more highly acclaimed *Animal House*, starring **John Belushi**. Not bad for a kid who just turned 28.

Landis is a movie fanatic who has wanted to be a director since he was eight years old. He especially loves the screwball comedies of the Thirties, but he disagrees with those who think America is starved for comic films: "Have you seen *The Swarm*?" Hmmm . . .

Next up for Landis is *The Incredible Shrinking Woman*, starring **Lily Tomlin**. "It will be the first epic science-fiction comedy," he says. It starts out with an average suburbanite who suddenly begins shrinking. Landis is cool about what else is involved, but he will say that one of the lead characters is a real live adolescent male gorilla that uses the American sign language of the deaf.

What possessed Landis to make this particular film? "Because if you go up to someone on the street and tell them you're making *The Incredible Shrinking Woman* with Lily Tomlin, they say, 'Ah-hah,' and laugh; that's why." —PETER GAMBACCINI

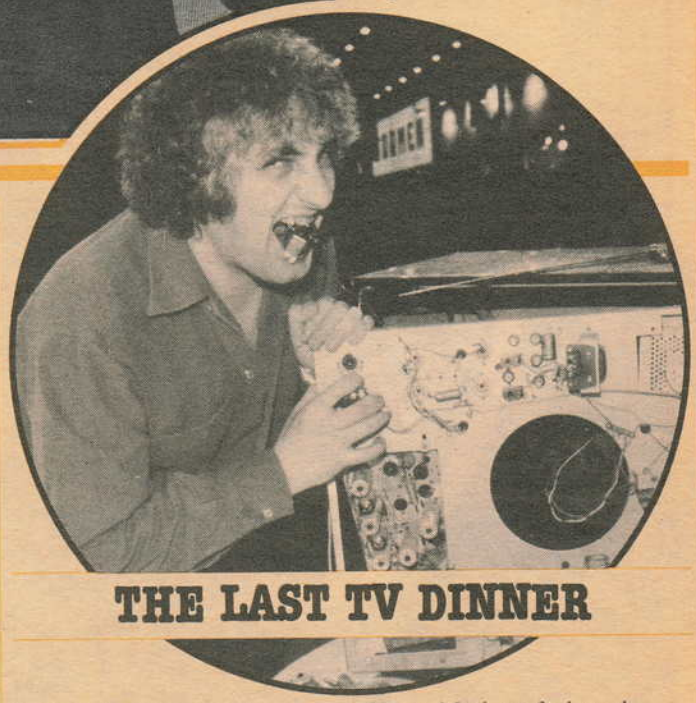
FROM HAIR TO ETERNITY

Pimply teenage boys haven't got much to choose from in the way of sex symbols these days. But if they were to take a vote, **Annie Golden** would top even **Wonder Woman** or **Deborah Harry**. Annie's the ballsy lead singer of the **Shirts**, a rock group with a strong following in New York and London. "I like to think I'm approachable," she says. "Not for them to fuck me but to talk to me. I hope those guys say, 'I'd like to shake her hand or hug her or kiss her, if she doesn't think I'm too pushy.' "

EBET ROBERTS

Yeah, well, being a singer with an underground rock group hardly compares to playing the lead female role in a feature film. Annie has been signed to play Jeannie in director **Milos Forman's** film version of *Hair*, from which national stardom is imminent. Already she has found that she has to check her naturally ebullient tendencies as her stage fans seek more from her. And Annie realizes, "Whether I like it or not, I may be the next big thing. Or it may blow over and I'll be relieved. I try not to anticipate what may happen. Not long ago we would be sitting around waiting for word on a contract, and we'd call Dial-a-Joke for inspiration. But soon we couldn't even laugh at that. So I just try to roll with the punches."

—P.G.



DOMINIQUE MIGNON

THE LAST TV DINNER

In French, *manger tout* means "to eat everything," and **Monsieur Mangetout**, an insatiable 30-year-old Frenchman, certainly lives up to his name.

The first time we met Mangetout, he had just finished eating a bicycle. A few days later he tucked away a color television in a Parisian suburb. "I had to skip the screen section of the TV, because my doctor warned me that it was full of gas."

Mangetout will admit that none of this stuff really tastes good, and he generally prefers a good square meal to a TV. "Although if I go without for several days, I feel funny. My jaws feel weak, my stomach feels empty. If I eat a glass or a razor blade, I'll feel better in a few hours. Glass is the crunchiest and it's the best for a good jaw workout, but razor blades are so much easier to carry around for a quick bite."

Next up—or down—is a four-seater Piper airplane, which Mangetout plans to eat a section at a time in various cities. He doesn't foresee any problems, but his doctor will go over it thoroughly first, just to make sure none of the material is toxic. How will Mangetout begin this feast? "With the wings—that's the best part." —HALYA HRYNCHUK

FABIAN/SYGMA

SE HABLA ANGELA

There's nothing obscure about the reasons why 22-year-old ballet/flamenco dancer **Angela Molina** was *That Obscure Object of Desire* in **Luis Buñuel**'s film. Practically unknown in this country—although she has ten films to her credit—Angela will undoubtedly cause a traffic jam when her latest film opens. It's entitled, uh, *Traffic Jam.*—P.G.

DARRYL BAIRD

SNUG AS A BUG

Gawking drivers on Route 66 near Amarillo nearly run off the road at the sight of ten tail-finned Caddies and a Volkswagen jutting from the West Texas soil. **Stanley Marsh 3** (never III) has struck again! Marsh, who lists his occupation as "capitalist," is a shrewd entrepreneur and natural-gas millionaire who boosts his enjoyment with what he tags *stunts.*

To halt the building of ticky-tacky houses next to his ranch, Marsh erected a giant billboard that prospective home buyers couldn't help but see. It read: "Future Home of the World's Largest Poisonous Snake Farm." **Richard Nixon** put Marsh on his enemies list after Marsh wrote to **Pat Nixon** requesting samples of her wardrobe for a proposed Museum of Decadent Art.

In the works is a plan to build a replica of the Statue of Liberty. Set to be the size of the real one, it'll be made of canvas and packed with old inner tubes. "Can you imagine driving down the road and suddenly coming upon a rag-doll Statue of Liberty?" he asks gleefully, as he climbs into a truck clearly marked TRUCK. "That's to keep it from being mistaken for something else." Sure.

—LARRY HOLDEN

HEAVY CROSS TO BARE

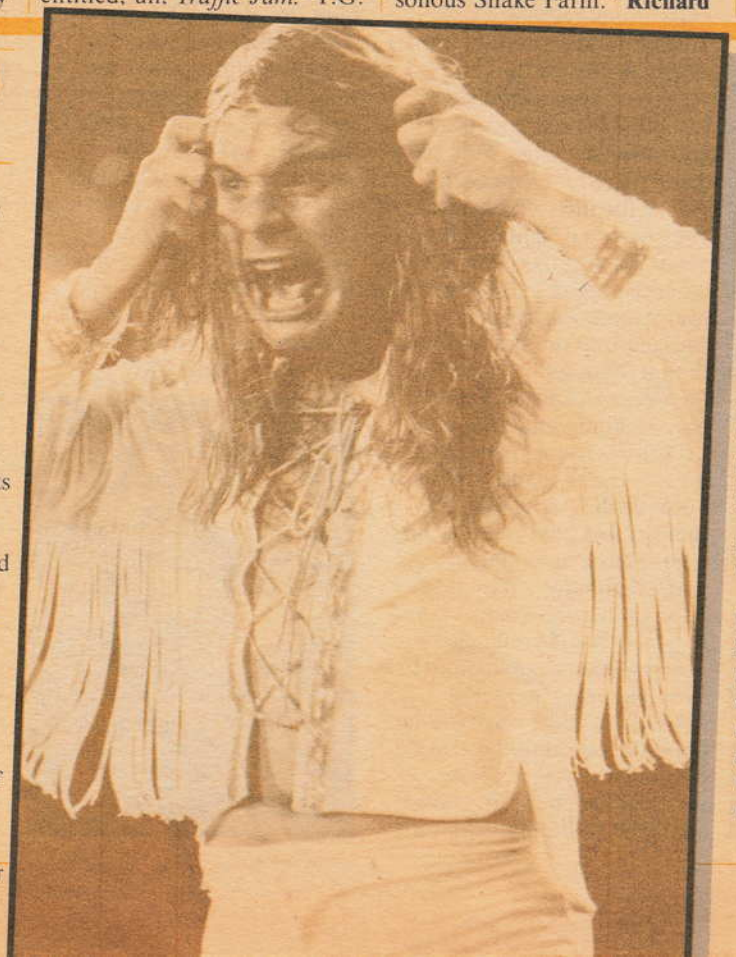
"I finally decided that no longer would I wake up every day and drink nineteen bottles of Scotch and snort two grams of coke," says lead singer **Ozzie Osbourne**, explaining his departure two years ago from the world's premier heavy-metal Satanic band, **Black Sabbath**.

It seems Ozzie was overwhelmed by the overripe fruits of too-much-too-soon rock stardom, but after this two-year drying-out period, he and Sabbath are out to spread their aural black plague once again with a comeback album called *Never Say Die.* "When our first album took off [back in 1970], we didn't realize what was happening. At first you act all the roles of the typical rock star. You get the limousines and the fucking Learjets. Then, at the end of the line, you've burned yourself out. You've fucked as many groupies as you can and there you are—clapped out and fucked out. Then you say, 'What next?' "

Oz tried to form a band on his own, while his three fellow rockers, **Geezer Butler**, **Tony Iommi** and **Bill Ward**, were trying to form a band with ex-**Fleetwood Mac** singer **Dave Walker**. Both groups went nowhere. Oz's problem was getting in with some punks. "The whole punk trip is sickening. It's demented music."

On the new album, the band has toned down the heavy Satanic image. There are no more vampire-preventing silver crosses onstage, but Oz does retain his trusty silver neck cross. "It has sentimental value," Oz leers. "It's been up a lot of fannies, you know."

—JIM FARBER



ANDREW KENT

HOT CURRY

"I never wanted to see that cunt again," says **Tim Curry**, referring to the deliciously sleazy Frank N. Furter character he played in both the stage and film versions of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. "I used to resent getting into him every day. People would come into my dressing room when I was making up, and halfway through, most would leave, because by the time half of it was on, *he* was, too. And he was a monster. If you play a part that powerful for a long time, it does . . ." chuckle, chuckle, "*impinge*."

By the time Curry got to do the show in New York he hated the role altogether: "It was horrid." The show bombed: "It all got too posh. Even the film was too glamorized. The original costume design for Frank N. Furter looked like **Johnny Rotten** in drag. I was covered in broken veins, old bits of plaster; I was *filthy*. I used to slosh that makeup on with a trowel; I was really brutal with it. In the film I ended up looking like a rather crazed **Bianca Jagger**. *Frank* thought it was good." (Curry likes to talk about his character as if he were another person.) "Frank loved it; he thought he was finally a movie star."

Frank talk from "Rocky Horror"

DAVID JAMES

As the rowdy bard in ABC's "The Life of Shakespeare"

It's been three years now since Curry ripped off the fishnet stockings and returned to England, but his cult following in the U. S. has never been greater. Every weekend in some 110 cities *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* plays to packed houses of dressed-to-kill Frank N. Furter clones, Riff-Raff hunchbacks and **Meat Loaf** slices. It's audience participation gone over the edge. You gotta come prepared. Paper bags of rice for the wedding scene. Four hundred lighters blaze when the chorus chants "there's a light." One night, six overzealous *Rocky*ites sneaked into the balcony and dumped buckets of water on a group of lit-up Eddies-in-black-leather whooping it up below. You can spot the old-timers; they turn up their noses at the "Trivia Quiz" that's distributed outside, preferring instead to sing along with their hero: "Why don't you stay for the night . . . and maybe a bite/I could show you my favorite obsession/I've been making a man with blond hair and a tan/And he's good for relieving the tension."

It's infectious, it's high camp, it's sophomoric moral standards colliding head-on with a streak of divine decadence. Tim Curry calls it "an updated version of *Singing in the Rain* as seen through a Quaalude." But he's tired of it already. And now he's back, this time as himself, with a microphone and an album, *Read My Lips*, from A&M Records.

Strutting onstage at the Roxy in Los Angeles, Curry sports a blazer, white shirt and flannels. Very short hair, sort of overgrown schoolboy. He straddles the microphone, teasing his very young—and largely female—audience. Takes off his tie and wraps it round his waist like a belt, twisting and twirling the ends, oh so physically. Two girls scream, "Show us your legs! We want your body!"

Invitation to "Read My Lips"

MARK HANAUER

This is a guy who hooks the ladies, then turns right around and sings a gay song. (Is he? Isn't he? Who cares?) And those lyrics: "I'm so fucking lonely," repeated over and over and over. "I love the song. One of the reasons we kept repeating the phrase is that it's a continual reminder that the remark is really very ordinary. The more we actually get on with it and say it, the less we have to bother about anyone gasping. It's like my first acting job in the musical *Hair*. That was the first time anyone was allowed to say *fuck* on the stage in England, and the character comes up and says, 'Fuck, fucky, fucky, fuck, fuck.' You've got to exorcise it in some way, so you might as well O.D. on it."

Becoming a rock star is only one of Curry's current options. He is also intent on showing the world that he is a serious actor. He recently starred as the bard himself in *The Life of Shakespeare*, a six-hour mini-series filmed for ABC. It aired in Britain but has yet to be seen in the U. S. Rumor has it that ABC now finds it too violent. And too sexy. "We had to have barmaids wear lace up to their necks! Can you imagine? And then you look at *Charlie's Angels* and you think, 'What the fuck are they talking about?' " He admits it's not a scholarly study—"more like a rowdy paperback, actually."

Whatever he may do in the future, Tim Curry is sure to resist pigeonholing, just as he's still resisting Hollywood. "It's always exciting to come to California and see people driving and wearing their money, but it scares me; it's a trap. It is, like everything else, both good *and* evil." Which is a dichotomy that continues to fascinate Curry. "I absolutely *do* see myself as a moralist. I'm fascinated by people who don't compromise, and I'm beginning to try that myself. It's wonderful to project . . . well, not necessarily *evil*, but I would like to be a little subversive."

—SUE RUSSELL

Ciao Luigi!!
LUIGI!!!
Luigi Caro!..
Addio Luigi!
ARRIVEDERCI, LUIGI!!
LUIGI, AMORE!..
AUGURI, LUIGI!!
CIAO LUIGI, BELLO!!
FREAK Show
TONIGHT:
LUIGI

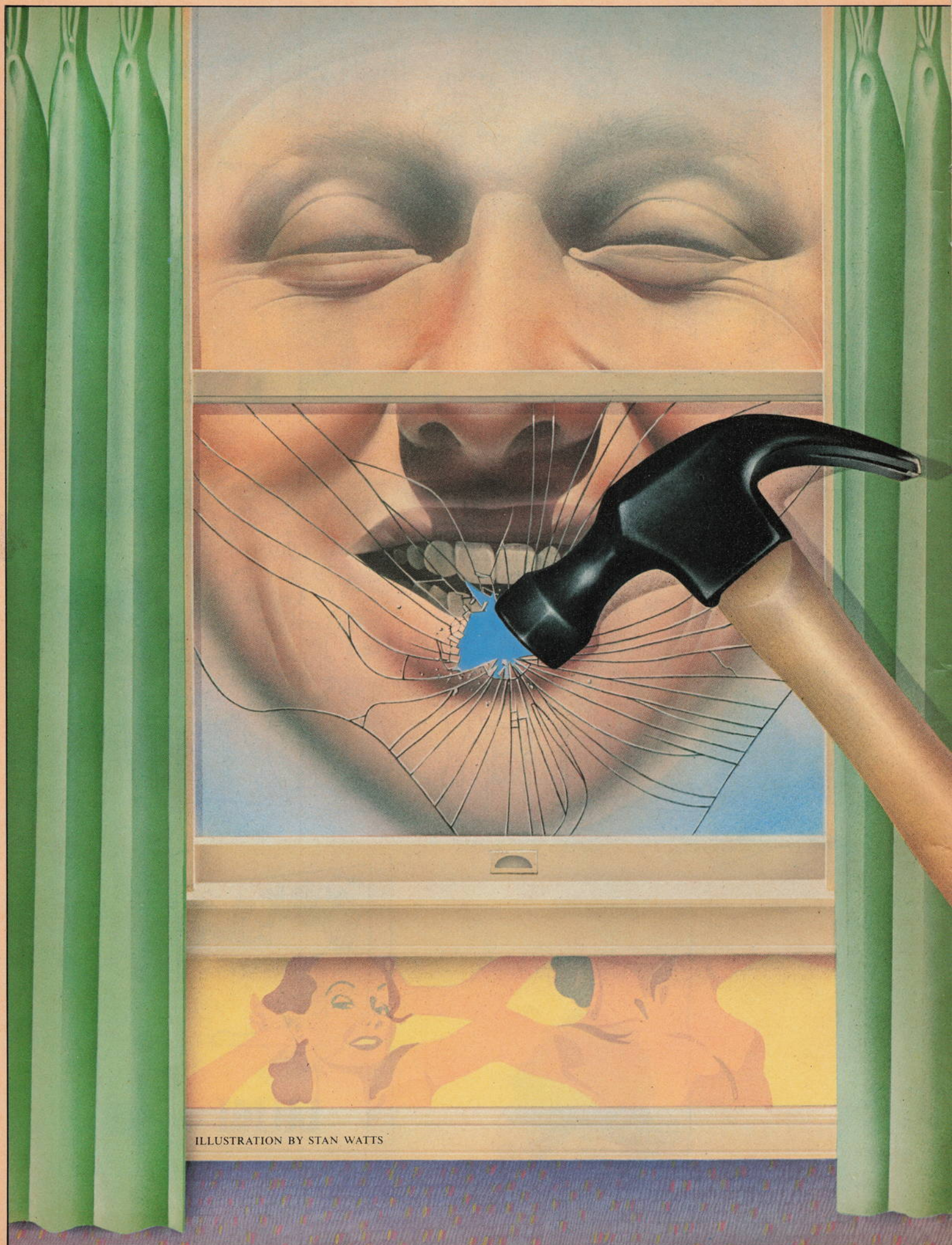


ILLUSTRATION BY STAN WATTS

GETTING EVEN

SHE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE HIM FOR ANOTHER MAN. BAD MOVE.

FICTION BY LAURENCE GONZALES

Standing in the elevator, watching the man next to him watch the numbers light up in sequence above the sliding elevator doors, Butch was suddenly gripped by the absolute conviction that it was *him*. That this stranger in the elevator—whom Butch had never seen before—was the man who had been getting to Elaine. That he and this man—neither realizing who the other was—would get off at the tenth floor, brushing shoulders as they left the elevator cab, and walk straight to Elaine's door, each face turning up from the doorknob to register surprise that the other seemed to have made some mistake in going to the wrong door . . .

And then what? Butch thought when the man got off at the sixth floor (obviously, a case of mistaken identity/hunch/freakout). *What if that did happen? Would we engage in mortal combat? Would we say, "Oh, hello. So you're the one who's been diddling my girlfriend" (or is it your girlfriend I'm diddling?) and then go inside and have a cup of tea?*

Butch opened the door to Elaine's apartment. A shaft of sunlight pointed out the chair in the otherwise shadowed room. The air in the room was dead, choking. *I can smell him*, Butch thought. And then, *No—she wouldn't, not here. He must be big—nine feet tall, anyway. Older than I am, better-looking, brilliant. Witty. I am good. He must be better. She wouldn't, the two-bit . . .*

He put on a record. The sound soothed him, screaming out of the big, expensive speakers. *Rape, murder, it's just a shout away, it's just a shout away. Rape, murder, it's just a kiss away, it's just a kiss away. It's a quarter to four and she gets out of work at four, which means she should get home at*

GETTING EVEN About three that morning, standing in Elaine's bathroom, Butch discovered an interesting thing: You can't tear your own hair out.

four-fifteen, or, if she stops at the store on her way, it might be a quarter to five, but then again—stop it! That way lay madness, he knew; yet he couldn't help thinking about it.

At six (at least an hour late) the phone rang. He never answered Elaine's phone but (still listening: *Raaaape, murder, it's just a kiss away!*) he decided she might be trying to reach him, might *need* him.

"Hello."

"Is Mister Russell there?" A male voice. Hefty.

"Russell? I think you have the wrong number."

"Thank you," the voice said and then rang off.

He started the record over again. There was a bottle of Scotch in the cabinet and at eight o'clock Butch pulled it out and filled a tumbler. At ten the bottle was half-empty and he put the song on again, thinking, *All right,* excuuuse *me—but even though it's your apartment, the pictures on the walls are mine, the pillows on the couch, the fucking electric blanket is mine, the stereo system, the records, half the books . . .*

"Oh, man," he said to himself, pouring the Scotch again and then stopping, thinking, *Fuck it,* then leaving the apartment and walking around looking for Elaine on the street.

It wasn't the first time it had happened. Maggie had put him through the same thing years ago, finally telling him it was time to split. He'd gone. Since then, they'd become "friends." Rather, Maggie had become very friendly with Butch. Now she was married and had kids, while Butch (perhaps even keeping the secret from himself) nursed a tiny, malignant kernel within his black heart—all the while smiling at Maggie during those regular dinners or lunches, taking in her "friendliness." Future ammunition in the free-fire zones of love, he allowed.

Man, Butch thought, *this is really as low as you can go . . . walking around the city at midnight, looking for one woman who obviously is not wandering at midnight, who is obviously either one goner (raped, murdered, kissed away) or simply off with the man she mentioned. Mentioned, my rosy red ass.*

"What is it?" he had asked when Elaine had called him away from work weeks ago, saying it was important. "What is it?" was all he could think of to say, wondering, *Is she pregnant? Am I?*

"Are you sick?" he had asked, thinking, *What am I doing asking these dumb questions? Can't I do better than that?* But she couldn't stop crying at first and it made Butch very nervous, so he kept asking.

Naturally, she finally brought herself down, tentatively at first, for up there in hysterialand she was protected for a few moments from the terrible thing she was about to do, the terrible things she had already done.

In her mind she knew exactly what to say: *Butch* (she would say), *I have done a terrible thing and I don't even care and I hate myself because I don't even care but I am having so much fun doing it that I don't care that I don't care. Butch, I have found another man who is actually better than you are—better-looking, smarter, stronger, better for me, treats me like a lady but doesn't talk down to or look down on me because I am one—a man who is just right. And what I really would like is for you to be glad that I have found someone like that but I know you are going to feel terrible and get pissed off; so the only thing to do is just go away because I don't care for you anymore—or rather, I do but I can't take the responsibility for what I'm doing. I can't live with myself knowing that I've hurt you this way—but this man is soooo good that I know what I'm going to do even if it kills you, Butch . . .*

But she didn't say that. "I'm interested in another man" was all she said, then went right back into her protective cover: crying hysterically. *Bitch, cunt, foul slut,* Butch thought, wandering around the streets. That was all she had given him to go on. "No one you know," she had said in there somewhere.

Oh, Butch had known what he should have said as well: *Well, security on his name had better be pretty goddamned good, because if it's not, you can chalk off that swinging dick as dead meat, sweetheart. And—paradoxically, most importantly—you, Elaine, are the most beautiful person, the most beautiful* animal *I have ever seen on this earth, and I beg you to please not leave me for this man, because I love you more than that something eternally in each of us that wishes for death above all else . . . and my need for you outweighs by just enough my need for catastrophe, so that even though my life may suffer from your comforts and lullings, I know beyond my conviction that the sun will set this very day that I must have you, even if it means you have to wonder about him the rest of your life . . . even if it means that I cut this cocksucker up into small bits and feed him to the sharks that police up the fishermen's bait by the pier on the beach . . .*

But Butch didn't say any of that. "Do you want me to leave?" was all he said. And he could kill himself (or her or anyone) now for not having said more—even though at the time it stopped her crying. And neither one had really said anything, though it had been quite apparent that something had been going on with her—whether it was chronic discouragement or uterine cancer—something had been going on, and Butch knew damned well and now cursed himself, her, him, Maggie, the Lord. The whole fucking planet.

About three that morning, standing in Elaine's bathroom, a tumbler of Scotch balanced precariously on the edge of the washbasin, he discovered an interesting thing: You can't tear your own hair out. Old as the expression is, Butch gave it a real fine try and all he came away with was little strands, though the tears of pain streamed down his cheeks. Never happen, was his conclusion. The body had been constructed in such a way that its most awesome tools—the hands—could not destroy it. You couldn't choke yourself to death. You couldn't knock yourself out with a sucker punch. You couldn't pull your own head off. Maybe, if you were a *real* animal, you could get caught in a bear trap and gnaw your foot off at the ankle, the way wolves did. But that would take a pretty marvelous sensibility.

Three ayem and Elaine still out. Well, he figured, she was either with *him* or raped, murdered, just a kiss away. He straightened up the apartment so that she might not know if he had ever been there, and then he went back to his own place, drunk.

•

About the time Butch had poured the first tumbler of Scotch, Elaine was opening the door to Ivan's house. Ivan was in the living room with his Fender Telecaster guitar, practicing along with a recording of his own that was to be released very soon. Because of the music, Ivan didn't hear Elaine come in, and she sneaked up behind him and planted a kiss on the top of his head. He spun around and they grinned at each other. He said nothing, putting down his guitar and taking her in his arms.

"I tried to call you," Ivan said. He let her go and put his guitar away.

"You can keep practicing," she said. She was thin, perhaps too thin at the waist, though her legs and hips were impeccable and her face carried a disruptive beauty that could stop a conversation when she entered a room, or grip you in the guts and shake you until you couldn't sleep at night.

"I would rather play with you," Ivan said, and they hugged again. Ivan was slick. Oh, he was slick. He was going to be a star. "I spoke to Butch," he said with disdain.

"You *didn't*," she gasped, letting him go.

Ivan nodded with a self-satisfied smile.

(Continued on page 131)

Gonzales, who glorified the CIA in OUI *last month, has written the Great American Rock-'n'-Roll Novel, soon to be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.*

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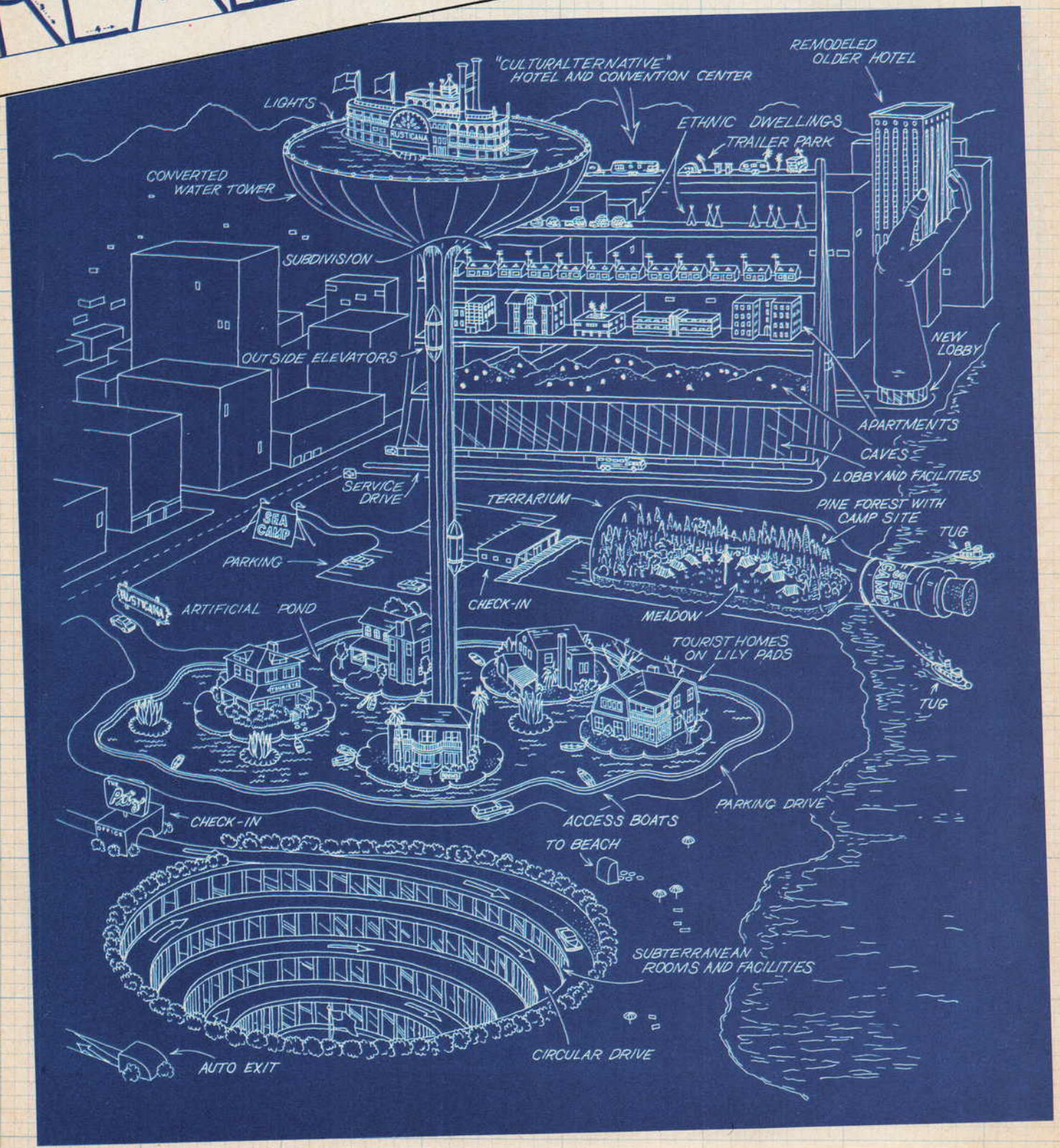

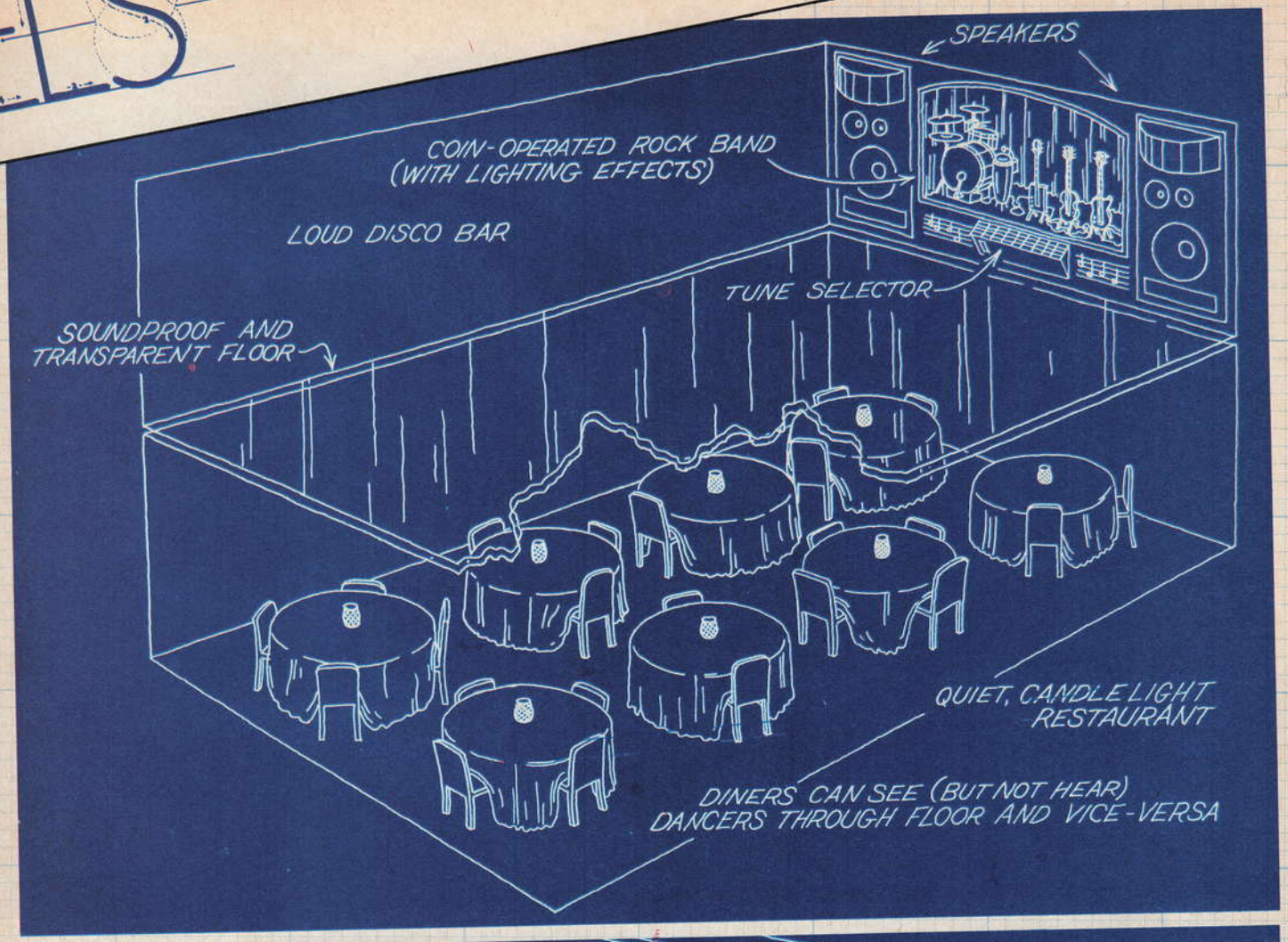
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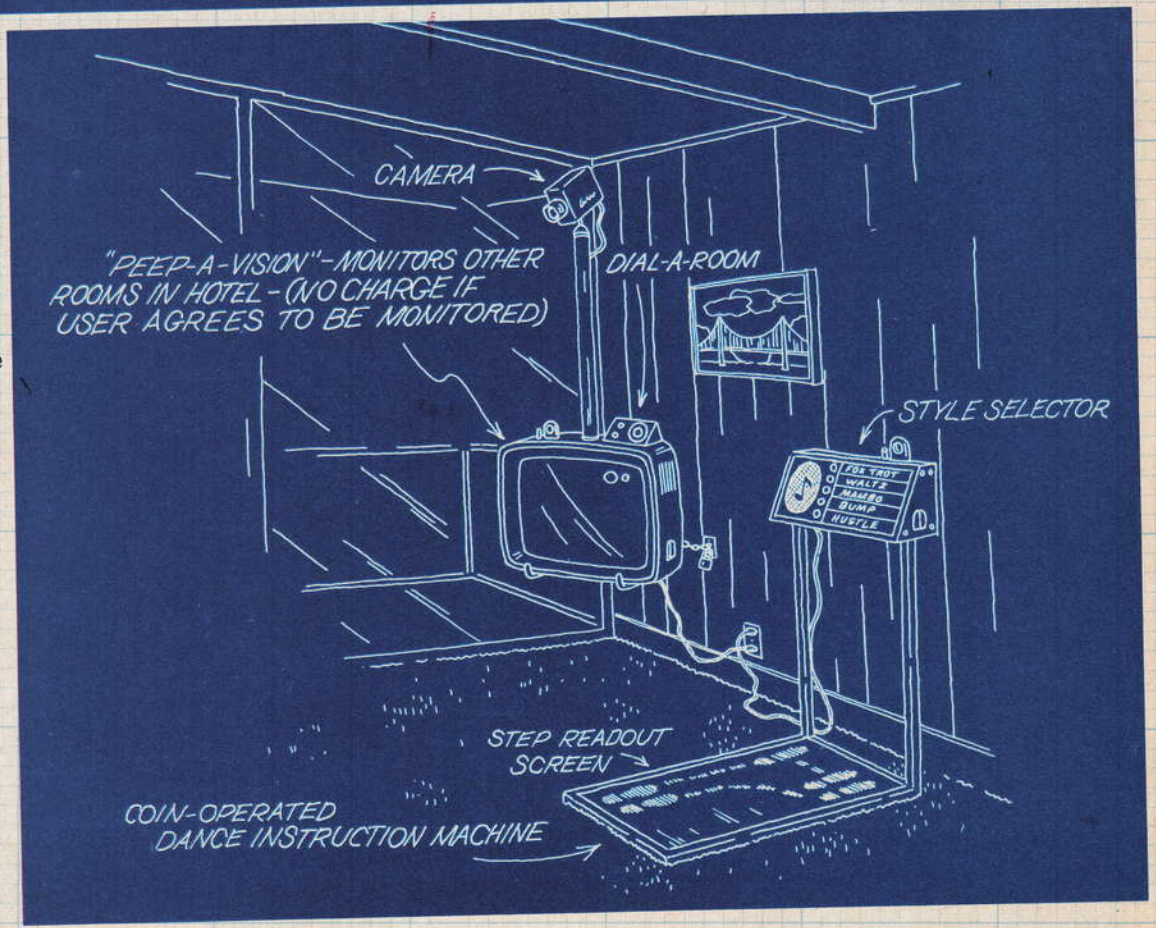
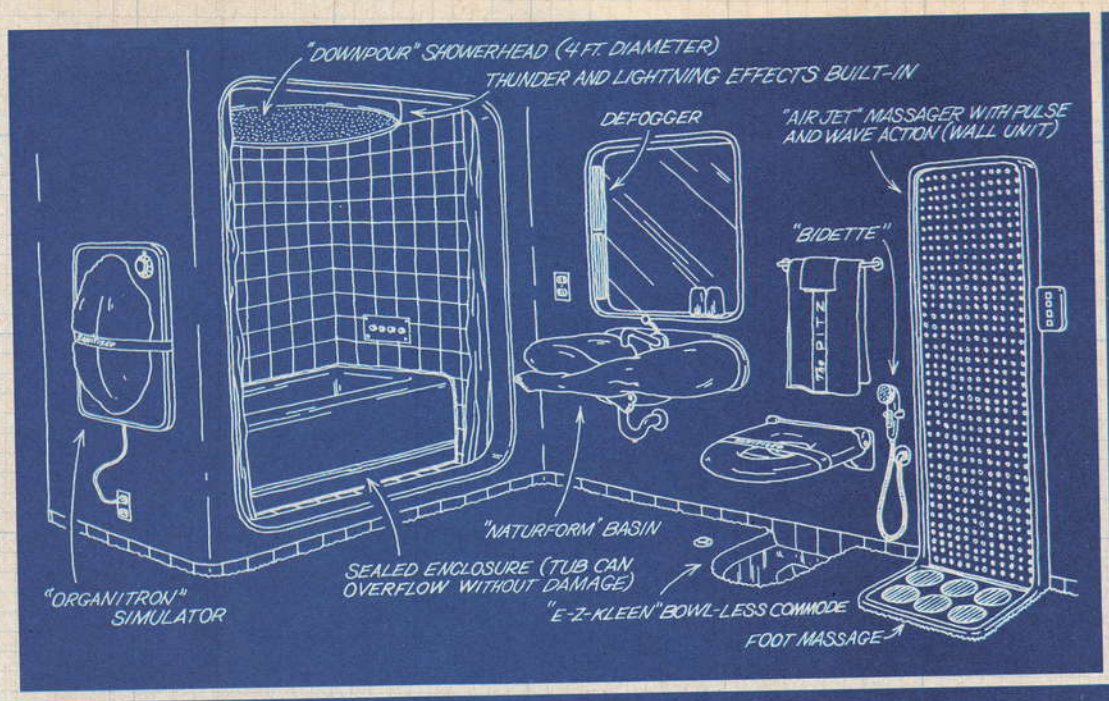
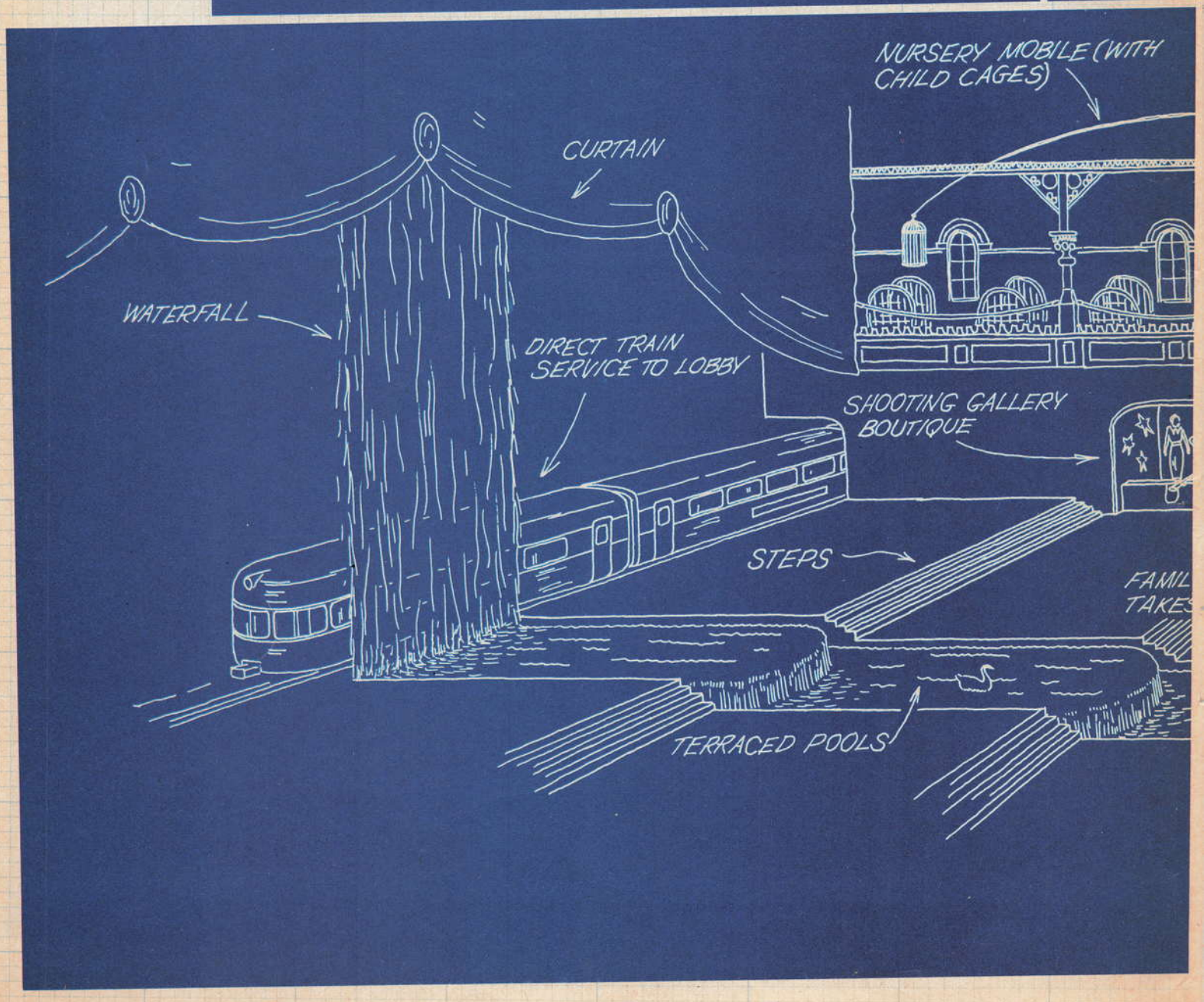
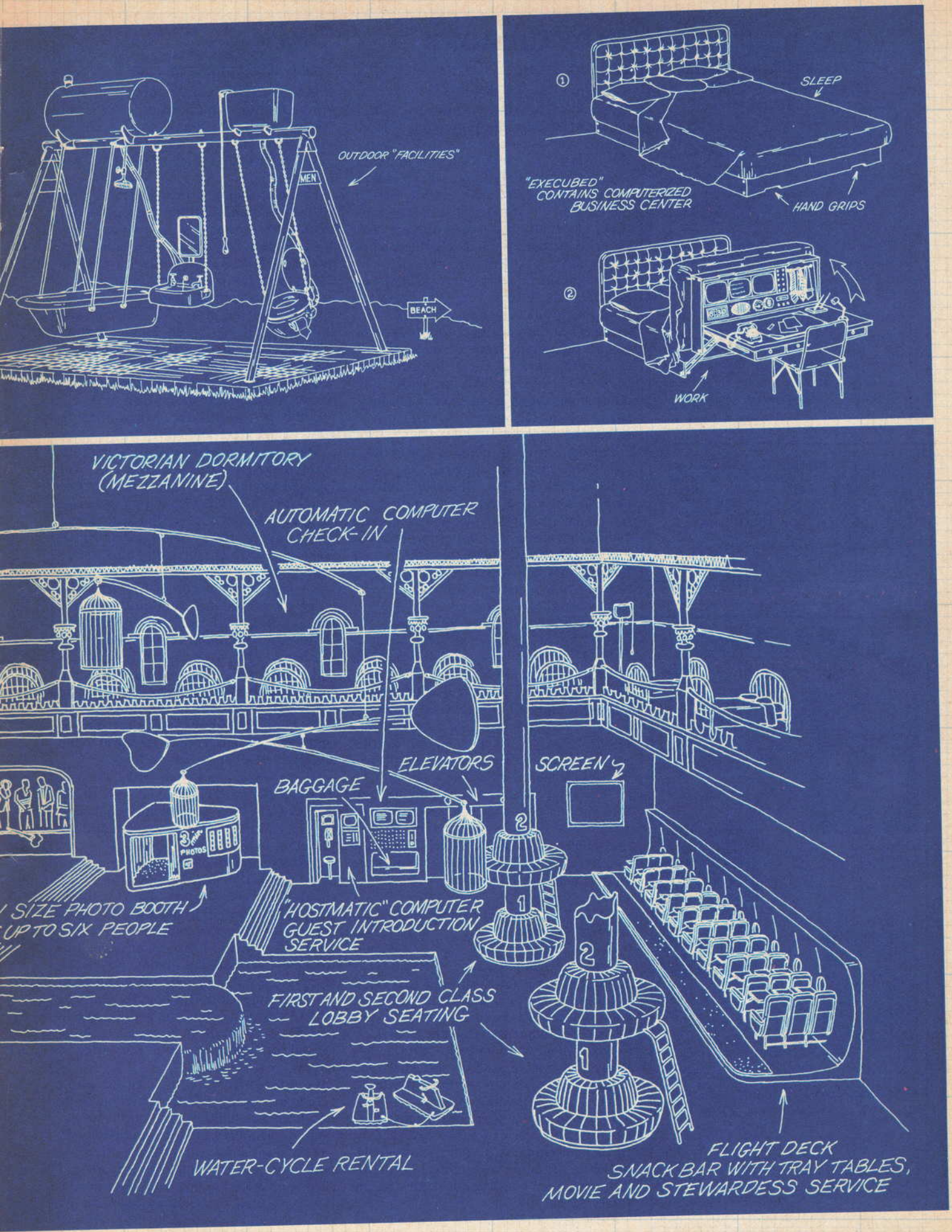
America's innkeepers think that all they have to do is slip a piece of paper over the toilet seat and we'll be satisfied. But if they really had our best interests at heart, they'd pick up on some of the ideas here. They'd make their exteriors more imaginative. Put closed-circuit TVs in the rooms so we could scope out the other guests. Devise a way to let us look up the dresses of the disco dancers in their restaurant/bars.



And if they really gave two toots about us guests, they'd get a little more innovative with their johns. They'd provide more services for the traveling executive. They'd place their hotels right on major transportation lines. And they'd find a way to handle loud, screaming children in their lobbies. The nation's innkeepers could do all this. But it will take time. Until then, keep stealing the towels. □



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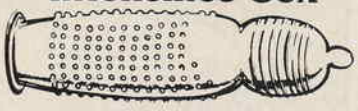

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GARY GILMORE

(Continued from page 59)

him hours before the execution, is holding out for big dollars. She retrieved his blood-stained clothes—a sleeveless black sweatshirt, white pants, and red, white and blue tennis shoes—after Gilmore was cremated.

One promoter offered her $15,000 for the clothes, or $5000 just to photograph them. Instead, she washed them and dropped them into a large safe-deposit box at the Bank of American Fork.

"I'm the only one who never signed with Schiller," she boasts, "and I'm writing a book *too*." Toni wears a silver St. Michael's medal Gilmore gave her, and claims she has devastating information about the execution that will appear in her book, *Towards a Better Way*. "No one knows how many holes are in those clothes but me," she says, "and the answer will surprise a lot of people."

Gurney says her book is half-written (coauthored by a Washington, D.C., free-lance writer) and that Schiller has offered her $10,000 not to talk about Gilmore's last night in prison. Schiller denies this and claims that there are no money promises, just a verbal agreement that Toni won't publish her book before Schiller gets Mailer's out. In return, Mailer may write the foreword to Toni's book.

Behind the La-Z-Boy recliner in the living room of her three-bedroom house in Lehi, Utah, Toni has amassed a small Gilmore library. There are a half-dozen cardboard boxes crammed with letters, clippings and Gilmore photos. A recent addition was a poem sent to Toni by Bessie Gilmore, Gary's mother, who lives in Milwaukee, Oregon. "He died with dignity; he died like a man," she wrote.

"Gary Gilmore changed my life and tore this family apart," Toni says. "And we were all dumb about the money. Brenda and Johnny signed away their rights for two hundred fifty dollars each. I think we were ripped off. Hopefully, the book will make something."

So far, Toni has yet to find a publisher willing to buy it.

Dennis Boaz, a sometimes California attorney who handled arbitration cases for Amalgamated Transit Union Local 1468 in Salt Lake City, is another Gilmore author without a publisher. Boaz is one of recent history's great naive characters. At first, he looked like a man who had taken one too many acid trips, but on second glance, he seemed like only an innocent abroad, even when he was at home.

His relationship with Gary Gilmore began when he decided to try his hand at freelance writing. A devout numerologist, he wrote Gilmore, informing him of his ultimate cosmicness, and requested an interview.

Boaz got it. Within 48 hours he was representing the condemned man and writing in a small black-leather diary. For a brief moment, Dennis Boaz was the access man. He was besieged by reporters and by a host of promoters looking to buy his diary.

The deal sounded great. Besides, Boaz was way behind in his bar dues. But poor Dennis Boaz never saw any money. Perhaps the most convincing offer came from producer David Susskind. In return for the television rights to the Gary Gilmore story, Susskind was going to pay Gilmore/Boaz 5 percent of the gross—$20,000 immediately and $15,000 when filming began. Susskind was also going to pay Boaz a one-time fee of $10,000 to be a technical consultant. In addition, Susskind was prepared to duplicate the offer, less the $10,000 consultant fee, when foreign movie rights were sold.

Then came one of journalism's brightest moments. After Gilmore's unsuccessful suicide attempt with Nicole, Boaz agreed to talk to ABC's Geraldo Rivera, who was staying at the Salt Lake Hilton. Boaz had come directly from the hospital, where Gary was still unconscious and under heavy security.

He walked into the room and smoked a joint, then another. Suddenly his eyes glazed over as he began smoking a third.

"It's a revelation, a true revelation," he sputtered. "Hey, what day is this, what day is this?" he asked. He was told it was the 16th of November. "Sixteen, sixteen," he mumbled. "That's a heavy number. It's symbolic of the Tower in tarot. It means truth. Yes . . . and it all makes sense to me now. This has been a day of truth."

Rivera was going to help him. "Dennis, do you really want Gary to die?" He shook his head no. "Are you saying you'll fight for Gary to live?" Rivera suggested. Boaz started to cry.

"In this moment of understanding, I just can't see his death," Boaz said. "I've changed my position. At first, I was supporting Gary's right to make a decision to die. If his execution had been stayed he would have obviously done a life term. But who was I to say that a lifetime was better in a place like that, rather than going on to the next dimension. But now," he said, "I believe that if he could be with Nicole in prison . . . even if they could both be locked up together, he'd live and be happy."

Geraldo offered him another joint. "Dennis, I want you to go on national television and tell the world of this revelation." Boaz took a long drag and agreed.

That semistoned decision sealed his fate. Within a few hours of his teary disclosure on ABC's *Good Morning America*, Boaz was fired by Gilmore (who was by then conscious and watching the program).

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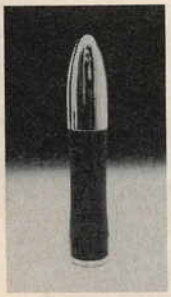

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GARY GILMORE

the Susskind deal fell through, and Boaz found himself the subject of a bar-association investigation in California.

(Strangely enough, Geraldo Rivera had helped his network far more than he realized. With Boaz and Susskind out, Uncle Vern was appointed Gilmore's agent, and he brought along a friend—Larry Schiller. Schiller held in his hands a check from ABC, representing option money on the project. There was $53,000 for Gilmore, $40,000 for the families of Gilmore's two victims and $25,000 for Nicole.)

Ultimately, Boaz was given a public reprimand by the California Bar for revealing a client's secret (Boaz had told this reporter that Gilmore wanted him to purchase a large number of Seconal capsules) and for using his position as an attorney to write a commercial book.

And he still has the little black diary. "I have the real book," the 40-year-old Boaz argues, "and Gary was like a lotus blossom unfolding to me. But I knew I wouldn't get the writing deal—Gilmore was too hot."

Bob Moody and Ron Stanger, Gilmore's last attorneys, still visit the Utah State Prison on other client business. Moody is also angry about money. There's just the slightest hint that they haven't been paid. "Nobody's happy with Schiller," says Moody. "He stalls, wiggles and weasels around. And to think," he says, "that we were advised by him that people in his trade were not honest."

At this point, Moody is not looking for a fight, just anticipating one. "No one will make a move until Norman's book comes out. Then," he vows, "we'll go in concert with the Jensens and the Bushnells to make sure we get what we were promised."

On death row, things continue in a state of animated suspension. After the U. S. Supreme Court refused to hear their appeal, Gilmore's condemned blockmates, Dale Pierre and William Andrews, have been sentenced to die. Their lawyers have filed yet another appeal, questioning the state's death penalty—a punishment that still resists official definition and, for the time being, further application.

But every so often, one of the old-timers will remember the November 19, 1915, execution of Joe Hill. Before his death he told friends that when he died, he wanted his ashes scattered over the earth. "But not here," he warned them. "I wouldn't want to be caught dead in Utah."

Indeed, it may be a while before the locusts return to the Beehive State. "Right now," says new prison warden Larry Morris, "we're at least two years away from having to deal with another Gilmore situation. And besides, nobody here is volunteering to follow Gary." Perhaps it's because there just isn't enough money in it. □

WILLIAM GAINES When you're wealthy you have "fuck-you money." If suddenly something bad befalls me, I can say, "Fuck you!" and retire and live on my acquired wealth.

(Continued from page 76)

GAINES: He would never tell me. After six years of saying almost nothing—you know how the Freudians are—he said he thought it was time to terminate the relationship. I said, "Are you throwing me out as cured, or hopeless?" He said, "What do you think?"

OUI: Are you surprised that *MAD* is still around after all these years?

GAINES: I'm not surprised now. When *MAD* lasted five years, I was surprised. By the time it had lasted ten years, I had accepted it. Now, if there were suddenly no *MAD*, I would be surprised. In the comic-book industry, comics come and go so rapidly, with only a few exceptions, and I certainly never had a title that lasted more than four or five years, so *MAD* was a new experience. But, as I say, by ten years, I figured it really was there.

OUI: What's your response to people who say *MAD* is a piece of trash?

GAINES: Well, if I'm talking to them, I agree. It's easier to agree with them and get a laugh than get involved in a hassle. Secretly, I disagree. *MAD* isn't a piece of trash. People who think that it is are usually people who did not grow up with comic magazines and just don't understand how to read one. Others find the sexual overtones that some articles have—mild as they are—objectionable. But then there are people who say that *Screw* magazine is a piece of trash, and I don't think it's a piece of trash. There's something good, something funny, in every issue.

OUI: As many people have pointed out, *MAD* and *Playboy* are the two magazines that have scored huge successes since World War Two. Both broke all the rules and clicked immediately. Do you read *Playboy*?

GAINES: I don't read it much anymore. I'm so damn busy; I practically read no magazines at all, except for magazines about food and wine. But I remember with great fondness the early *Playboy*: It was dirty and raunchy and great!

OUI: Briefly, how has publishing *MAD* changed your life?

GAINES: Well, it's made me very wealthy, and being wealthy I can live pretty much the way I want to. When you're wealthy you have "fuck-you money." Now, I don't mean "fuck-you money" in an aggressive sense; I mean it in a defensive sense. If suddenly something bad befalls me, I can say, "Fuck you!" and retire and live on my acquired wealth. Most of us can't, and I've been very fortunate to be able to do that. So in that sense it's colored my whole life. I can run the magazine the way I want to; I don't have to worry about anything.

OUI: When *MAD* was bought by Warner Communications, didn't you become the highest-paid publisher in the world?

GAINES: Come on! There are still a lot of guys around like Henry Luce, making five hundred thousand to eight hundred thousand dollars a year. You might have read that Feldstein is the highest-paid editor.

OUI: Is he?

GAINES: Yes . . . that would be my best sincere guess.

OUI: How much does he make?

GAINES: I'm not telling.

OUI: Is it under $100,000?

GAINES: Oh, my God, no.

OUI: Do you have any words of advice for the OUI readers?

GAINES: You know, I have three children of my own, and I can't even think of any words of advice for them. It's a tough world that the kids are growing up in, and I desperately wish I did have some words of advice. In the old days you'd tell people to work hard and be honest, but I don't think that will get them anywhere anymore.

OUI: What about "What, me worry?"

GAINES: Oh, you really can't use that as a life's philosophy. We just do that for fun. There's got to be more to it than that. □

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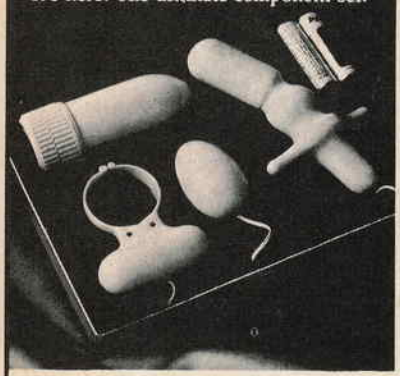

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LITTLE HORNY WOMEN If only to write about it, women like Erica Jong and Jill Robinson have collected at least one lesbian experience in real life.

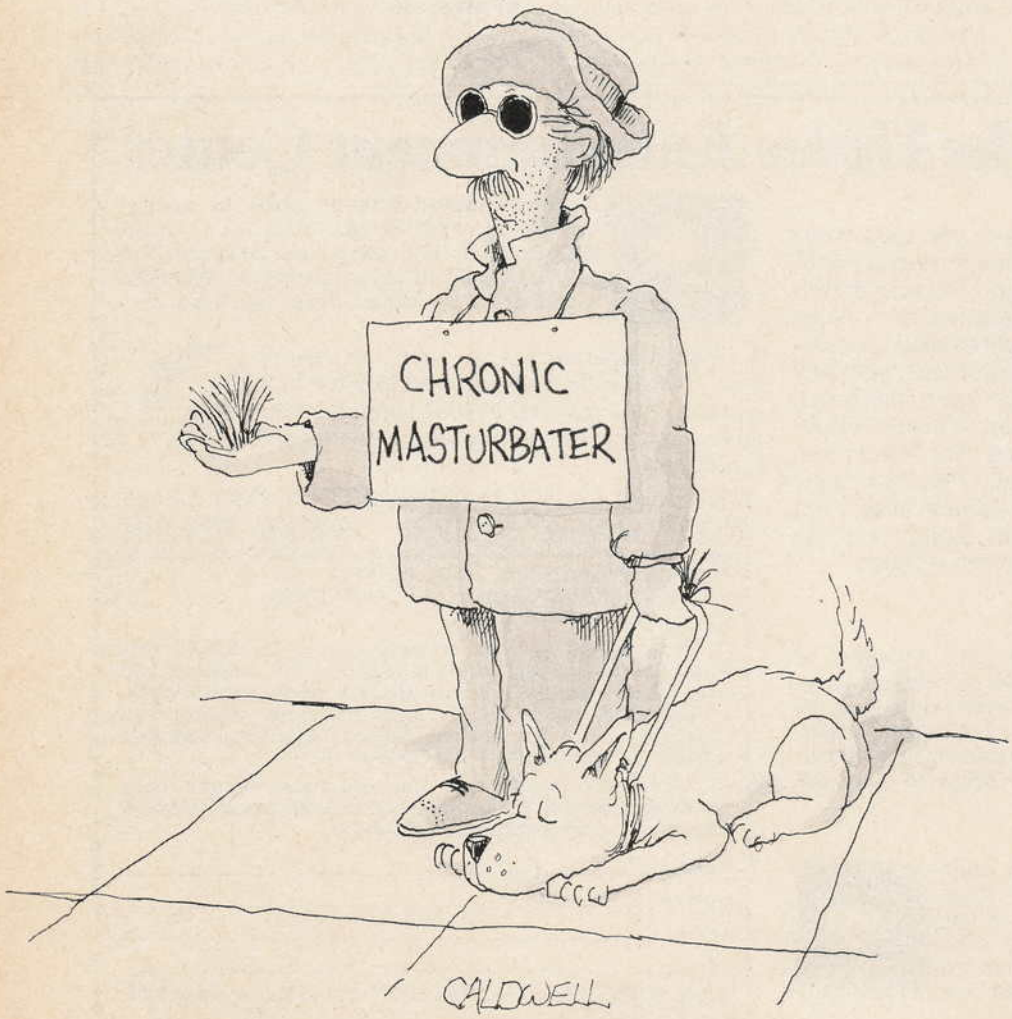
(Continued from page 54)

open to women writing about sex today: Like genes, certain erotic skills seem to have been passed down, so that, at their best, this decade's crop of women writers turn out some very steamy stuff that relies more on rhythm, tension and the pacing of a scene than on sex words. The best of these passages contain a clear message to men who are wondering how to get a woman off. Jill Robinson, from *Perdido*:

> . . . I smell the sweet, heavy scent of his hair and he lifts his face up to mine and grabs my hair pulling my head down and his mouth is softer, wetter than I thought it would be and with our mouths still closed he darts his tongue side to side fast across my lips, and doing it firmer . . . yet he puts his hands on my breasts and draws them up till his fingers are turning my nipples right through my bra and I feel all the feelings I've felt by myself, but more . . .
>
> "Now," he says, "I'm going to do you. But if you move I'll stop. I want to get you crazy. I'm going to start you and stop you and start you and stop you and when you can't stand it I'll stop you and start again. . . ." And he kneels between my legs and starts at me with his hands. He knows he knows. I knew he had to know. And every time I writhe he takes his hands away and pins down my hips with them and starts again . . .
>
> And then when I'm limp and the sweat's coming down in ribbons around my face and pouring into my hair and my back is arching and I'm thrusting down on his hands and lifting my legs, curving them around his shoulders, he puts his jaw down to me and does what he did with my mouth with his tongue and it's like fiddles just shimmering off in my head and everything is going down deeper, harder, down to a dirty chord that will not quit and this is sex, this is it, this is what the shouting and the crying and the wailing and the rhythm and the jazz and all of that's about and he feels the feeling coming down right down there, grouping up and he presses his face down, with the mouth, such a mouth he's got, and his hands go in for the finish which goes off like the brass section's all standing up and he's done me, done me . . .

Men are not women's only sexual concern these days; other women figure in strongly. If only to write about it, women like Jong and Robinson have collected at least one lesbian experience in real life. The rest find it very easy to imagine; they reflect the same intense curiosity about their own sex felt by many open-thinking women today, and also the current societal pressure to have a lesbian affair, if just for the sake of experience. Everyone, it seems, is wondering how to go about it, and there are as many angles on it as there are on cocksucking. Leave it to Jong to find the humor in lesbian sex; Isadora Wing's scene with the skinny, rich Rosanna Howard in *How to Save Your Own Life* is as much a parody as it is an honest reflection (and solace to men) of how things are:

> . . . I put my best tongue forward and took the plunge. *You'll get used to the smell*, I told myself. I said to myself, *Self, you smell the same*; but it was not much use. Rosanna took forever to come, and my nose felt like it had spent its entire life in there. I was nibbling her clit as she had done for me, sliding two fingers in and out, trying not to think of the smell, the hairs getting stuck between my teeth, and the fact that my wrist was getting tired from moving back and forth, forth and back. How long had it been? An hour? Two? I began to sympathize with Bennett's not wanting to go down on me; I began to understand what it meant to be a man, fumbling around—is *this* the right place or *that*?—getting no guidance from one's subject . . . and wondering, wondering if she is going to come now, or now, or *now*—or *has* she already, or *will* she next summer, or *what*? Help! . . .



Several years ago Jill Robinson was involved in a three-way between herself, her then-husband and his ex-wife. "Even as I was experiencing it," Robinson says now, "I knew I was going to write about it." She did, in *Bed/Time/Story*. The following passage, describing the other woman's cunt, reveals the frequent fascination women have for another woman's body. Does it smell, look, taste like mine? Are the lips bigger, smaller? Is the hair more, less?

> . . . The expression of her private face here was just as tantalizing and assertive as her public face. Her construction seemed more polished than mine. Richer, purer lines. Modern sculpture—sort of rose burgundy finish. Three dozen coats of deep color. A long crest streaked down the center with the majesty of medal, a bas-relief obelisk . . . No wonder Cock Robin responded so cheerfully to this joy ride in this gorgeous imported machine . . .

Just as women writers have gone so far but no farther in exploring their darker fantasies, most have yet to delineate the female potential for sexual violence and dominance. There is only one writer on the contemporary fiction scene who has offered such a vision—Lois Gould. In her weird, obsessive, fantastical novel, *A Sea Change*, Gould anchors the action around

a raging hurricane on an isolated island. As the hurricane builds and finally explodes, so does her character Jessie transform herself physically, emotionally, spiritually from a beautiful blonde model into a black male rapist, who either did or did not once rape Jessie with his gun.

The novel, if it can be called a novel, is an interesting venture into a peculiar and extreme kind of female hostility towards men, and it contains some powerfully erotic lesbian scenes, which stress the potential violence inherent in such encounters rather than the gentle quality that most other women writers convey. In one scene, Jessie's friend and lover Kate forces Jessie to let her make love to Jessie's heretofore forbidden breasts:

> . . . Kate lunged in and in one quick motion tore the towel away and pinned Jessie's arms behind her back. Jessie fought her silently, fought the rising warmth of her own body. Kate knew her skin and would use it against her, was already using it . . . She grew slippery with heat, but still Kate tightened her grip, forcing her back and down against the cold tile. Kate's body pressed against her, crushing her, their faces blurring. Then Kate lowered her head slowly and took Jessie's breast in her mouth. God, she sobbed, oh God, Jessie, I love you so . . .
>
> Kate's mouth was still on her breast, Kate's tongue, Kate's teeth, Kate's tears. Say you love me doing this to you, she murmured. Say you wanted me to take your breasts in my hands and put them in my mouth. Say it . . .

It's a violent scene—sexually violent, stoked with an angry power. You might expect Gould herself to be mean, physically strong, maybe even dyke-ish. Actually, she is small, dark, soft-voiced, shy and married to a well-known New York psychiatrist. She says she wrote *A Sea Change* because of her "intensity of longing to explore another kind of existence, to get in touch with primal feelings and then go beyond. Writing that book was an incredibly erotic experience—a total surrender of control, as when sex, at its best, is most frightening. For me it was a primal release; I felt I'd gone way beyond any place I'd gone before, and I question whether I'd ever want to go back."

•

When you write about sex under your own name and you're a woman, you've got to expect some flack. It'll be a while before people casually accept women writing about sex as they long ago accepted men. Of course, the book-publishing industry knows very well the PR possibilities in a sexy book written by a woman. Certainly Erica Jong has made the promotional most out of her novels and seemingly doesn't mind her image as a "sexual guru"; yet she shakes her head when relating a typical letter she received from a male fan: "He went on and on describing the ecstasy of masturbating before a mirror, popper in hand, in all sorts of combinations. And that's what he got out of my books."

And Gael Greene, despite the fact that about 230 pages of her 288-page *Blue Skies* carry a sex scene, wonders why she wasn't taken seriously by the New York literati establishment. She insists that she "wasn't trying to write a sex book. I felt I was misunderstood, that no one saw the humor and irony. I was just trying to show how a woman *feels*," she laments. That from a woman who writes this line: "He's deep into me, tearing right through my throat. I'm gone into blackness, out of my mind again. Nothing is me, only cunt"—and repeats it in different words for some 200-odd pages.

Jill Robinson, on the other hand, is openly exuberant: "I think people don't think I'm a very sexy person," she says with a total lack of pretension. "So I love it when they read my sex scenes, because then they'll think I *am* sexy." Robinson finds it a lot easier to write about sex than to do it; she claims she can't even *say* a sex word unless it's on the radio. "But I think about sex all the time and I get really turned on when I write about it. Being both a voyeur and an exhibitionist, I get both sides."

Like many writers, male and female, Robinson finds that writing *anything* makes her horny—a phenomenon that Tommy (*Blood and Money*) Thompson reportedly called "Typewriter Turn-on." Judith Krantz copes with the TTs by eating or exercising, preferring to wait for her husband to get home instead of masturbating; Gael Greene says she'd wait for her lover "to walk through the door"; Erica Jong admits to masturbating occasionally. Robinson even "devised my own little S/M game: I'd say to myself, 'You're not allowed to masturbate until you've finished that article, chapter, whatever.' And the second I'd finish I would reward myself."

Some have to battle against what Jong terms the "good-girl syndrome"—the historical training undergone by women that talking dirty just isn't nice, isn't proper. Krantz admits she considered telling her two teenage sons that her husband wrote all of *Scruples'* sexy parts, but finally decided "it's healthy for them to know their mother has sexual experience and an erotic imagination."

And some women find that writing it down neutralizes the fantasies. In *Lovers and Tyrants*, Francine du Plessix Gray's character Stephanie, at one point, "wanted to fuck only on the floor, on all fours, exulting in her fantasy of having three or four cocks in her at once . . ." But Gray found that "once I wrote down my fantasies they were greatly lessened. Also, my life has been stabilized by mature work, and success gives me a feeling of power. It's greatly reduced my need for piercing."

Gray is somewhat of an intellectual pu-

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LITTLE HORNY WOMEN

ritan, far more interested in the mind than in the body and preferring the idea of asexual friendship to romantic passion. It all seems very contradictory when you read her sex scenes in *Lovers and Tyrants*, which rank among the most erotic of any written by women. But to Gray, a French-born Catholic who grew up reading the Marquis de Sade in a very liberated household where "no discussion of sex was ever taboo," there is no contradiction at all. On the contrary, she says, sex scenes are easiest of all for her to write, coming out on the first draft when other scenes require four drafts. "I think it's because those drives are not so strong for me in real life that I find it very easy to write them down," she says. Gray's character Stephanie, ever the thinker even when she's fucking, wishes to be entirely free of her sexual needs, even as she acknowledges them: "He thrust at her with ferocity, breathing and grunting like a savage in a tribal dance, while she wondered whether it was woman's fate perpetually to need being pierced, seized, entered, torn . . ."

On the completely opposite end of the literary spectrum from Gray is another puritan of a different stripe: Joyce Haber. Ex-columnist Haber's first novel, *The Users*, is a bestseller in the finest trash tradition, a roman à clef based on her years of Hollywood gossip mongering for the *Los Angeles Times*. Haber doesn't bother trying to be artistic when she's writing a sex scene; it's all throbbing pricks and open cunts, videotaped orgies, gay sex ("My biggest problem," laughs Haber, "was keeping *everyone* from being gay, knowing Hollywood"), Jacuzzi sex, sex with an Oscar instead of a cock, voracious blow-jobs by insatiable superstarlets. In *The Users*, motives don't matter and neither does plot—everybody just fucks everybody else. Where Jacqueline Susann's books were romantic and emotional, albeit sexy, Haber's is raunchy and emotionless.

But poor Haber; she needed help with all those dirty words. She says she relied heavily on Los Angeles shrink Eugene Landy's *The Underground Dictionary* for the swear words, and on her own reporter's knowledge of what goes on in Hollywood for the sex scenes. Being a surprisingly prim, if a bit neurotic, sweet motherly type in high-necked blouses, she rarely swears, doesn't do drugs and would have no idea what to do at an orgy other than observe it. She says she tried to keep the sex "impersonal, like writing a blind-item column," or else she couldn't have written it at all. She never sees porn movies or reads porn books; she was the only one in our sampling who was "disgusted" by *The Story of O*. She was also afraid she'd written "the dirtiest book any woman had written," but was soothed by the thought that she didn't introduce sex till page 60. "It started on page twelve in Susann's *Once Is Not Enough*," Haber says seriously. "That made me feel better."

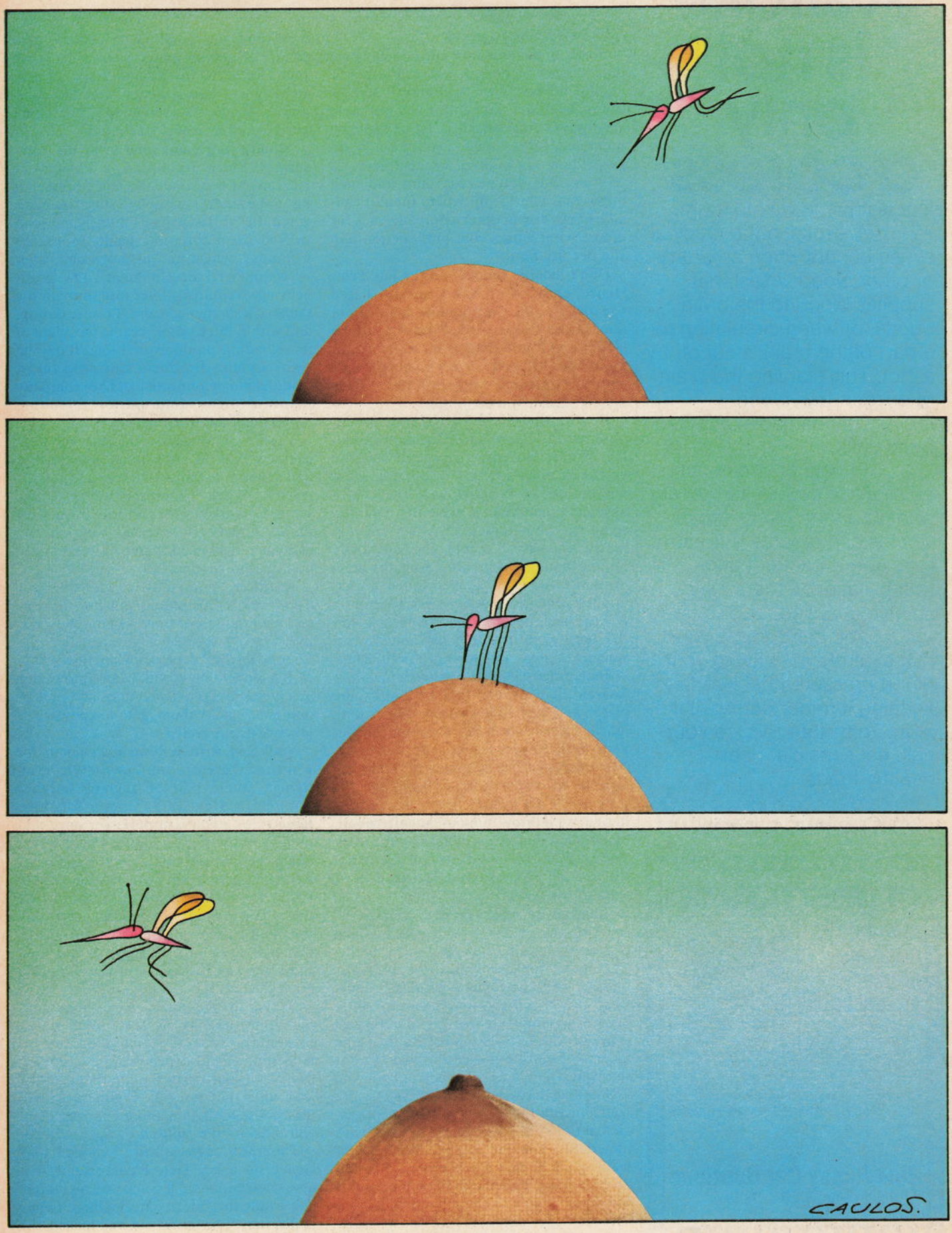
The battle against "our grandmother's ghosts and our great-grandmother's ghosts," which Erica Jong says women have been fighting to get free of in order to write about anger and sexual passion, seems to have been largely won, judging from all the female sex writing going on. And it appears to be only the beginning. Once Jong wrote *Fear of Flying*—revolutionary not just for its straight talk but also for its character Isadora, one of the first contemporary heroines who doesn't suffer for fucking around—she proved that women not only get sex off their chests by writing about it, but reach millions of people and make lots of money as well. So, whether for the sake of art or the sake of bank books, we're bound to see more and more women peeling off the paraffin layers that have always kept female feelings about men and sex sealed away.

For some, like Gael Greene, sex is dealt with on the simplest, most commercial level, the level of the scene: a little cock-sucking here, a little ass-fucking there; how many times can we all come? For Jong, the level is realism: What is sex as it is in real life? For Gray and Gould, sex is a bit more complicated, a jump-off point for philosophy; sex becomes emblematic of other drives.

As for whether women who write about sex are indeed hot and horny and in need of a good fuck, the answer has to be yes—at least on the level of imagination, at least at the moment of writing. Iris Owens: "You have to be hot in order to imaginatively enter a sex scene." Jill Robinson: "The best sex is always prolonged; in writing sex you have to build the tension within yourself to achieve momentum and power within the scene . . ." The hotter the passage, the hotter the writer must be to put it across.

And for some it goes beyond just that moment of writing. When there's not enough fulfillment in life, sexual or otherwise, the imagination tends to work overtime in compensation. The emptier Walter Mitty's life, the more he fantasized. It was actually Erica Jong who affirmed the "hot and horny" idea that she seemed to consider so ridiculous: "I wrote my sexiest poems," she said over lunch, "when my life was most sterile. Unfulfilled sexuality pushes you toward erotic writing."

But we don't want to get too heavy, after all. The explanation for all this sex writing may be as simple as the way Iris Owens sees it, with her usual humor: "There's no point in a high-falutin' discussion of why women write about sex; it's just an excuse to talk dirty." □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(Continued from page 40)

"informational" mentor; she knows where the bodies are buried and can slip you helpful advice. The "godfather" mentor can make things happen for you but there are always strings attached. He can get you promoted, for instance, if you're willing to perpetuate his policies or complete his projects. But double-cross him and he'll break you. The "competitive" mentor usually works for another company in your industry but knows your outfit better than you do; use him.

Don't indulge yourself on the job. Peter Henze, president of San Francisco–based Creative Leisure Corporation, came out of the Marine Corps, worked his way up the ladder and found that, as the chief executive officer, he had to deal with people who had no structured work histories. "They say, 'What can you do for me?' "

Henze, whose company rents condominiums in Mexico and Hawaii for absentee owners, tolerates that but says an employee must have good common sense and the ability to get along. "There is an absolute, tremendous need for common sense in companies today. I've seen too many situations where the upwardly mobile manager is shooting from the hip—pushing button A without any idea of what might happen if somebody pushes button B." In short, he's trying to score fast with the boss without doing his homework—suicidal strategy for the office politician.

Sometimes the office politician feels he's smarter than others, that he knows the power and can slide in late, take a long lunch or a few hits in the afternoon and get away with it because no one notices it. Nonsense, says Henze, and here's where he expects his supervisors to kick ass. "If someone's flagrantly late, boozed or stoned, we'll throw him out that afternoon. Remember, that guy is increasing the work load of every other member of the team. It's unfair." (Thank God Henze doesn't work at OUI Magazine.)

Stand up and fight. Henze insists that the smart and savvy people who advance in an organization are often the most polite. They don't make enemies or intimidate, bully or badger people to get things done. "The lack of courtesy and regard for other people," claims Henze, "is the biggest cause of failure on the job." By the same token, you can't roll over and play dead if someone draws a bead on you or your job.

Should a hard-charger go for your scalp, your office, your secretary or your power, Henze thinks it's wise to try to work with him, defuse him and "keep in mind the old team spirit. If that doesn't work, I would do everything possible to blow him out of the water."

If someone—say, your supervisor—really tries to fuck you over, and you feel confident (and you're willing to risk the possibility of getting fired), go over his head, says Henze, to his boss and say, "Look, we've got a bad situation and the company's got to do something." You don't have to suffer or feel frustrated.

Modify your game plan to fit the company. J. Mace Thompson, a 37-year-old Harvard M.B.A., says the office politician has to be shrewd enough to shift strategies when he shifts jobs. Thompson, who worked for a corporate giant—Monsanto Company, where he was project manager in commercial development (new products, new ventures)—later rose through the ranks of a smaller concern, Leisure Group, and within three years became president of its reloading products division. Today he owns Lyman Products Corporation of Middlefield, Connecticut. The company manufactures ammunition-reloading equipment and firearms.

Thompson suggests you channel your energies into an after-hours activity that looks good to your boss and on your resumé. When Thompson was at Monsanto, he worked with minority businesses in St. Louis. "It reflected well on the company, they liked it and I was certainly no threat to anyone."

Another "inoffensive" outlet for Thompson's frustrations put him in contact with the senior brass—again in a positive way. "I formed a group called the Young Devil's Advocates where the young M.B.A.s could meet with Monsanto senior executives to discuss directions and philosophies—to help them get to know each other constructively."

Walk fast, write it down and clam up for a while. Develop your own style even though you're part of a group, advises Thompson. He says he's never forgotten three rules a Harvard professor once laid on him: *Walk fast* no matter where you're going (people will think you're aggressive, a comer); keep a set of index cards on you, *write down things* you feel should be changed and then gather more facts (don't lip shoot); *never say anything* during the first half hour of any meeting and then summarize and add some of your thoughts (and facts) in the second half hour.

Superglib "presenters" are a good example. At Monsanto, he says, some strong presenters sold the management on launching an "ill-conceived" new venture. "They got short-term support, but over the long term they lost out. Competence will always rise to the top and the incompetent will sink to the bottom.

Thompson agrees with Kennedy and Henze on a key fact: Incompetents will never make it big in a company, no matter how astute they are at office politics. Eventually, they'll be found out and kicked out or pushed aside. □

GETTING EVEN

(Continued from page 116)

"What did you say?" she asked in horror, but Ivan knew she was just waiting, knowing that it must have gone all right if he were smiling that cruel, malicious smile of his.

"I asked if Leon was there," he said.

"You mean Leon Russell?" she asked.

"Is Mister Russell there?" Ivan mocked himself asking the question.

"Oh, no." She covered her mouth with her hand. Then they both laughed at the joke. Their private joke. Leon Russell, indeed. And then a dismayed expression crossed her face and she said, "He was waiting for me to come home from work, Ivan," though she pronounced it *Ee-vaghn*, as he did, European style.

"If you're so worried, why don't you go home to him?" Ivan feigned interest in the record player.

"Now, *don't* do that." She changed her expression and set her hands on her hips deliberately. "You know how I feel."

"Yes," Ivan said petulantly, adding, "and it's getting rather boring."

"Christ," Elaine said, going over to pour herself a sherry. Their conversation went on like this until Ivan took her in his arms, implored that they stop arguing away their precious time together, and took her to bed and nibbled on her until she was howling at the ceiling.

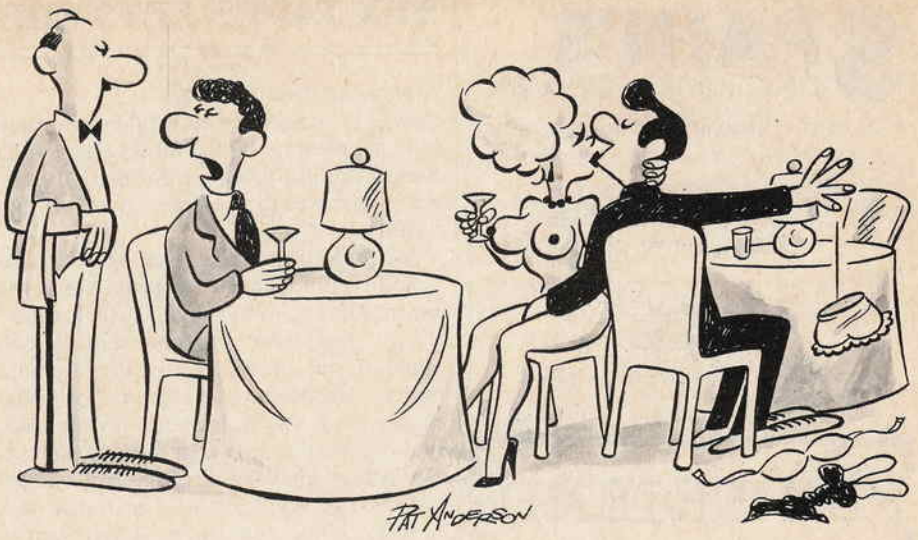
The next morning he was awakened by the sound of her shouting at Butch on the phone. He got into the shower rather than listen to it.

•

Butch had thought of just blowing her away. He had thought of it hard the night before; he had honed for it, lusted after the taste of blood. In the morning he had realized there were more elegant ways to deal with the odious world he was living in, and so pretended that he hadn't even dropped over to her place the previous night, though she knew he had, resulting in an argument on the phone, because she had said he didn't care about her, at which point Butch blew up.

But he calmed himself again, having decided that the only way to handle these things was with a deft, sure, subtle hand—the way a cobra handles such annoyances. First, using the leverage of Elaine's own built-in guilt, he told her to meet him at his place (she naturally had a key) at nine that evening. Then he called Maggie and arranged for her to come to dinner at his place. When she arrived, he had it ready for her: a glass of her favorite wine—dear, dear Chateau Margot 1959—already breathing like a new baby.

"What's the occasion?" Maggie's face lit up when she tasted it. She hadn't been that much of a food connoisseur but she had known her wines.



"Separate checks, please."

"This and that." Butch was noncommittal. He knew that methaqualone was tasteless, even in so delicate a wine as the Margot. It wasn't much, just a few milligrams—not even the big 714, just half a Rorer 712—75 milligrams, to be precise. But Butch knew she had never taken any drugs and that it would be enough. One of their points of departure had been that Maggie was not into anything more kinky than just Missionary Central and, though Butch had tried and tried, knowing there was a weird streak in her somewhere, he could never get her to loosen up. Tonight, she would have no choice.

By the second glass of wine, Maggie was not exactly reeling, but she was ready. The little dose of medicine was hardly noticeable, but it had cut through the layers of propriety, and at dinner she joked and laughed as Butch hadn't seen her do since their first, mad, early days together. He fed her as much Margot as she liked—and she liked Margot. She didn't even notice him rushing dinner. In fact, she didn't notice dinner, though she complimented him with slurred sincerity on its quality.

When he made his move, she was not limp but she certainly was not resisting, dreaming in a Quaalude haze back to those good old days—and they were in the bedroom before she knew what was happening. She had her knees up around her cheeks (just like the old days, no change in style) and was roaring whispers when Elaine walked in.

Butch heard the key cleave to the lock but Maggie was on Mars. She was even letting him eat her, which she never would in the old days. And it was this he was doing when Elaine appeared in the doorway, lit from behind, tentatively calling into the steamy bedroom, "Butch? Who's there?" Then the full hammer-realization of it took her across the back of the skull. Butch heard her purse drop to the floor before he even moved, and then he quickly, in one fluid motion, rolled off the dark bed and Elaine was on top of the naked prey, wrestling Maggie to the floor with a thumping of heads on wood.

Butch was prepared. He stood aside in the dark room, watching the dark shapes struggle—now becoming one shape, the beast with two backs and four fists. He waited, occasionally dodging them as they clawed at each other, until he could see they were close, close enough. His apartment overlooked the entire city and he saw it sparkling out there like a universe of precious stones; so when they finally lined up with the window and he smashed it with the hammer he had placed beneath the bed, it was almost as if he were pushing them into a jewelry store: Go buy something nice, girls. But he was thinking somewhere deep in there where even he refuted it: *Die, cunts.* And they tumbled out into the night wind, end over end in a final embrace as the wind rushed in—and Butch walked back to the closet and replaced the hammer in its tool kit, dressed calmly and dialed the phone.

"Hello, police?"

•

Butch's head was in his hands the entire time they questioned him and his sobbing was convincing. So was his story: Stupid bitches, going after each other (here a breakdown for hysterical crying) like that, so near a window. Yes, he had been screwing both of them for a long time and it was all his fault (more unconsolable hysteria). A police psychiatrist was summoned to give Butch intravenous Valium, but he refused (he was already full of Quaaludes) and went on with his story until they left, saying they might have some follow-up questions but it looked pretty cut and dried to them.

Butch sat in his living room after they had left and drank some Scotch, putting on a record: *Rape, murder. It's just a kiss away.* □

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SEX TAPES LETTERS

(Continued from page 28)

dosages, the mushrooms would come on to both people exactly 30 minutes after eating them. It didn't take long for my lady and me to discover the perfect way to use that half hour.

We'd try to time our lovemaking so that we'd be on the edge of orgasm just as the mushrooms were starting to rush. It didn't always work but, brothers and sisters, when it did, it was really the ultimate climax. Mushrooms are essentially a visual high—they'll start in the back of your head, making you feel as if your mind is expanding. Add to that the physical explosion of orgasm and you have an experience that borders on the unbearable. If you want to try it, just stop in any Florida or southern Georgia cow pasture, take your field guide to fungus and a blanket, and strike out for the woods.

BARRY L.
Tallahassee, Florida

THE MIDDLE EAST POSITION

As a single woman, I often enjoy reading OUI Magazine, and the *Sex Tapes* section is my favorite. I was very interested in the recent discussion of "Ethnic Sex." I am a woman of Arabian origin, and for years I'd desired sex with a Jewish man. It is hard to explain, but the idea had always been there in my fantasy-sex life.

I finally approached a man at work and just told him, right out, that I wanted to fuck a Jew. Was he interested? He was.

We went to a motel after work and that made it even more exciting. We could have gone to my house, which was close, but the motel made everything even more like my fantasy.

The first thing he wanted me to do was strip for him, very slowly, and dance naked. He called me his "Arabian princess," and as I slowly took off my clothes and danced around the room, he would say how beautiful was my "Arabian pussy." Every time he said that, I could feel my vagina getting wetter and wetter.

I danced over to him and undressed him, getting more excited and finally almost ripping his clothes off. I had him sit on the edge of the bed while I knelt and rubbed his cock and balls. He was squeezing my large breasts and pulling at the nipples very hard. As I took his cock in my mouth, he began moaning and saying, "Suck me, Arab girl." Every time he made some reference to my being Arabian, it made me hotter.

Then he came and I sucked harder, drinking his come and squeezing his balls. It was wonderful and he seemed hornier than ever. I told him, "I want your Jewish tongue to lick my Arab pussy," and he pushed me down on the floor and began licking me and sliding his fingers in and out of my vagina. The ethnic references we kept making were very exciting to both of us. We fucked and played until morning.

Since then, we have often sneaked off after work, sometimes bringing surprise costumes, and we always have a wonderful time. I do not know if all Jewish men are like Lenny, but I do know he is wonderful and very gentle and now, for sure, very into fucking Arab women.

E.K.
Albany, New York

I know this is going to sound terribly clichéd and fit right into everybody's image of an Italian man's sex life, but my boyfriend is such a gorgeous hunk of male animal that I have to tell you about him. He loves to suck my breasts, and he eats me like I'm the last taste of anything that he's ever gonna have. I just *love* the way he plays with my clit and licks me all over. He'll do anything for me—and he'll do it anytime I want. Now, I'm not a nympho or anything like that, but I *am* Swedish and I need *a lot* of sexual attention from my man; so, since Tommy's so horny, he's always ready for me. The only thing that bugs me at all is that, true to Italian form, he can't stop yelling "Mama!" when he comes.

TERRIE M.
De Land, Florida

I'm a social worker, and I get involved in the lives of many people who fall into definite ethnic groups. I suppose the biggest surprise I had was when my stereotyped ideas of ethnic sexual habits were proved completely wrong as regards the little-respected Gypsies. I was sent to investigate a band of migrants in southern Oregon a few years ago and met an absolutely stunning Gypsy girl of about 17. Dancing brown eyes, dark olive skin—the works.

Now, most people tend to place Gypsy women right into the whore class, on the basis of their reputation for rowdy living and loose morals. No way! Those girls have a sense of sexual honor not to be matched by any ethnic group. Besides, their fathers and brothers watch them like hawks; one wrong move and you're likely to find yourself *sans* cock—no judge and jury for these guys. But this sweet girl and I did manage to have a few minutes alone. She decided that I looked very adventurous and told me, with a twinkle in her eye, that she wanted to read my palm. Well, she told me that I would have a long life, that I was very virile and would have many women who desired me. When I asked her slyly if she might be one of those women, she laughed, then licked my hand and ran out of the tent. I just sat there, stunned from the sexual electric shock that

"Well, we seem to have cured your impotence, Mr. Brandon. Now . . . how do we break the news to your wife?"

had run through my body. At her age, the fires may have just been starting to burn, but I envy the lucky son of a bitch that has that hungry tigress by the tail today!

THOMAS O.
Portland, Oregon

SPORTING PROPOSITION

It was the night before our conference title game, and Pete—the team's quarterback and my roommate on the road—and I were going to be "good boys," even if we were in the big city. His parents were in town and he took them out to dinner, in between giving some interviews and making an appearance at some black-tie charity function.

I was going to have a few beers, watch TV and go to sleep early. Then came the knock on the door—and I hadn't called room service. I tried to tell the broad we weren't buying any that night, but when she told me Cathy McMasters—one of the most dynamite lays I've ever had—had told her where to find us, I hesitated and looked at the girl more closely. A surfing angel: upturned nose, deep tan, dark blonde hair and a mouth like a Dentyne ad.

By now she had gotten past me into the room and was looking for Pete. She said I didn't have to worry because she wasn't going to bother me anyhow; she was only interested in quarterbacks or an occasional middle linebacker, "since they quarterback the defense." So I shrugged and sat back down in front of the TV, saying it was OK with me if she waited for Pete. She placed her own lovely ass rather primly on a straight-backed chair.

She told me her name was Renee, and after an hour or so she was looking pretty thirsty and readily accepted my offer of a beer. After two hours she began acting nervous because we hadn't heard from Pete—meanwhile, I was about ready to hit the hay.

"I won't be able to sleep with you fidgeting like that," I told her, "so you'll either have to leave or else pretend I'm Pete."

"Well, you do look a little like Pete," she said, "and you *do* block for him. But what if he shows up while we're, uh, you know what?"

"Don't worry about it," I told her. "If Pete finds you in the sack with me, he won't be able to leave you alone. He's a voyeur. Besides, he couldn't stand for me to get something he didn't."

She turned out to be not quite as good a bang as Cathy McMasters, though she had marvelous equipment: full-nippled breasts that were heavier than they had looked through her green print dress, and a perfectly symmetrical pussy with a minimal amount of folded skin, so that her vagina was immediately accessible. She was incredibly juicy—her come dripped along the insides of her thighs and onto my stomach.

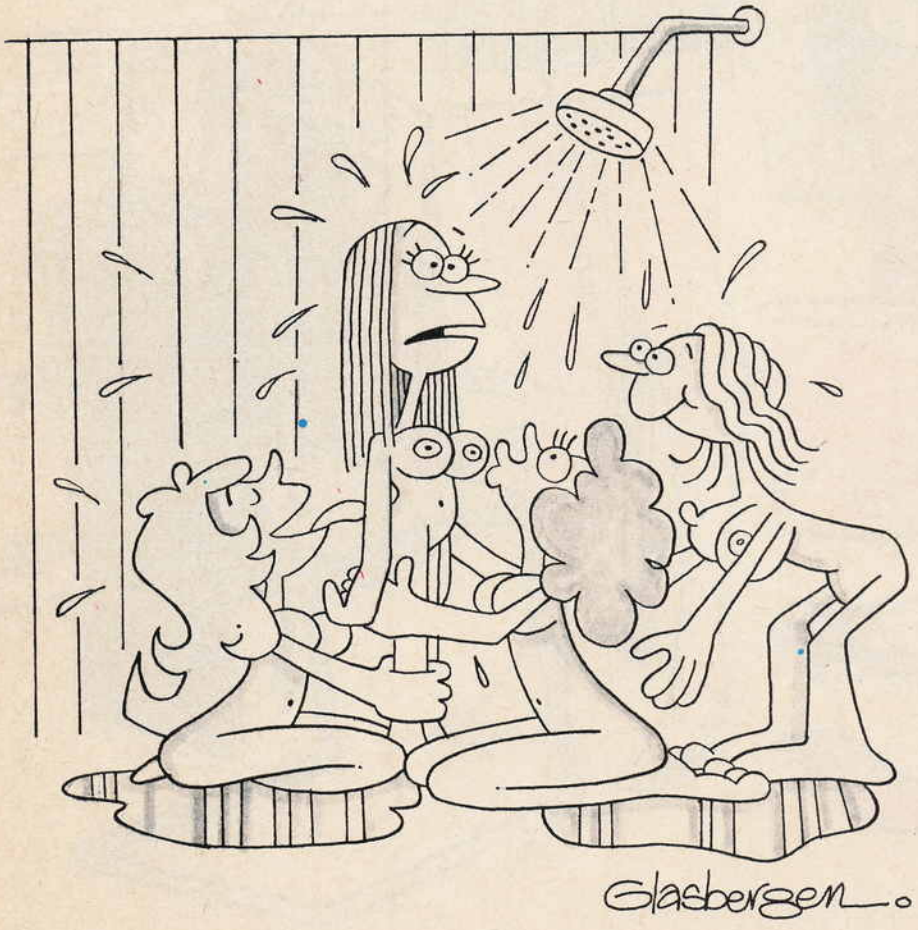
But I wasn't really into it, and I remember trying to maneuver her trembling body over a pair of pillows so I could fuck her and watch the tube at the same time. At about that moment, who should put his key in the door but our star quarterback. Renee tried to hide her face, but Pete was turned on like I'd expected, and he immediately started peeling back the covers.

"Here, now," he said, pulling her hand from her face and then spreading her legs. "A girl of your obvious talents shouldn't feel embarrassed." She seemed frozen in the presence of her idol, but Pete was always great in the clutch. I watched his schlong disappear into her cunt and then headed for the bathroom, where I listened to his grunting and her moaning until finally she went into a high-pitched whine, like a teakettle. Then there was silence.

After a few more inane TV shows, Renee licked wine off our cocks, and then Pete and I took turns fucking her again. He wanted her second, so she'd be more sensitive—and she did have great, convulsive, weeping orgasms as he worked her over. I know, because I was holding her hand while all this was going on.

The next day, I got my bell rung early and spent most of the game on the sidelines, trying to remember what had happened. Pete, however, was in the best of form, and he put us over the top with a last-ditch touchdown pass.

HARLEY P.
Chicago, Illinois



"Maybe I'm just old-fashioned, but I prefer a more traditional bridal shower."

THE TRAIN RIDE

All those stories about sex on wheels reminded me of a train trip I took through Europe last year. There I was, a woman traveling alone, and about a month into my trip I found myself on a train going from Barcelona to Lisbon. It was full of students doing summer traveling; so finding a place to stand—let alone sleep—was difficult.

As I walked through the aisles from car to car, I saw a woman bent over her purse, which had apparently fallen to the ground. I stopped and helped her clean up the

mess. When she looked at me, I was taken aback at how lovely she was. She smiled, thanked me and proceeded up the aisle, but suddenly stopped and turned back. She asked if I had a place to sleep and said she had a compartment that she'd be willing to share because I had been so nice.

We spent a pleasant evening dining on cheese, bread, sardines and wine. We talked about our lives, our boyfriends, our futures, generally just shooting the breeze. When it came time to go to sleep, she offered me the bottom berth, which I gratefully climbed into after undressing.

I lay there staring at the mattress above me, and suddenly I saw it begin to move rhythmically. It would bulge down and snap back, then repeat. It was quiet in the car, and soon I could hear her making soft moaning sounds.

The movement above me stopped as suddenly as it had begun, and the girl swung down from her bunk and sat next to me. She smiled and brushed my hair away from my face, then moved her hand under the blankets and onto my thighs. I kept my eyes closed—I didn't want to admit what was happening, but I sure as hell didn't want it to stop, either.

Delicate fingers slid into me and my body jerked involuntarily when she found my clitoris. I became aware that she was speaking to me softly in French, caressing me with words while her hands aroused my body to a sensuality I had never felt before. She continued to stroke me as she crawled in next to me and began nibbling at my nipples. The warmth of her body, the blackness of the night and the vibrations from the train wheels all conspired to hypnotize me; I felt hot and wet and dazzling.

As she sucked on my breasts, she wet her fingers in my juices and slid them deeply inside me, while keeping her thumb pressed on my clitoris. She rolled her fingers inside me in rhythm with her sucking. My vagina began to tense and squeeze, and she must have felt I was on the verge, for she whispered to me in a singsong voice, coaxing me to come, to let myself feel. Then I was coming and coming, crying out and feeling strong waves of pleasure roll across my body.

I fell asleep soon afterwards, vaguely aware that I had done nothing to give her pleasure in return. I was simply too overwhelmed by the whole experience. She left the train before I awoke the next morning and then I felt guilty. And relieved. Because, you know, I'm not at all sure I would have known what to do if she'd wanted me to make love to her.

JEANNETTE B.
Elmira, New York

Readers with similar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write OUI *Sex Tapes, 8560 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.*

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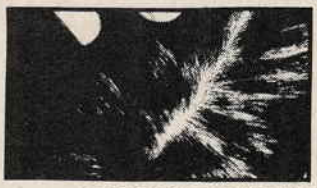

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